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*The Colloquies of*  
**DESIDERIUS**  
**ERASMUS**

Concerning Men  
Manners and Things

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

By *N. BAILEY*

AND EDITED, WITH NOTES

By the Rev. *E. JOHNSON*, M.A.

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The Familiar Colloquies of  
DESIDERIUS ERASMUS  
OF ROTTERDAM

PHILETYMUS<sup>1</sup> AND PSEUDOCHEUS<sup>2</sup>

THE ARGUMENT

This Colloquy sets forth the Disposition and Nature of a Liar, who seems to be born to lie for crafty Gain. A Liar is a Thief. Gain got by Lying, is baser than that which is got by a Tax upon Urine. An egregious Method of deceiving is laid open. Cheating Tradesmen live better than honest ones.

*PHILETYMUS and PSEUDOCHEUS*

*Phil.* From what Fountain does this Flood of Lies flow?

*Pseud.* From whence do Spiders Webs proceed?

*Phil.* Then it is not the Product of Art, but of Nature.

*Pseud.* The seeds indeed proceed from Nature; but Art and use have enlarg'd the Faculty.

*Phil.* Why, are you not asham'd of it?

*Pseud.* No more than a Cuckow is of her Singing.

*Phil.* But you can alter your Note upon every Occasion. The Tongue of Man was given him to speak the Truth.

*Pseud.* Ay, to speak those Things that tend to his Profit: The Truth is not to be spoken at all Times.

*Phil.* It is sometimes for a Man's Advantage to have

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pilfering Hands ; and the old Proverb is a Witness, that that is a Vice that is Cousin-German to yours of Lying.

*Pseud.* Both these Vices are supported by good Authorities : One has Ulysses, so much commended by Homer, and the other has Mercury, that was a God, for its Example, if we believe the Poets.

*Phil.* Why then do People in common curse Liars, and hang Thieves ?

*Pseud.* Not because they lie or steal, but because they do it bunglingly or unnaturally, not rightly understanding the Art.

*Phil.* Is there any Author that teaches the Art of Lying ?

*Pseud.* Your Rhetoricians have instructed in the best Part of the Art.

*Phil.* These indeed present us with the Art of well speaking.

*Pseud.* True : and the good Part of speaking well, is to lie cleverly.

*Phil.* What is clever Lying ?

*Pseud.* Would you have me define it ?

*Phil.* I would have you do it.

*Pseud.* It is to lie so, that you may get Profit by it, and not be caught in a Lie.

*Phil.* But a great many are caught in lying every Day.

*Pseud.* That's because they are not perfect Masters of the Art.

*Phil.* Are you a perfect Master in it ?

*Pseud.* In a Manner.

*Phil.* See, if you can tell me a Lie, so as to deceive me.

*Pseud.* Yes, best of Men, I can deceive you yourself, if I have a mind to it.

*Phil.* Well, tell me some Lie or other then.

*Pseud.* Why, I have told one already, and did you not catch me in it ?

*Phil.* No.

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*Pseud.* Come on, listen attentively ; now I'll begin to lie then.

*Phil.* I do listen attentively ; tell one.

*Pseud.* Why, I have told another Lie, and you have not caught me.

*Phil.* In Truth, I hear no Lie yet.

*Pseud.* You would have heard some, if you understood the Art.

*Phil.* Do you shew it me then.

*Pseud.* First of all, I call'd you the best of Men, is not that a swinging Lie, when you are not so much as good ? And if you were good, you could not be said to be the best, there are a thousand others better than you.

*Phil.* Here, indeed, you have deceiv'd me.

*Pseud.* Well, now try if you can catch me again in another Lie.

*Phil.* I cannot.

*Pseud.* I want to have you shew that Sharpness of Wit, that you do in other Things.

*Phil.* I confess, I am deficient. Shew me.

*Pseud.* When I said, now I will begin to lie, did I not tell you a swinging Lie then, when I had been accustomed to lie for so many Years, and I had also told a Lie, just the Moment before.

*Phil.* An admirable Piece of Witchcraft.

*Pseud.* Well, but now you have been forewarn'd, prick up your Ears, listen attentively, and see if you can catch me in a Lie.

*Phil.* I do prick them up ; say on.

*Pseud.* I have said already, and you have imitated me in lying.

*Phil.* Why, you'll persuade me I have neither Ears nor Eyes by and by.

*Pseud.* When Men's Ears are immoveable, and can neither be prick'd up nor let down, I told a Lie in bidding you prick up your Ears.

*Phil.* The whole Life of Man is full of such Lies.

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*Pseud.* Not only such as these, O good Man, for these are but Jokes : But there are those that bring Profit.

*Phil.* The Gain that is got by Lying, is more sordid, than that which is got by laying a Tax on Urine.<sup>3</sup>

*Pseud.* That is true, I own ; but then 'tis to those that han't the Art of lying.

*Phil.* What Art is this that you understand?

*Pseud.* It is not fit I should teach you for nothing ; pay me, and you shall hear it.

*Phil.* I will not pay for bad Arts.

*Pseud.* Then will you give away your Estate?

*Phil.* I am not so mad neither.

*Pseud.* But my Gain by this Art is more certain than yours from your Estate.

*Phil.* Well, keep your Art to yourself, only give me a Specimen that I may understand that what you say is not all Pretence.

*Pseud.* Here's a Specimen for you : I concern myself in all Manner of Business, I buy, I sell, I receive, I borrow, I take Pawns.

*Phil.* Well, what then?

*Pseud.* And in these Affairs I entrap those by whom I cannot easily be caught.

*Phil.* Who are those?

*Pseud.* The soft-headed, the forgetful, the unthinking, those that live a great Way off, and those that are dead.

*Phil.* The Dead, to be sure, tell no Tales.

*Pseud.* If I sell any Thing upon Credit, I set it down carefully in my Book of Accounts.

*Phil.* And what then?

*Pseud.* When the Money is to be paid, I charge the Buyer with more than he had. If he is unthinking or forgetful, my Gain is certain.

*Phil.* But what if he catches you?

*Pseud.* I produce my Book of Accounts.

*Phil.* What if he informs you, and proves to your Face he has not had the Goods you charge him with?

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*Pseud.* I stand to it stiffly ; for Bashfulness is altogether an unprofitable Qualification in this Art. My last Shift<sup>4</sup> is, I frame some Excuse or other.

*Phil.* But when you are caught openly ?

*Pseud.* Nothing's more easy, I pretend my Servant has made a Mistake, or I myself have a treacherous Memory : It is a very pretty Way to jumble the Accounts together, and this is an easy Way to impose on a Person : As for Example, some are cross'd out, the Money being paid, and others have not been paid ; these I mingle one with another at the latter End of the Book, nothing being cross'd out. When the Sum is cast up, we contend about it, and I for the most Part get the better, tho' it be by forswearing myself. Then besides, I have this Trick, I make up my Account with a Person when he is just going a Journey, and not prepared for the Settling it. For as for me, I am always ready. If any Thing be left with me, I conceal it, and restore it not again. It is a long Time before he can come to the Knowledge of it, to whom it is sent ; and, after all, if I can't deny the receiving of a Thing, I say it is lost, or else affirm I have sent that which I have not sent, and charge it upon the Carrier. And lastly, if I can no Way avoid restoring it, I restore but Part of it.

*Phil.* A very fine Art.

*Pseud.* Sometimes I receive Money twice over, if I can : First at Home, afterwards there where I have gone, and I am every where. Sometimes Length of Time puts Things out of Remembrance : The Accounts are perplexed, one dies, or goes a long Journey : And if nothing else will hit, in the mean Time I make Use of other People's Money. I bring some over to my Interest, by a Shew of Generosity, that they may help me out in lying ; but it is always at other People's Cost ; of my own, I would not give my own Mother a Doit. And tho' the Gain in each particular may be but small ; but being many put together, makes a good round Sum ; for

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as I said, I concern myself in a great many Affairs ; and besides all, that I may not be catch'd, as there are many Tricks, this is one of the chief. I intercept all the Letters I can, open them, and read them. If any Thing in them makes against me, I destroy them, or keep them a long Time before I deliver them : And besides all this, I sow Discord between those that live at a great Distance one from another.

*Phil.* What do you get by that ?

*Pseud.* There is a double Advantage in it. First of all, if that is not performed that I have promised in another Person's Name, or in whose Name I have received any Present, I lay it to this or that Man's Door, that it was not performed, and so these Forgeries I make turn to a considerable Account.<sup>5</sup>

*Phil.* But what if he denies it ?

*Pseud.* He's a great Way off, as suppose at Basil ; and I promise to give it in England. And so it is brought about, that both being incensed, neither will believe the one the other, if I accuse them of any Thing. Now you have a Specimen of my Art.

*Phil.* But this Art is what we Dullards call Theft ; who call a Fig a Fig, and a Spade a Spade.<sup>6</sup>

*Pseud.* O Ignoramus in the Law ! Can you bring an Action of Theft for Trover or Conversion, or for one that having borrow'd a Thing forswears it, that puts a Trick upon one, by some such Artifice ?

*Phil.* He ought to be sued for Theft.

*Pseud.* Do but then see the Prudence of Artists. From these Methods there is more Gain, or at least as much, and less Danger.

*Phil.* A Mischief take you, with your cheating Tricks and Lies, for I han't a mind to learn 'em. Good-by to ye.

*Pseud.* You may go on, and be plagu'd with your ragged Truth. In the mean Time, I'll live merrily upon my thieving, lying Tricks, with Slight of Hand.<sup>7</sup>

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# THE SHIPWRECK

## THE ARGUMENT

Naufragium exposes the Dangers of those that go to Sea ; the various and foolish Superstition of Mariners. An elegant Description of a Storm. They indeed run a Risque that throw their valuable Commodities into the Sea. Mariners impiously invoke the Virgin Mary, St. Christopher, and the Sea itself. Saints are not to be pray'd to, but God alone.

### *ANTONY and ADOLPH*

*Ant.* You tell dreadful Stories : Is this going to Sea ? God forbid that ever any such Thing should come into my Mind.

*Adol.* That which I have related, is but a Diversion, in Comparison to what you'll hear presently.

*Ant.* I have heard Calamities enough already, my Flesh trembles to hear you relate them, as if I were in Danger myself.

*Adol.* But Dangers that are past, are pleasant to be thought on. One thing happen'd that Night, that almost put the Pilot out of all Hopes of Safety.

*Ant.* Pray what was that ?

*Adol.* The Night was something lightish, and one of the Sailors was got into the Skuttle (so I think they call it) at the Main-Top-Mast, looking out if he could see any Land ; a certain Ball of Fire began to stand by him, which is the worst Sign in the World to Sailors,<sup>1</sup> if it be single ; but a very good one, if double. The Antients believed these to be Castor and Pollux.

*Ant.* What have they to do with Sailors, one of which was a Horseman, and the other a Prize-Fighter ?

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*Adol.* It was the Pleasure of Poets so to feign. The Steersman who sat at the Helm, calls to him, Mate, says he, (for so Sailors call one another) don't you see what a companion you have by your Side? I do see, says he, and I pray that he may be a lucky one. By and by this fiery Ball glides down the Ropes, and rolls itself over and over close to the Pilot.

*Ant.* And was not he frighted out of his Wits?

*Adol.* Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It stopp'd a little there, then roll'd itself all round the Sides of the Ship; after that, slipping through the Hatches, it vanished away. About Noon the Storm began to increase. Did you ever see the Alps?

*Ant.* I have seen them.

*Adol.* Those Mountains are Mole Hills,<sup>2</sup> if they be compar'd to the Waves of the Sea. As oft as we were toss'd up, one might have touch'd the Moon with his Finger; and as oft as we were let fall down into the Sea, we seem'd to be going directly down to Hell, the Earth gaping to receive us.

*Ant.* O mad Folks, that trust themselves to the Sea!

*Adol.* The Mariners striving in Vain with the Storm, at length the Pilot, all pale as Death comes to us.

*Ant.* That Paleness presages some great Evil.

*Adol.* My Friends, says he, I am no longer Master of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me; all that we have now to do is to place our Hope in God, and every one to prepare himself for Death.

*Ant.* This was cold Comfort.<sup>3</sup>

*Adol.* But in the first Place, says he, we must lighten the Ship; Necessity requires it, tho' 'tis a hard Portion.<sup>4</sup> It is better to endeavour to save our Lives with the Loss of our Goods, than to perish with them. The Truth persuaded, and a great many Casks of rich Merchandize were thrown over-Board.

*Ant.* This was casting away, according to the Letter.

*Adol.* There was in the Company, a certain Italian,

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that had been upon an Embassy to the King of Scotland. He had a whole Cabinet full of Plate, Rings, Cloth, and rich wearing Apparel.

*Ant.* And he, I warrant ye, was unwilling to come to a Composition with the Sea.

*Adol.* No, he would not ; he had a Mind either to sink or swim with his beloved Riches.

*Ant.* What said the Pilot to this ?

*Adol.* If you and your Trinkets were to drown by yourselves, says he, here's no Body would hinder you ; but it is not fit that we should run the Risque of our Lives, for the Sake of your Cabinet : If you won't consent, we'll throw you and your Cabinet into the Sea together.

*Ant.* Spoken like a Tarpawlin.

*Adol.* So the Italian submitted, and threw his Goods over-Board, with many a bitter Curse to the Gods both above and below, that he had committed his Life to so barbarous an Element.

*Ant.* I know the Italian Humour.<sup>5</sup>

*Adol.* The Winds were nothing the less boisterous for our Presents, but by and by burst our Cordage, and threw down our Sails.

*Ant.* Lamentable !

*Adol.* Then the Pilot comes to us again.

*Ant.* What, with another Preachment ?

*Adol.* He gives us a Salute ; my Friends, says he, the Time exhorts us that every one of us should recommend himself to God, and prepare for Death. Being ask'd by some that were not ignorant in Sea Affairs, how long he thought the Ship might be kept above Water, he said he could promise nothing, but that it could not be done above three Hours.

*Ant.* This was yet a harder Chapter than the former.

*Adol.* When he had said this, he orders to cut the Shrouds and the Mast down by the Board, and to throw them, Sails and all, into the Sea.

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*Ant.* Why was this done?

*Adol.* Because, the Sail either being gone or torn, it would only be a Burden, but not of Use ; all our Hope was in the Helm.

*Ant.* What did the Passengers do in the mean Time?

*Adol.* There you might have seen a wretched Face of Things ; the Mariners, they were singing their *Salve Regina*, imploring the Virgin Mother, calling her the Star of the Sea, the Queen of Heaven, the Lady of the World, the Haven of Health, and many other flattering Titles, which the sacred Scriptures never attributed to her.

*Ant.* What has she to do with the Sea, who, as I believe, never went a Voyage in her Life?

*Adol.* In ancient Times, Venus took Care of Mariners,<sup>o</sup> because she was believ'd to be born of the Sea and because she left off to take Care of them, the Virgin Mother was put in her Place, that was a Mother, but not a Virgin.

*Ant.* You joke.

*Adol.* Some were lying along upon the Boards, worshipping the Sea, pouring all they had into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some incensed Prince.

*Ant.* What did they say?

*Adol.* O most merciful Sea ! O most generous Sea ! O most rich Sea ! O most beautiful Sea, be pacified, save us ; and a Deal of such Stuff they sung to the deaf Ocean.

*Ant.* Ridiculous Superstition ! What did the rest do?

*Adol.* Some did nothing but spew, and some made Vows. There was an Englishman there, that promis'd golden Mountains to our Lady of Walsingham, so he did but get ashore alive. Others promis'd a great many Things to the Wood of the Cross, which was in such a Place ; others again, to that which was in such a Place ; and the same was done by the Virgin Mary, which reigns in a great many Places, and they

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think the Vow is of no Effect, unless the Place be mentioned.

*Ant.* Ridiculous ! As if the Saints did not dwell in Heaven.

*Adol.* Some made Promises to become Carthusians. There was one who promised he would go a Pilgrimage to St. James at Compostella, bare Foot and bare Head, cloth'd in a Coat of Mail, and begging his Bread all the Way.

*Ant.* Did no Body make any Mention of St. Christopher ?<sup>7</sup>

*Adol.* Yes, I heard one, and I could not forbear laughing, who bawling out aloud, lest St. Christopher should not hear him, promised him, who is at the Top of a Church at Paris, rather a Mountain than a Statue, a wax Taper as big as he was himself : When he had bawl'd out this over and over as loud as he could, an Acquaintance of his jogg'd him on the Elbow, and caution'd him : Have a Care what you promise, for if you should sell all you have in the World, you will not be able to pay for it. He answer'd him softly, lest St. Christopher should hear him, you Fool, says he, do you think I mean as I speak, if I once got safe to Shore, I would not give him so much as a tallow Candle.

*Ant.* O Blockhead ! I fancy he was a Hollander.

*Adol.* No, he was a Zealander.

*Ant.* I wonder no Body thought of St. Paul, who has been at Sea, and having suffered Shipwreck, leapt on Shore. For he being not unacquainted with the Distress,<sup>8</sup> knows how to pity those that are in it.

*Adol.* He was not so much as named.

*Ant.* Were they at their Prayers all the While ?

*Adol.* Ay, as if it had been for a Wager. One sung his *Hail Queen* ; another, *I believe in God*. There were some who had certain particular Prayers not unlike magical Charms against Dangers.

*Ant.* How Affliction makes Men religious ! In Pro-

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sperity we neither think of God nor Saint. But what did you do all this While? Did you not make Vows to some Saints?

*Adol.* No, none at all.

*Ant.* Why so?

*Adol.* I make no Bargains with Saints. For what is this but a Bargain in Form? I'll give you, if you do so and so; or I will do so and so, if you do so and so: I'll give you a wax Taper, if I swim out alive; I'll go to Rome, if you save me.

*Ant.* But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help?

*Adol.* No, not so much as that neither.

*Ant.* Why so?

*Adol.* Because Heaven is a large Place, and if I should recommend my Safety to any Saint, as suppose, to St. Peter, who perhaps, would hear soonest, because he stands at the Door; before he can come to God Almighty, or before he could tell him my Condition, I may be lost.

*Ant.* What did you do then?

*Adol.* I e'en went the next Way to God the Father, saying, *Our Father which art in Heaven.* There's none of the Saints hears sooner than he does, or more readily gives what is ask'd for.

*Ant.* But in the mean Time did not your Conscience check you? Was you not afraid to call him Father, whom you had offended with so many Wickednesses?

*Adol.* To speak ingenuously, my Conscience did a little terrify me at first, but I presently took Heart again, thus reasoning with myself; There is no Father so angry with his Son, but if he sees him in Danger of being drowned in a River or Pond, he will take him, tho' it be by the Hair of the Head, and throw him out upon a Bank. There was no Body among them all behaved herself more composed than a Woman, who had a Child sucking at her Breast.

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*Ant.* What did she do?

*Adol.* She only neither bawl'd, nor wept, nor made Vows, but hugging her little Boy, pray'd softly. In the mean Time the Ship dashing ever and anon against the Ground, the Pilot being afraid she would be beat all to Pieces, undergirded her with Cables from Head to Stern.

*Ant.* That was a sad Shift!

*Adol.* Upon this, up starts an old Priest about three-score Years of Age, his Name was Adam. He strips himself to his Shirt, throws away his Boots and Shoes, and bids us all in like Manner to prepare ourselves for swimming. Then standing in the middle of the Ship, he preach'd a Sermon to us, upon the five Truths of the Benefit of Confession, and exhorted every Man to prepare himself, for either Life or Death. There was a Dominican there too, and they confess'd those that had a Mind to it.

*Ant.* What did you do?

*Adol.* I seeing that every thing was in a Hurry, confess'd privately to God, condemning before him my Iniquity, and imploring his Mercy.

*Ant.* And whither should you have gone, do you think, if you had perished?

*Adol.* I left that to God, who is my Judge; I would not be my own Judge. But I was not without comfortable Hopes neither. While these Things were transacting, the Steersman comes to us again all in Tears; Prepare your selves every one of you, says he, for the Ship will be of no Service to us for a quarter of an Hour. For now she leak'd in several Places. Presently after this he brings us Word that he saw a Steeple a good Way off, and exhorts us to implore the Aid of that Saint, whoever it was, who had the protection of that Temple. They all fall down and pray to the unknown Saint.

*Ant.* Perhaps he would have heard ye, if ye had call'd upon him by his Name.

*Adol.* But that we did not know. In the mean Time the Pilate steers the Ship, torn and leaking every where, and ready to fall in Pieces, if she had not been undergirt with Cables, as much as he could toward that Place.

*Ant.* A miserable Condition.

*Adol.* We were now come so near the Shoar, that the Inhabitants of the Place could see us in Distress, and ran down in Throngs to the utmost Edge of the Shoar, and holding up Gowns and Hats upon Spears, invited us to make towards them, and stretching out their Arms towards Heaven, signified to us that they pitied our Misfortune.

*Ant.* I long to know what happened.

*Adol.* The Ship was now every where full of Water, that we were no safer in the Ship than if we had been in the Sea.

*Ant.* Now was your Time to betake yourself to divine Help.<sup>9</sup>

*Adol.* Ay, to a wretched one. The Sailors emptied the Ship's Boat of Water, and let it down into the Sea. Every Body was for getting into it, the Mariners cry'd out amain, they'll sink the Boat, it will not hold so many; that every one should take what he could get, and swim for it. There was no Time now for long Deliberation. One gets an Oar, another a Pole, another a Gutter, another a Bucket, another a Plank, and every one relying upon their Security, they commit themselves to the Billows.

*Ant.* But what became of the Woman that was the only Person that made no Bawling?

*Adol.* She got to Shoar the first of them all.

*Ant.* How could she do that?

*Adol.* We set her upon a broad Plank, and ty'd her on so fast that she could not easily fall off, and we gave her a Board in her Hand to make Use of instead of an Oar, and wishing her good Success, we set her afloat,

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thrusting her off from the Ship with Poles, that she might be clear of it, whence was the greatest Danger. And she held her Child in her left Hand, and row'd with her right Hand.

*Ant.* O Virago !<sup>10</sup>

*Adol.* Now when there was nothing else left, one pull'd up a wooden Image of the Virgin Mary, rotten, and rat-eaten, and embracing it in his Arms, try'd to swim upon it.

*Ant.* Did the Boat get safe to Land?

*Adol.* None perish'd sooner than they that were in that, and there were above thirty that had got into it.

*Ant.* By what bad Accident was that brought about?

*Adol.* It was overset by the rolling of the Ship, before they could get clear of it.

*Ant.* A sad Accident : But how then?

*Adol.* While I was taking Care for others, I had like to have been lost myself.

*Ant.* How so?

*Adol.* Because there was nothing left that was fit for swimming.

*Ant.* There Corks would have been of good Use.

*Adol.* In that Condition I would rather have had a sorry Cork than a gold Candlestick. I look'd round about me, at Length I bethought myself of the Stump of the Mast, and because I could not get it out alone, I took a Partner ; upon this we both plac'd ourselves, and committed ourselves to the Sea. I held the right End, and my Companion the left End. While we lay tumbling and tossing, the old preaching Sea-Priest threw himself upon our Shoulders. He was a huge Fellow. We cry out, who's that third Person? He'll drown us all. But he very calmly bids us be easy, for there was Room enough, God will be with us.

*Ant.* How came he to be so late?

*Adol.* He was to have been in the Boat with the Dominican. For they all paid him this Deference. But

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tho' they had confess'd themselves in the Ship, yet having forgotten I know not what Circumstances, they confess'd over again at the Ship-Side, and each lays his Hand upon the other, and while this was doing the Boat was over-turn'd. This I had from Adam himself.

*Ant.* What became of the Dominican?

*Adol.* As the same Man told me, having implor'd the Help of his Saints, and stript himself, he threw himself naked into the Sea.

*Ant.* What Saints did he call upon?

*Adol.* St. Dominick, St. Thomas, St. Vincent, and one of the Peters, but I can't tell which: But his chief Reliance was upon Catherina Senensis.

*Ant.* Did he not remember Christ?

*Adol.* Not, as the old Priest told me.

*Ant.* He would have swam better if he had thrown off his sanctified Coul: But if that had been laid aside, how should Catherine of Siena have known him? But go on and tell me about yourself.

*Adol.* While we were yet tumbling and tossing near the Ship, which roll'd hither and thither at the Mercy of the Waves, the Thigh of him that held the left End of the Stump of the Mast was broken by a great Spike, and so that made him let go his Hold. The old Priest wishing him everlasting Rest, took his Place, encouraging me to maintain my Post on the right Hand resolutely, and to strike out my Feet stoutly. In the mean Time we drank in abundance of salt Water. For Neptune had provided us not only a salt Bath, but a salt Potion too, altho' the old Priest prescribed a Remedy for it.

*Ant.* What was that?

*Adol.* Why, as often as a Billow met us, he turn'd his Head and shut his Mouth.

*Ant.* You tell me of a brave old Fellow.

*Adol.* When we had been some Time swimming at

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this Rate, and had made some Way, the old Priest being a very tall Man, cries out, Be of good Heart, I feel Ground ; but I durst not hope for such a Blessing. No, no, says I, we are too far from Shoar to hope to feel Ground. Nay, says he, I feel the Ground with my Feet. Said I, perhaps it is some of the Chests that have been roll'd thither by the Sea. Nay, says he, I am sure I feel Ground by the Scratching of my Toes. Having floated thus a little longer, and he had felt the Bottom again, Do you do what you please, says he, I'll leave you the whole Mast, and wade for it. And so he took his Opportunity, at the Ebbing of the Billows, he made what Haste he could on his Feet, and when the Billows came again, he took Hold of his Knees with his Hands, and bore up against the Billows hiding himself, under them as Sea Gulls and Ducks do, and at the Ebbing of the Wave, he would start up and run for it. I seeing that this succeeded so well to him, followed his Example. There stood upon the Shoar Men, who had long Pikes handed from one to another, which kept them firm against the Force of the Waves, strong-bodied Men, and accustom'd to the Waves, and he that was last of them held out a Pike to the Person swimming towards him. All that came to Shoar, and laying hold of that, were drawn safely to dry Land. Some were sav'd this Way.

*Ant.* How many?

*Adol.* Seven. But two of these fainted away being brought to the Fire.

*Ant.* How many were in the Ship?

*Adol.* Fifty-eight.

*Ant.* O cruel Sea. At least it might have been content with the Tithes, which are enough for Priests. Did it restore so few out of so great a Number?

*Adol.* There we had Experience of the wonderful Humanity of the Nation, that supply'd us with all Necessaries with exceeding Chearfulness ; as Lodging,

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Fire, Victuals, Cloaths, and Money to bear our Charges when we went away.

*Ant.* What Country was it?

*Adol.* Holland.

*Ant.* There's no Nation more human, altho' they are encompass'd with such fierce Nations. I fancy you won't be for going to Sea again.

*Adol.* No, unless God shall please to deprive me of my Reason.

*Ant.* I would rather hear such Stories than feel them.

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# DIVERSORIA <sup>1</sup>

## THE ARGUMENT

This Colloquy shews the various Customs of Nations and their Civility in treating Strangers. An Inn at Leyden where are nothing but Women. The Manners of the French Inns, who are us'd to tell Stories, and break Jests. The Germans, far more uncivil in treating Travellers, being rude, and wholly inhospitable: The Guests look after their own Horses: The Method of receiving them into the Stove: They provide no Supper, till they know how many Guests they shall have: All that come that Night, sit down to Supper together: All pay alike, tho' one drinks twice as much Wine as another does.

*BERTULPH and WILLIAM.*

*Bert.* I wonder what is the Fancy of a great many, for staying two or three Days at Lyons? When I have once set out on a Journey, I an't at Rest till I come to my Journey's End.

*Will.* Nay, I wonder as much, that any Body can get away from thence.

*Bert.* But why so?

*Will.* Because that's a Place the Companions of Ulysses could not have got away from. There are Sirens. No Body is better entertain'd at his own House, than he is there at an Inn.

*Bert.* What is done there?

*Will.* There's a Woman always waiting at Table, which makes the Entertainment pleasant with Railleries, and pleasant Jests.<sup>2</sup> And the Women are very handsome there. First the Mistress of the House came and bad us Welcome, and to accept kindly what Fare we should have; after her, comes her Daughter, a very

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fine Woman, of so handsome a Carriage, and so pleasant in Discourse, that she would make even Cato himself merry, were he there : And they don't talk to you as if you were perfect Strangers, but as those they have been a long Time acquainted with, and familiar Friends.

*Bert.* O, I know the French Way of Civility very well.

*Will.* And because they can't be always with you, by Reason of the other Affairs of the House, and the welcoming of other Guests, there comes a Lass, that supplies the Place of the Daughter, till she is at Leisure to return again. This Lass is so well instructed in the Knack of Repartees, that she has a Word ready for every Body, and no Conceit comes amiss to her. The Mother, you must know, was somewhat in Years.

*Bert.* But what was your Table furnish'd with ? For Stories fill no Bellies.

*Will.* Truly, so splendid, that I was amaz'd that they could afford to entertain their Guests so, for so small a Price. And then after Dinner, they entertain a Man with such facetious Discourse, that one cannot be tired ; that I seemed to be at my own House, and not in a strange Place.

*Bert.* And how went Matters in your Chambers ?

*Will.* Why, there was every where some pretty Lass or other, giggling and playing wanton Tricks. They ask'd us if we had any foul Linnen to wash ; which they wash and bring to us again : In a word, we saw nothing there but young Lasses and Women, except in the Stable, and they would every now and then run in there too. When you go away, they embrace ye, and part with you with as much Affection, as if you were their own Brothers, or near Kinsfolks.

*Bert.* This Mode perhaps may become the French, but methinks the Way of the Germans pleases me better, which is more manly.

*Will.* I never have seen Germany ; therefore, pray don't think much to tell how they entertain a Traveller.<sup>3</sup>

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*Bert.* I can't tell whether the Method of entertaining be the same every where ; but I'll tell you what I saw there. No Body bids a Guest welcome, lest he should seem to court his Guests to come to him, for that they look upon to be sordid and mean, and not becoming the German Gravity. When you have called a good While at the Gate, at Length one puts his Head out of the Stove Window (for they commonly live in Stoves<sup>4</sup> till Midsummer) like a Tortoise from under his Shell : Him you must ask if you can have any Lodging there ; if he does not say no, you may take it for granted, that there is Room for you. When you ask where the Stable is, he points to it ; there you may curry your Horse as you please yourself, for there is no Servant will put a Hand to it. If it be a noted Inn, there is a Servant shews you the Stable, and a Place for your Horse, but incommodious enough ; for they keep the best Places for those that shall come afterwards ; especially for Noblemen. If you find Fault with any Thing, they tell you presently, if you don't like, look for another Inn. In their Cities, they allow Hay, but very unwillingly and sparingly, and that is almost as dear as Oats. When you have taken Care of your Horse, you come whole into the Stove, Boots, Baggage, Dirt and all, for that is a common Room for all Comers.

*Will.* In France, they appoint you a separate Chamber, where you may change your Cloaths, clean and warm your self, or take Rest if you have a Mind to it.

*Bert.* There's nothing of that here. In the Stove, you pull off your Boots, put on your Shoes, and if you will, change your Shirt, hang up your wet Cloths near the Stove Iron, and get near it to dry yourself. There's Water provided for you to wash your Hands, if you will ; but as for the Cleanness of it, it is for the most Part such that you will want another Water to wash that off.

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*Will.* I commend this Sort of People, that have nothing of Effeminacy in them.

*Bert.* If you come in at four a-Clock in the Afternoon, you must not go to Supper till nine, and sometimes not till ten.

*Will.* Why so?

*Bert.* They never make any Thing ready till they see all their Company together, that one Trouble may serve for all.

*Will.* They are for taking the shortest Way.

*Bert.* You are right; so that oftentimes, there come all together into the same Stove, eighty or ninety Foot-Men, Horse-Men, Merchants, Marriners, Waggoners, Husband-Men, Children, Women, sick and sound.

*Will.* This is having all Things in common.<sup>5</sup>

*Bert.* There one combs his Head, another wipes off his Sweat, another cleans his Spatterdashes or Boots, another belches Garlick; and in short, there is as great a Confusion of Tongues and Persons, as there was at the Building the Tower of Babel. And if they see any Body of another Country, who by his Habit looks like a Man of Quality, they all stare at him so wistfully, as if he was a Sort of strange Animal brought out of Africa. And when they are set at Table, and he behind them, they will be still looking back at him, and be staring him in the Face, till they have forgot their Suppers.

*Will.* At Rome, Paris or Venice,<sup>6</sup> there's no Body thinks any Thing strange.

*Bert.* In the mean Time, 'tis a Crime for you to call for any Thing. When it is grown pretty late, and they don't expect any more Guests, out comes an old grey-bearded Servant, with his Hair cut short, and a crabbed Look, and a slovenly Dress.

*Will.* Such Fellows ought to be Cup-Bearers to the Cardinals at Rome.

*Bert.* He having cast his Eyes about, counts to himself, how many there are in the Stove; the more he sees

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there, the more Fire he makes in the Stove although it be at a Time when the very Heat of the Sun would be troublesome ; and this with them, is accounted a principal Part of good Entertainment, to make them all sweat till they drop again. If any one who is not used to the Steam, shall presume to open the Window never so little, that he be not stifled, presently they cry out to shut it again : If you answer you are not able to bear it, you'll presently hear, get you another Inn then.

*Will.* But in my Opinion, nothing is more dangerous, than for so many to draw in the same Vapour ; especially when their Bodies are opened with the Heat ; and to eat in the same Place, and to stay there so many Hours, not to mention the belching of Garlick, the Farting, the stinking Breaths, for many have secret Distempers, and every Distemper has its Contagion ; and without doubt, many have the Spanish, or as it is call'd, the French Pox, although it is common to all Nations. And it is my Opinion, there is as much Danger from such Persons, as there is from those that have the Leprosy. Tell me now, what is this short of a Pestilence ?

*Bert.* They are Persons of a strong Constitution, and laugh at, and disregard those Niceties.

*Will.* But in the mean Time, they are bold at the Perils of other Men.

*Bert.* What would you do in this Case ? 'Tis what they have been used to, and it is a Part of a constant Mind, not to depart from a Custom.

*Will.* And yet, within these five and twenty Years, nothing was more in Vogue in Brabant, than hot Baths, but now they are every where grown out of Use ; but the new Scabbado has taught us to lay them down.

*Bert.* Well, but hear the rest : By and by, in comes our bearded Ganymede again, and lays on the Table as many Napkins as there are Guests : But, good God ! not Damask<sup>7</sup> ones, but such as you'd take to have been made out of old Sails. There are at least eight Guests

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allotted to every Table. Now those that know the Way of the Country, take their Places, every one as he pleases, for there's no Difference between Poor or Rich, between the Master and Servant.

*Will.* This was that ancient Equality which now the Tyrant Custom has driven quite out of the World. I suppose Christ liv'd after this Manner with his Disciples.

*Bert.* After they are all plac'd, out comes the sour-look'd Ganymede again, and counts his Company over again ; by and by he comes in again, and brings every Man a Wooden Dish, and a Spoon of the same Silver, and then a Glass ; and then a little after he brings Bread, which the Guests may chip every one for themselves at Leisure, while the Porridge is boiling. For sometimes they sit thus for near an Hour.

*Will.* Do none of the Guests call for Meat in the mean Time ?

*Bert.* None who knows the Way of the Country. At last the Wine is set upon the Table : Good God ! how far from being tasteless ?<sup>8</sup> So thin and sharp, that Sophisters ought to drink no other. And if any of the Guests should privately offer a Piece of Money to get a little better Wine some where else ; at first they'll say nothing to you, but give you a Look, as if they were going to murder you ; and if you press it farther, they answer you, there have been so many Counts and Marquisses that have lodg'd here, and none of them ever found fault with this Wine : If you don't like it, get you another Inn. They account only the Noblemen of their own Nation to be Men, and where-ever you come, they are shewing you their Arms. By this time, comes a Morsel to pacify a barking Stomach : And by and by follow the Dishes in great Pomp ; commonly the first has Sippits of Bread in Flesh Broth, or if it be a Fish Day, in a Soup of Pulse. After that comes in another Soup, and then a Service of Butcher's Meat, that has been twice boil'd, or salt Meats warm'd again, and then

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Pulse again, and by and by something of more solid Food, until their Stomachs being pretty well staid, they bring roast Meat or stewed Fish, which is not to be at all condemn'd ; but this they are sparing of, and take it away again quickly. This is the Manner they order the Entertainment, as Comedians do, who intermingle Dances among their Scenes, so do they their Chops and Soups by Turns : But they take Care that the last Act shall be the best.

*Will.* This is the Part of a good Poet.

*Bert.* And it would be a heinous Offence, if in the mean Time any Body should say, Take away this Dish, there's no Body eats. You must sit your Time appointed, which I think they measure by the Hour-Glass. At length, out comes that bearded Fellow, or the Landlord himself, in a Habit but little differing from his Servants, and asks how cheer you? And by and by some better Wine is brought. And they like those best that drink most, tho' he that drinks most pays no more than he that drinks least.

*Will.* A strange Temper of the Nation!

*Bert.* There are some of them that drink twice as much Wine as they pay for their Ordinary. But before I leave this Entertainment, it is wonderful what a Noise and Chattering there is, when once they come to be warm with Wine. In short, it deafens a Man. They oftentimes bring in a Mixture of Mimicks, which these People very much delight in, tho' they are a detestable Sort of Men. There's such a singing, prating, bawling, jumping, and knocking, that you would think the Stove were falling upon your Head, and one Man can't hear another speak. And this they think is a pleasant Way of living, and there you must sit in Spight of your Heart till near Midnight.

*Will.* Make an End of your Meal now, for I myself am tir'd with such a tedious one.

*Bert.* Well, I will. At length the Cheese is taken

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away, which scarcely pleases them, except it be rotten and full of Maggots. Then the old bearded Fellow comes again with a Trencher, and a many Circles and semi-Circles drawn upon it with Chalk, this he lays down upon the Table, with a grim Countenance, and without speaking. You would say he was some Charon. They that understand the Meaning of this lay down their Money one after another till the Trencher is fill'd. Having taken Notice of those who lay down, he reckons it up himself, and if all is paid, he gives you a Nod.

*Will.* But what if there should be any Thing over and above?

*Bert.* Perhaps he'll give it you again, and they oftentimes do so.

*Will.* Does no Body find fault with the Reckoning?

*Bert.* No Body that is wise. For they will say, what Sort of a Fellow are you? You pay no more than the rest.

*Will.* This is a frank Sort of Men, you are speaking of.

*Bert.* If any one is weary with his Journey, and desires to go to Bed as soon as he has supp'd, he is bid to stay till the rest go too.

*Will.* This seems to me to be Plato's City.

*Bert.* Then every one is shew'd to his Chamber, and truly 'tis nothing else but a Chamber, there is only a Bed there, and nothing else that you can either make Use of or steal.

*Will.* Are Things very clean there?

*Bert.* As clean as they were at the Table. Sheets wash'd perhaps six Months ago.

*Will.* What becomes of your Horses all this While?

*Bert.* They are treated after the Manner that the Men are.

*Will.* But is there the same Treatment every where?

*Bert.* It is a little more civil in some Places, and worse in others, than I have told you; but in general it is thus.

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*Will.* What if I should tell you how they treat their Guests in that part of Italy call'd Lombardy, and in Spain, and in England, and in Wales, for the English have the Manners both of the French and the Germans, being a Mixture of those two Nations. The Welsh boast themselves to be the original English.

*Bert.* Pray relate it. I never had the Opportunity of travelling in them.

*Will.* I have not Leisure now, and the Master of the Ship bid me be on board by three a Clock, unless I would lose my Passage. Another Time we shall have an Opportunity of prating our Bellies full.

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# THE YOUNG MAN AND HARLOT

## THE ARGUMENT

This is certainly a divine Colloquy, that makes even a Bawdy-House a chaste Place! God can't be deceiv'd, his Eyes penetrate into the most secret Places. That young Persons ought in an especial Manner to take Care of their Chastity. A young Woman, who made herself common to get a Livelihood, is recovered from that Course of Life, as wretched as it is scandalous.

### LUCRETIA, SOPHRONIUS

*Lu.* O brave! My pretty Sophronius, have I gotten you again? It is an Age methinks since I saw you. I did not know you at first Sight.

*So.* Why so, my Lucretia?

*Lu.* Because you had no Beard when you went away, but you're come back with something of a Beard. What's the Matter, my little Heart, you look duller than you use to do?

*So.* I want to have a little Talk with you in private.

*Lu.* Ah, ah, are we not by ourselves already, my Cocky?

*So.* Let us go out of the Way somewhere, into a more private Place.

*Lu.* Come on then, we'll go into my inner Bed-Chamber, if you have a Mind to do any Thing.

*So.* I don't think this Place is private enough yet.

*Lu.* How comes it about you're so bashful all on a sudden? Well, come, I have a Closet where I lay up my Cloaths, a Place so dark, that we can scarce see one another there.

*So.* See if there be no Chink.

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*Lu.* There is not so much as a Chink.

*So.* Is there no Body near to hear us?

*Lu.* Not so much as a Fly, my Dear ; Why do you lose Time?

*So.* Can we escape the Eye of God here ?

*Lu.* No, he sees all Things clearly.

*So.* And of the Angels?

*Lu.* No, we cannot escape their Sight.

*So.* How comes it about then, that Men are not ashamed to do that in the Sight of God, and before the Face of the holy Angels, that they would be ashamed to do before Men ?

*Lu.* What Sort of an Alteration is this? Did you come hither to preach a Sermon? Prithee put on a Franciscan's Hood, and get up into a Pulpit, and then we'll hear you hold forth, my little bearded Rogue.

*So.* I should not think much to do that, if I could but reclaim you from this Kind of Life, that is the most shameful and miserable Life in the World.

*Lu.* Why so, good Man? I am born, and I must be kept ; every one must live by his Calling. This is my Business ; this is all I have to live on.

*So.* I wish with all my Heart, my Lucretia, that setting aside for a While that Infatuation of Mind, you would seriously weigh the Matter.

*Lu.* Keep your Preachment till another Time ; now let us enjoy one another, my Sophronius.

*So.* You do what you do for the Sake of Gain.

*Lu.* You are much about the Matter.

*So.* Thou shalt lose nothing by it, do but hearken to me, and I'll pay you four Times over.

*Lu.* Well, say what you have a Mind to say.

*So.* Answer me this Question in the first Place : Are there any Persons that owe you any ill Will?

*Lu.* Not one.

*So.* Is there any Body that you have a Spleen against?

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*Lu.* According as they deserve.

*So.* And if you could do any Thing that would gratify them, would you do it?

*Lu.* I would poison 'em sooner.

*So.* But then do but consider with yourself; is there any Thing that you can do that gratifies them more than to let them see you live this shameful and wretched Life? And what is there thou canst do that would be more afflicting to them that wish thee well?

*Lu.* It is my Destiny.

*So.* Now that which uses to be the greatest Hardship to such as are transported, or banish'd into the most remote Parts of the World, this you undergo voluntarily.

*Lu.* What is that?

*So.* Hast thou not of thy own Accord renounc'd all thy Affections to Father, Mother, Brother, Sisters, Aunts, (by Father's and Mother's Side) and all thy Relations? For thou makest them all asham'd to own thee, and thyself asham'd to come into their Sight.

*Lu.* Nay, I have made a very happy Exchange of Affections; for instead of a few, now I have a great many, of which you are one, and whom I have always esteem'd as a Brother.

*So.* Leave off Jestings, and consider the Matter seriously, as it really is. Believe me, my Lucretia, she who has so many Friends, has never a one, for they that follow thee do it not as a Friend, but as a House of Office rather. Do but consider, poor Thing, into what a Condition thou hast brought thyself. Christ lov'd thee so dearly as to redeem thee with his own Blood, and would have thee be a Partaker with him in an heavenly Inheritance, and thou makest thyself a common Sewer, into which all the base, nasty, pocky Fellows resort, and empty their Filthiness. And if that leproous Infection they call the French Pox han't yet seiz'd thee, thou wilt not escape it long. And if once thou gettest it, how miserable wilt thou be, though all

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things should go favourably on thy Side? I mean thy Substance and Reputation. Thou wouldest be nothing but a living Carcase. Thou thoughtest much to obey thy Mother, and now thou art a mere Slave to a Filthy Bawd. You could not endure to hear your Parents Instructions ; and here you are often beaten by drunken Fellows and mad Whoremasters. It was irksome to thee to do any Work at Home, to get a Living ; but here, how many Quarrels art thou forc'd to endure, and how late a-nights art thou oblig'd to sit up?

*Lu.* How came you to be a preacher?

*So.* And do but seriously consider, this Flower of thy Beauty that now brings thee so many Gallants, will soon fade : And then, poor Creature, what wilt thou do? Thou wilt be piss'd upon by every Body. It may be, thou thinkest, instead of a Mistress, I'll then be a Bawd. All Whores can't attain to that, and if thou shouldst, what Employment is more impious, and more like the Devil himself?

*Lu.* Why, indeed, my Sophronius, almost all you say is very true. But how came you to be so religious all of a sudden? Thou usedst to be the greatest Rake in the World, one of 'em. No Body used to come hither more frequently, nor at more unseasonable Hours than you did. I hear you have been at Rome.

*So.* I have so.

*Lu.* Well, but other People use to come from thence worse than they went : How comes it about, it is otherwise with you?

*So.* I'll tell you, because I did not go to Rome with the same Intent, and after the same Manner that others do. Others commonly go to Rome, on purpose to come Home worse, and there they meet with a great many Opportunities of becoming so. I went along with an honest Man, by whose Advice, I took along with me a Book instead of a Bottle : The New Testament with Erasmus's Paraphrase.

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*Lu.* Erasmus's? They say that he's Half a Heretick.

*So.* Has his Name reached to this Place too?

*Lu.* There's no Name more noted among us.

*So.* Did you ever see him?

*Lu.* No, I never saw him; but I should be glad to see him; I have heard so many bad Reports of him.

*So.* It may be you have heard 'em from them that are bad themselves.

*Lu.* Nay, from Men of the Gown.

*So.* Who are they?

*Lu.* It is not convenient to name Names.

*So.* Why so?

*Lu.* Because if you should blab it out, and it should come to their Ears, I should lose a great many good Cullies.

*So.* Don't be afraid, I won't speak a Word of it.

*Lu.* I will whisper then.

*So.* You foolish Girl, what Need is there to whisper, when there is no Body but ourselves? What, lest God should hear? Ah, good God! I perceive you're a religious Whore, that relievest Mendicants.

*Lu.* I get more by them Beggars than by you rich Men.

*So.* They rob honest Women, to lavish it away upon naughty Strumpets.

*Lu.* But go on, as to your Book.

*So.* So I will, and that's best. In that Book, Paul, that can't lie, told me, that 'neither Whores nor Whoremongers shall obtain the Kingdom of Heaven.' When I read this, I began thus to think with myself: It is but a small Matter that I look for from my Father's Inheritance, and yet I can renounce all the Whores in the World, rather than be disinherited by my Father; how much more then ought I to take Care, lest my heavenly Father should disinherit me? And human Laws do afford some Relief in the Case of a Father's disinheriting or discarding a Son: But here is no Provision

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at all made, in case of God's disinheriting ; and upon that, I immediately ty'd myself up from all Conversation with lewd Women.

*Lu.* It will be well if you can hold it.

*So.* It is a good Step towards Continence, to desire to be so. And last of all, there is one Remedy left, and that is a Wife. When I was at Rome, I empty'd the whole Jakes of my Sins into the Bosom of a Confessor. And he exhorted me very earnestly to Purity, both of Mind and Body, and to the reading of the holy Scripture, to frequent Prayer, and Sobriety of Life, and enjoin'd me no other Penance, but that I should upon my bended Knees before the high Altar say this Psalm, 'Have mercy upon me, O God': And that if I had any Money, I should give one Penny to some poor Body. And I wondring that for so many whoring Tricks he enjoin'd me so small a Penance, he answer'd me very pleasantly, My Son, says he, if you truly repent and change your Life, I don't lay much Stress upon the Penance ; but if thou shalt go on in it, the very Lust itself will at last punish thee very severely, although the Priest impose none upon thee. Look upon me, I am blear-ey'd, troubled with the Palsy, and go stooping : Time was I was such a one as you say you have been heretofore. And thus I repented.

*Lu.* Then as far as I perceive, I have lost my Sophronius.

*So.* Nay, you have rather gain'd him, for he was lost before, and was neither his own Friend nor thine : Now he loves thee in Reality, and longs for the Salvation of thy Soul.

*Lu.* What would you have me to do then, my Sophronius ?

*So.* To leave off that Course of Life out of Hand : Thou art but a Girl yet, and that Stain that you have contracted may be wip'd off in Time. Either marry, and I'll give you something toward a Portion, or go

into some Cloyster, that takes in crakt Maids, or go into some strange Place and get into some honest Family, I'll lend you my Assistance to any of these.

*Lu.* My Sophronius, I love thee dearly, look out for one for me, I'll follow thy Advice.

*So.* But in the mean Time get away from hence.

*Lu.* Whoo ! what so suddenly !

*So.* Why not to-Day rather than to-Morrow, if Delays are dangerous ?

*Lu.* Whither shall I go ?

*So.* Get all your Things together, give 'em to me in the Evening, my Servant shall carry 'em privately to a faithful Matron : And I'll come a little after and take you out as if it were to take a little Walk ; you shall live with her some Time upon my Cost till I can provide for you, and that shall be very quickly.

*Lu.* Well, my Sophronius, I commit myself wholly to thy Management.

*So.* In Time to come you'll be glad you have done so.

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# THE POETICAL FEAST

## THE ARGUMENT

The Poetical Feast teaches the Studious how to banquet.  
That Thriftiness with Jocoseness, Chearfulness without  
Obscenity, and learned Stories, ought to season their  
Feasts. Iambics are bloody. Poets are Men of no great  
Judgment. The three chief Properties of a good Maid  
Servant. Fidelity, Deformity, and a high Spirit. A  
Place out of the Prologue of Terence's *Eunuchus* is  
illustrated. Also Horace's *Epode* to Canidia. A Place  
out of Seneca. *Aliud agere, nihil agere, male agere*. A  
Place out of the *Elenchi* of Aristotle is explain'd. A  
Theme poetically varied, and in a different Metre. Sen-  
tences are taken from Flowers and Trees in the Garden.

Also some Verses are compos'd in Greek

HILARY, LEONARD, CRATO, GUESTS, MARGARET,  
CARINUS, EUBULUS, SBRULIUS, PARTHENIUS,  
MUS, Hilary's Servant

Hi. *Levis apparatus, animus est lautissimus.*

Le. *Cœnam sinistro es auspicatus omine.*

Hi. *Imo absit omen triste. Sed cur hoc putas?*

Le. *Cruenti Iambi haud congruunt convivio.*

Hi. *I have but slender Fare, but a very liberal Mind.*

Le. *You have begun the Banquet with a bad Omen.*

Hi. *Away with bad Presages. But why do you think so?*

Le. *Bloody Iambics<sup>1</sup> are not fit for a Feast.*

Cr. O brave! I am sure the Muses are amongst us,  
Verses flow so from us, when we don't think of 'em.

*Si rotatiles trochæos mavelis, en, accipe:*

*Vilis apparatus heic est, animus est lautissimus.*

If you had rather have whirling Trochees, lo, here they

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are for you : Here is but mean Provision, but I have a liberal Mind.

Although Iambics in old Time were made for Contentions and Quarrels, they were afterwards made to serve any Subject whatsoever. O Melons ! Here you have Melons that grew in my own Garden. These are creeping Lettuces of a very milky Juice, like their Name. What Man in his Wits would not prefer these Delicacies before Brawn, Lampreys, and Moor-Hens ?

*Cr.* If a Man may be allow'd to speak Truth at a Poetic Banquet, those you call Lettuces are Beets.

*Hi.* God forbid.

*Cr.* It is as I tell you. See the Shape of 'em, and besides where is the milky Juice ? Where are their soft Prickles ?

*Hi.* Truly you make me doubt. Soho, call the Wench. Margaret, you Hag, what did you mean to give us Beets instead of Lettuces ?

*Ma.* I did it on Purpose

*Hi.* What do you say, you Witch ?

*Ma.* I had a Mind to try among so many Poets if any could know a Lettuce from a Beet. For I know you don't tell me truly who 'twas that discover'd 'em to be Beets.

*Guests.* Crato.

*Ma.* I thought it was no Poet who did it.

*Hi.* If ever you serve me so again, I'll call you Blitea instead of Margarita.<sup>2</sup>

*Gu.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ma.* Your calling me will neither make me fatter nor leaner. He calls me by twenty Names in a Day's Time : When he has a Mind to wheedle me, then I'm call'd Galatea, Euterpe, Calliope, Callirhoe, Melissa, Venus, Minerva, and what not ? When he's out of Humour at any Thing, then presently I'm Tisiphone, Megaera, Alecto, Medusa, Baucis, and whatsoever comes into his Head in his mad Mood.<sup>3</sup>

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*Hi.* Get you gone with your Beets, Blitea.

*Ma.* I wonder what you call'd me for.

*Hi.* That you may go whence you came.

*Ma.* 'Tis an old Saying and a true, 'tis an easier Matter to raise the Devil than 'tis to lay him.

*Gu.* Ha, ha, ha : Very well said. As the Matter is, Hilary, you stand in Need of some magic Verse to lay her with.

*Hi.* I have got one ready.

φεύγετε, καθάραιδες, λύκος άγριος υμμε διώκει.<sup>4</sup>

*Be gone ye Beetles, for the cruel Wolf pursues you.*

*Ma.* What says Æsop?

*Cr.* Have a Care, Hilary, she'll hit you a Slap on the Face : This is your laying her with your Greek Verse. A notable Conjuror indeed !

*Hi.* Crato, What do you think of this Jade? I could have laid ten great Devils with such a Verse as this.

*Ma.* I don't care a Straw for your Greek Verses.

*Hi.* Well then, I must make use of a magical Spell, or, if that won't do, Mercury's Mace.<sup>5</sup>

*Cr.* My Margaret, you know we Poets are a sort of Enthusiasts, I won't say Mad-Men ; prithee let me intreat you to let alone this Contention 'till another Time, and treat us with good Humour at this Supper for my Sake.

*Ma.* What does he trouble me with his Verses for? Often when I am to go to Market he has never a Penny of Money to give me, and yet he's a humming of Verses.

*Cr.* Poets are such Sort of Men. But however, prithee do as I say.

*Ma.* Indeed I will do it for your Sake, because I know you are an honest Gentleman, that never beat your Brain about such Fooleries. I wonder how you came to fall into such Company.

*Cr.* How come you to think so?

*Ma.* Because you have a full Nose, sparkling Eyes,

and a plump Body. Now do but see how he leers and sneers at me.<sup>6</sup>

*Cr.* But prithee, Sweet-Heart, keep your Temper for my Sake.

*Ma.* Well, I will go, and 'tis for your Sake and no Body's else.

*Hi.* Is she gone?

*Ma.* Not so far but she can hear you.

*Mus.* She is in the Kitchen, now, muttering something to herself I can't tell what.

*Cr.* I'll assure you your Maid is not dumb.

*Hi.* They say a good Maid Servant ought especially to have three Qualifications; to be honest, ugly, and high-spirited, which the Vulgar call evil. An honest Servant won't waste, an ugly one Sweet-Hearts won't woo, and one that is high-spirited will defend her Master's Right; for sometimes there is Occasion for Hands as well as a Tongue. This Maid of mine has two of these Qualifications, she's as ugly as she's surly; as to her Honesty I can't tell what to say to that.

*Cr.* We have heard her Tongue, we were afraid of her Hands upon your Account.

*Hi.* Take some of these Pompions: We have done with the Lettuces. For I know if I should bid her bring any Lettuces, she would bring Thistles. Here are Melons too, if any Body likes them better. Here are new Figs too just gather'd, as you may see by the Milk in the Stalks. It is customary to drink Water after Figs, lest they clog the Stomach. Here is very cool clear Spring Water that runs out of this Fountain, that is good to mix with Wine.

*Cr.* But I can't tell whether I had best to mix Water with my Wine, or Wine with Water; this Wine seems to me so likely to have been drawn out of the Muses Fountain.

*Hi.* Such Wine as this is good for Poets to sharpen their Wits. You dull Fellows love heavy Liquors.

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*Cr.* I wish I was that happy Crassus.

*Hi.* I had rather be Codrus or Ennius. And seeing I happen to have the Company of so many learned Guests at my Table, I won't let 'em go away without learning something of 'em. There is a Place in the Prologue of *Eunuchus* that puzzles many. For most Copies have it thus :

*Sic existimet, sciat,  
Responsum, non dictum esse, quia laesit prior,  
Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male, &c.*

*Let him so esteem or know, that it is an Answer, not a common Saying; because he first did the Injury, who by well translating and ill describing them, &c.*

In these Words I want a witty Sense, and such as is worthy of Terence. For he did not therefore do the Wrong first, because he translated the Greek Comedies badly, but because he had found Fault with Terence's.

*Eu.* According to the old Proverb, 'He that sings worst let him begin first.' When I was at London in Thomas Linacre's<sup>7</sup> House, who is a Man tho' well skill'd in all Manner of Philosophy, yet he is very ready in all Criticisms in Grammar, he shew'd me a Book of great Antiquity which had it thus :

*Sic existimet, sciat,  
Responsum, non dictum esse, quale sit prius  
Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male,  
Ex Graecis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas:  
Idem Menandri Phasma nunc nuper dedit.*

The Sentence is so to be ordered, that *quale sit* may shew that an Example of that which is spoken before is to be subjoin'd. He threatened that he would again find Fault with something in his Comedies who had found Fault with him, and he here denies that it ought to seem a Reproach but an Answer. He that provokes

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begins the Quarrel ; he that being provok'd, replies, only makes his Defence or Answer. He promises to give an Example thereof, *quale sit*, being the same with *οἷον* in Greek, and *quod genus, veluti*, or *videlicet*, or *puta* in Latin. Then afterwards he brings a reproof, wherein the Adverb *prius* hath Relation to another Adverb, as it were a contrary one, which follows, viz. *nuper* even as the Pronoun *qui* answers to the Word *idem*. For he altogether explodes the old *Comedies* of Lavinius, because they were now lost out of the Memory of Men. In those which he had lately published, he sets down the certain Places. I think that this is the proper Reading, and the true Sense of the Comedian : If the chief and ordinary Poets dissent not from it.

*Gu.* We are all entirely of your Opinion.

*Eu.* But I again desire to be inform'd by you of one small and very easy Thing, how this Verse is to be scann'd.

*Ex Græcis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.*

Scan it upon your Fingers.

*Hi.* I think that according to the Custom of the Antients *s* is to be cut off, so that there be an Anapaestus in the second Place.

*Eu.* I should agree to it, but that the Ablative Case ends in *is*, and is long by Nature. Therefore though the Consonant should be taken away, yet nevertheless a long Vowel remains.

*Hi.* You say right.

*Cr.* If any unlearned Person or Stranger should come in, he would certainly think we were bringing up again among ourselves the Countrymen's Play of holding up our Fingers<sup>8</sup> (*dîmicatione digitorum*, i.e. the Play of Love).

*Le.* As far as I see, we scan it upon our Fingers to no Purpose. Do you help us out if you can.

*Eu.* To see how small a Matter sometimes puzzles

Men, though they be good Scholars ! The Preposition *ex* belongs to the End of the foregoing Verse :

*Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male, ex  
Graecis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.*

Thus there is no Scruple.<sup>9</sup>

*Le.* It is so, by the Muses. Since we have begun to scan upon our Fingers, I desire that somebody would put this Verse out of Andria into its Feet :

*Sine invidia laudem invenias, et amicos pares.*

For I have often tri'd and could do no good on't.

*Le.* *Sine in* is an Iambic, *vidia* an Anapæstus, *Laudem in* is a Spondee, *venias* an Anapæstus, *et ami* another Anapæstus.

*Ca.* You have five Feet already, and there are three Syllables yet behind, the first of which is long ; so that thou canst neither make it an Iambic nor a Tribrach.

*Le.* Indeed you say true. We are aground ; who shall help us off ?

*Eu.* No Body can do it better than he that brought us into it. Well, Carinus, if thou canst say any Thing to the Matter, don't conceal it from your poor sincere Friends.

*Ca.* If my Memory does not fail me, I think I have read something of this Nature in Priscian, who says, that among the Latin Comedians *v* Consonant is cut off as well as the Vowel, as oftentimes in this Word *enimvero* ; so that the part *enime* makes an Anapæstus.

*Le.* Then scan it for us.

*Ca.* I'll do it. *Sine invidi* is a proceleusmatic Foot, unless you had rather have it cut off *i* by Syneresis, as when Virgil puts *aureo* at the End of an heroick Verse for *auro*. But if you please let there be a Tribrach in the first Place, *a lau* is a Spondee, *d' inveni* a Dactyl, *as et a* a Dactyl, *micos* a Spondee, *pares* an Iambic.

*Sb.* Carinus hath indeed got us out of these Briars.

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But in the same Scene there is a Place, which I can't tell whether any Body has taken Notice of or not.

*Hi.* Prithee, let us have it.

*Sb.* There Simo speaks after this Manner.

*Sine ut eveniat, quod volo,*

*In Pamphilo ut nihil sit morae, restat Chremes.*

Suppose it happen, as I desire, that there be no delay in Pamphilus; Chremes remains.

What is it that troubles you in these Words?

*Sb.* *Sine* being a Term of Threatning, there is nothing follows in this Place that makes for a Threatning. Therefore it is my Opinion that the Poet wrote it.

*Sin eveniat, quod volo;*

that *Sin* may answer to the *Si* that went before.

*Si propter amorem uxorem nolit ducere.*

For the old Man propounds two Parts differing from one another: *Si*, &c. 'If Pamphilus for the Love of Glycerie refuseth to marry, I shall have some Cause to chide him; but if he shall not refuse, then it remains that I must intreat Chremes.' Moreover the Interruption of Sosia, and Simo's Anger against Davus made too long a Transposition of the Words.

*Hi.* Mouse, reach me that Book.

*Cr.* Do you commit your Book to a Mouse?

*Hi.* More safely than my Wine. Let me never stir, if Sbrulius has not spoken the Truth.

*Ca.* Give me the Book, I'll shew you another doubtful Place. This Verse is not found in the Prologue of Eunuchus:

*Habeo alia multa, quae nunc condonabuntur.*

*I have many other Things, which shall now be delivered.*

Although the Latin Comedians especially take great Liberty to themselves in this Kind of Verse, yet I don't

remember that they any where conclude a Trimetre with a Spondee, unless it be read *Condonabitur* impersonally, or *Condonabimus*, changing the Number of the Person.

*Ma.* Oh, this is like Poets Manners indeed ! As soon as ever they are set down to Dinner they are at Play, holding up their Fingers, and poring upon their Books. It were better to reserve your Plays and your Scholarship for the second Course.

*Cr.* Margaret gives us no bad Counsel, we'll humour her ; when we have fill'd our Bellies, we'll go to our Play again ; now we'll play with our Fingers in the Dish.

*Hi.* Take Notice of Poetick Luxury. You have three Sorts of Eggs, boil'd, roasted, and fry'd ; they are all very new, laid within these two Days.

*Par.* I can't abide to eat Butter ; if they are fry'd with Oil, I shall like 'em very well.

*Hi.* Boy, go ask Margaret what they are fry'd in.

*Mo.* She says they are fry'd in neither.

*Hi.* What ! neither in Butter nor Oil. In what then ?

*Mo.* She says they are fry'd in Lye.

*Cr.* She has given you an Answer like your Question. What a great difficulty 'tis to Distinguish Butter from Oil.

*Ca.* Especially for those that can so easily know a Lettuce from a Beet.

*Hi.* Well, you have had the Ovation,<sup>10</sup> the Triumph will follow in Time. Soho, Boy, look about you, do you perceive nothing to be wanting ?

*Mo.* Yes, a great many Things.

*Hi.* These Eggs lack Sauce to allay their Heat.

*Mo.* What Sauce would you have ?

*Hi.* Bid her send us some Juice of the Tendrels of a Vine pounded.

*Mo.* I'll tell her, Sir.

*Hi.* What, do you come back empty-handed

*Mo.* She says, Juice is not used to be squeez'd out of Vine Tendrels.

*Le.* A fine Maid Servant, indeed !

*Sb.* Well, we'll season our Eggs with pleasant Stories. I found a Place in the *Epodes* of Horace, not corrupted as to the Writing, but wrong interpreted, and not only by Mancinellus, and other later Writers ; but by Porphyry himself. The Place is in the Poem, where he sings a Recantation to the Witch Canidia :

*Tuusque venter Pactumeius, et tuo  
Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,  
Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.*

For they all take *exilis* to be a Noun in this Place, when it is a Verb. I'll write down Porphyry's Words, if we can believe 'em to be his : She is *exilis*, says he, under that Form, as though she were become deform'd by Travel ; by Slenderness of Body, he means a natural Leanness. A shameful Mistake, if so great a Man did not perceive that the Law of the Metre did contradict this Sense. Nor does the fourth Place admit of a Spondee : but the Poet makes a Jest of it ; that she did indeed bear a Child, though she was not long weak, nor kept her Bed long after her Delivery ; but presently jump'd out of Bed, as some lusty lying-in Women used to do.

*Hi.* We thank you Sbrulius, for giving us such fine Sauce to our Eggs.

*Le.* There is another Thing in the first Book of *Odes* that is not much unlike this. The Ode begins thus : *Tu ne quæ sieris.* Now the common Reading is thus, *Neu Babylonios Tentaris numeros, ut melius quicquid erit pati.* The antient Interpreters pass this Place over, as if there were no Difficulty in it. Only Mancinellus thinking the Sentence imperfect, bid us add *possis.*

*Sb.* Have you any Thing more that is certain about Matter?

*Le.* I don't know whether I have or no ; but in my Opinion, Horace seems here to have made Use of the Greek Idiom ; and this he does more than any other of the Poets. For it is a very common Thing with the Greeks, to join an infinitive Mood with the Word *ὥς* and *ὥστε*. And so Horace uses *ut pati*, for *ut patiaris* : Although what Mancinellus guesses, is not altogether absurd.

*Hi.* I like what you say very well. Run, Mouse, and bring what is to come, if there be any Thing.

*Cr.* What new dainty Dish is this ?

*Hi.* This is a Cucumber sliced ; this is the Broth of the Pulp of a Gourd boil'd, it is good to make the Belly loose.

*Sb.* Truly a medical feast.

*Hi.* Take it in good Part. There's a Fowl to come out of our Hen-Coop.

*Sb.* We will change thy Name, and call thee Apicius, instead of Hilary.

*Hi.* Well, laugh now as much as you will, it may be you'll highly commend this Supper to Morrow.

*Sb.* Why so ?

*Hi.* When you find that your Dinner has been well season'd.

*Sb.* What, with a good Stomach ?

*Hi.* Yes, indeed.

*Cr.* Hilary, do you know what Task I would have you take upon you ?

*Hi.* I shall know when you have told me.

*Cr.* The Choir sings some Hymns, that are indeed learned ones ; but are corrupted in many Places by unlearned Persons. I desire that you would mend 'em ; and to give you an Example, we sing thus :

*Hostis Herodes impie,*

*Christum venire quid times ?*

*Thou wicked Enemy Herod, why dost thou dread  
the Coming of Christ ?*

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The mis-placing of one Word spoils the Verse two Ways. For the Word *hostis*, making a Trochee, has no Place in an Iambick Verse, and Hero being a Spondee won't stand in the second Place. Nor is there any doubt but the Verse at first was thus written,

*Herodes hostis impie.*

For the Epithete *impie* better agrees with *Hostis* than with *Herod*. Besides *Herodes* being a Greek Word  $\eta$  is turued into  $\epsilon$  in the vocative ; as  $\Sigma\omega\kappa\rho\acute{\alpha}\tau\eta\varsigma$ , &  $\Sigma\acute{\omega}\kappa\rho\alpha\tau\epsilon\varsigma$  ; and so  $\text{'}\text{\AA}\gamma\alpha\mu\acute{\epsilon}\nu\omega\nu$  in the nominative Case is turned into  $\alpha$ . So again we sing the Hymn,

*Jesu corona virginum,  
Quem mater illa concepit,  
Quæ sola virgo parturit.  
O Jesus the Crown of Virgins,  
Whom she the Mother conceiv'd,  
Which was the only Person of a Virgin that  
brought forth.*

There is no Doubt but the Word should be pronounc'd *concepit*. For the Change of the Tense sets off a Word. And it is ridiculous for us to find Fault with *concepit* when *parturit* follows.

*Hi*. Truly I have been puzzled at a great many such Things ; nor will it be amiss, if hereafter we bestow a little Time upon this Matter. For methinks Ambrose has not a little Grace in this Kind of Verse, for he does commonly end a Verse of four Feet with a Word of three Syllables, and commonly places a *cæsura* in the End of a Word. It is so common with him that it cannot seem to have been by Chance. If you would have an Example, *Deus Creator*. Here is a *Penthemimeris*, it follows, *omnium* ; *Polique rector*, then follows, *vestiens* ; *diem decoro*, and then *lumine* ; *noctem soporis*, then follows *gratia*.

*Hi*. But here's a good fat Hen that has laid me Eggs, and hatch'd me Chickens for ten Years together.



Cr. It is Pity that she should have been kill'd.

Ca. If it were fit to intermingle any Thing of graver Studies, I have something to propose.

Hi. Yes, if it be not too crabbed.

Ca. That it is not. I lately began to read Seneca's *Epistles*, and stumbled, as they say, at the very Thresh-old.<sup>11</sup> The Place is in the first Epistle ; 'And if,' says he, 'thou wilt but observe it, great Part of our Life passes away while we are doing what is ill ; the greatest Part, while we are doing nothing, and the whole of it while we are doing that which is to no Purpose.' In this Sentence, he seems to affect I can't tell what Sort of Witticism, which I do not well understand.

Le. I'll guess, if you will.

Ca. Do so.

Le. No Man offends continually. But, nevertheless, a great Part of one's Life is lost in Excess, Lust, Ambition, and other Vices ; but a much greater Part is lost in doing of nothing. Moreover they are said to do nothing, not who live in Idleness, but they who are busied about frivolous Things which conduce nothing at all to our Happiness : And thence comes the Proverb, 'It is better to be idle, than to be doing but to no Purpose.' But the whole Life is spent in doing another Thing. He is said *aliud agere*, who does not mind what he is about. So that the whole of Life is lost : Because when we are vitiously employ'd we are doing what we should not do ; when we are employ'd about frivolous Matters we do that we should not do ; and when we study Philosophy, in that we do it negligently and carelessly, we do something to no Purpose. If this Interpretation don't please you, let this Sentence of Seneca be set down among those Things of this Author that Aulus Gellius condemns in this Writer as frivolously witty.

Hi. Indeed I like it very well. But in the mean Time, let us fall manfully upon the Hen. I would not

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have you mistaken, I have no more Provision for you. It agrees with what went before. 'That is the basest Loss that comes by Negligence,' and he shews it by this Sentence consisting of three Parts. But methinks I see a Fault a little after : 'We foresee not Death, a great Part of it is past already.' It is my Opinion it ought to be read ; 'We foresee Death.' For we foresee those Things which are a great Way off from us, when Death for the most Part is gone by us.

*Le.* If Philosophers do sometimes give themselves Leave to go aside into the Meadows of the Muses, perhaps it will not be amiss for us, if we, to gratify our Fancy, take a Turn into their Territories.

*Hi.* Why not ?

*Le.* As I was lately reading over again Aristotle's Book that he entitles *Περὶ τῶν ἐλέγχων*, the Argument of which is for the most Part common both to Rhetoricians and Philosophers, I happen'd to fall upon some egregious Mistakes of the Interpreters. And there is no Doubt but that they that are unskill'd in the Greek have often miss'd it in many Places. For Aristotle proposes a Sort of such Kind of Ambiguity as arises from a Word of a contrary Signification. *ὁ τι μανθάνουσιν οἱ ἐπιστάμενοι· τὰ γὰρ ἀποστοματιζόμενα μανθάνουσιν οἱ γραμματικοί· τὸ γὰρ μανθάνειν ὁμώνυμον, τό τε ξυνιέναι χρώμενον τῇ ἐπιστήμῃ, καὶ τὸ λαμβάνειν τὴν ἐπιστήμην.* And they turn it thus. 'Because intelligent Persons learn ; for Grammarians are only tongue-learn'd ; for to learn is an equivocal Word, proper both to him that exerciseth and to him that receiveth Knowledge.'

*Hi.* Methinks you speak Hebrew, and not English.

*Le.* Have any of you heard any equivocal Word ?

*Hi.* No.

*Le.* What then can be more foolish than to desire to turn that which cannot possibly be turn'd ? For although the Greek Word *μανθάνειν* signifies as much as *μαθεῖν* and *μαθητεύειν*, so among the Latins, *discere*,

to learn, signifies as much as *doctrinam accipere*, or *doctrinam tradere*. But whether this be true or no I can't tell. I rather think *μανθάνειν* is of doubtful Signification with the Greeks, as *cognoscere* is among the Latins. For he that informs, and the Judge that learns, both of them know the Cause. And so I think among the Greeks the Master is said *μανθάνειν* whilst he hears his Scholars, as also the Scholars who learn of him. But how gracefully hath he turn'd that τὰ γὰρ ἀποστοματίζόμενα μανθάνουσιν οἱ γραμματικοί, *nam secundum os grammatici discunt*: 'For the Grammarians are tongue-learn'd'; since it ought to be translated, *Nam grammatici, quæ dictitant, docent*: 'Grammarians teach what they dictate.' Here the Interpreters ought to have given another Expression, which might not express the same Words, but the same Kind of Thing. Tho' I am apt to suspect here is some Error in the Greek Copy, and that it ought to be written ὁμώνυμον τῷ τε ξυνιέναι καὶ τῷ λαμβάνειν. And a little after he subjoins another Example of Ambiguity, which arises not from the Diversity of the Signification of the same Word, but from a different Connection. τὸ βούλεσθαι λαβεῖν με τοὺς πολεμίους, *velle me accipere pugnantes*. 'To be willing that I should receive the fighting Men': For so he translates it, instead of *velle me capere hostes*, 'to be willing that I take the Enemies'; and if one should read βούλεσθε, it is more perspicuous. *Vultis ut ego capiam hostes?* 'Will ye that I take the Enemies?' For the Pronoun may both go before and follow the Verb *capere*. If it go before it, the Sense will be this, 'Will ye, that I take the Enemies?' If it follows, then this will be the Sense, 'Are ye willing that the Enemies should take me?' He adds also another Example of the same Kind, ἄρα ὃ τις γινώσκει, τοῦτο γινώσκει. i.e. *An quod quis novit hoc novit*. The Ambiguity lies in τοῦτο. If it should be taken in the accusative Case, the Sense will be this; 'Whatsoever it is that any Body

knows, that Thing he knows to be.' But if in the nominative Case, the Sense will be this, 'That Thing which any Body knows, it knows'; as though that could not be known that knows not again by Course. Again he adds another Example. ἄρα ὃ τις ὁρᾷ, τοῦτο ὁρᾷ; ὁρᾷ δὲ τὸν κίονα ὥστε ὁρᾷ ὁ κίων. 'That which any one sees, does that Thing see; but he sees a Post, does the Post herefore see?' The Ambiguity lies again in τοῦτο, as we shew'd before. But these Sentences may be render'd into Latin well enough; but that which follows cannot possibly by any Means be render'd, ἄρα ὃ σὺ φῆς εἶναι, τοῦτο σὺ φῆς εἶναι; φῆς δὲ λίθον εἶναι σὺ ἄρα φῆς λίθος εἶναι. Which they thus render, *putas quod tu dicis esse, hoc tu dicis esse: dicis autem lapidem esse, tu ergo lapis dicis esse*. Pray tell me what Sense can be made of these Words? For the Ambiguity lies partly in the Idiom of the Greek Phrase, which is in the major and minor. Although in the major there is another Ambiguity in the two Words ὃ and τοῦτο, which if they be taken in the nominative Case, the Sense will be, 'That which thou sayest thou art, that thou art.' But if in the accusative Case the Sense will be, 'Whatsoever thou sayst is, that thou sayst is'; and to this Sense he subjoins λίθον φῆς εἶναι, but to the former Sense he subjoins σὺ ἄρα φῆς λίθος εἶναι. Catullus once attempted to imitate the Propriety of the Greek Tongue:

*Phaselus iste, quem videtis, hospites,  
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus.*

*My Guests, that Gally which you see  
The most swift of the Navy is, says he.*

For so was this Verse in the old Edition. Those who write Commentaries on these Places being ignorant of this, must of Necessity err many Ways. Neither indeed can that which immediately follows be perspicuous in the Latin. Καὶ ἄρα ἔστι σιγῶντα λέγειν; δῖττον γάρ ἐστι τὸ σιγῶντα λέγειν, τό τε τὸν λέγοντα σιγᾶν, καὶ τὸ τὰ

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λεγόμενα. That they have render'd thus ; *Et putas, est tacentem dicere? Duplex enim est, tacentem dicere; et hunc dicere tacentem, et quæ dicuntur.* Are not these Words more obscure than the Books of the Sibyls?

*Hi.* I am not satisfy'd with the Greek.

*Le.* I'll interpret it as well as I can. 'Is it possible for a Man to speak while he is silent?' This Interrogation has a two-Fold Sense, the one of which is false and absurd, and the other may be true; for it cannot possibly be that he who speaks, should not speak what he does speak; that is, that he should be silent while he is speaking; but it is possible, that he who speaks may be silent of him who speaks. Although this Example falls into another Form that he adds a little after. And again, I admire, that a little after, in that kind of Ambiguity that arises from more Words conjoin'd, the Greeks have chang'd the Word *Seculum* into the Letters, *ἐπιστάσθαι τὰ γράμματα*, seeing that the Latin Copies have it, *scire seculum*. For here arises a double Sense, either 'that the Age itself might know something,' or 'that somebody might know the Age.' But this is an easier Translation of it into *αἰὼνα* or *κόσμον*, than into *γράμματα*. For it is absurd to say that Letters know any Thing; but it is no absurdity to say, 'something is known to our Age,' or 'that any one knows his Age.' And a little after, where he propounds an Ambiguity in the Accent, the Translator does not stick to put Virgil's Words instead of Homer's, when there was the same Necessity in that Example, *quicquid dicis esse, hoc est*, 'What thou sayst is, it is.' Aristotle out of Homer says, *οὐ καταπίθεται ὄμβρῳ*, if *οῦ* should be aspirated and circumflected, it sounds in Latin thus; *Cujus computrescit pluvîa*; 'by whose Rain it putrifies'; but if *οῦ* be acuted and exile, it sounds, *Non computrescit pluvîa*; 'it does not putrify with Rain'; and this indeed is taken out of the Iliad *ψ*. Another is, *διδόμεν δὲ οἱ εὖχος ἀρέσθαι*: the Accent being placed upon

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the last Syllable but one, signifies, 'grant to him'; but plac'd upon the first Syllable δίδομεν, signifies, 'we grant.' But the Poet did not think Jupiter said, 'we grant to him'; but commands the Dream itself to grant him, to whom it is sent to obtain his Desire. For δίδομεν is used for δίδόμην. For these two of Homer, these two are added out of our Poets; as that out of the *Odes* of Horace :

*Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,  
Lydia, dormis.*

For if the Accent be on *me* being short, and *tu* be pronounc'd short, it is one Word *metuo*; that is, *timeo*, 'I am afraid': Although this Ambiguity lies not in the Accent only, but also arises from the Composition.

They have brought another Example out of Virgil :

*Heu quia nam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi !*

Although here also the Ambiguity lies in the Composition.

*Hi.* Leonard, These Things are indeed Niceties, worthy to be known; but in the mean Time, I'm afraid our Entertainment should seem rather a Sophistical one, than a Poetical one: At another Time, if you please, we'll hunt Niceties and Criticisms for a whole Day together.

*Le.* That is as much as to say, we'll hunt for Wood in a Grove, or seek for Water in the Sea.

*Hi.* Where is my Mouse?

*Mou.* Here he is.

*Hi.* Bid Margàret bring up the Sweet-Meats.

*Mus.* I go, Sir.

*Hi.* What? do you come again empty-handed?

*Mus.* She says, she never thought of any Sweet-Meats, and that you have sat long enough already.

*Hi.* I am afraid, if we should philosophize any longer, she'll come and overthrow the Table, as Xantippe did to Socrates; therefore it is better for us to take our

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Sweet-Meats in the Garden ; and there we may walk and talk freely ; and let every one gather what Fruit he likes best off of the Trees.

*Guests.* We like your Motion very well.

*Hi.* There is a little Spring sweeter than any Wine.

*Ca.* How comes it about, that your Garden is neater than your Hall?

*Hi.* Because I spend most of my Time here. If you like any Thing that is here, don't spare whatever you find. And now if you think you have walk'd enough, what if we should sit down together under this Teil Tree, and rouze up our Muses.

*Pa.* Come on then, let us do so.

*Hi.* The Garden itself will afford us a Theme.

*Pa.* If you lead the Way, we will follow you.

*Hi.* Well, I'll do so. He acts very preposterously, who has a Garden neatly trimm'd up, and furnish'd with various Delicacies, and at the same Time, has a Mind adorn'd with no Sciences nor Virtues.

*Le.* We shall believe the Muses themselves are amongst us, if thou shalt give us the same Sentence in Verse.

*Hi.* That's a great Deal more easy to me to turn Prose into Verse, than it is to turn Silver into Gold.

*Le.* Let us have it then :

*Hi.* *Cui renidet hortus undiquaque flosculis,  
Animumque nullis expolitum dotibus  
Squalere patitur, is facit praepostere.*

*Whose Garden is all grac'd with Flowers sweet,  
His Soul mean While being impolite,  
Is far from doing what is meet.*

Here 's Verses for you, without the Muses or Apollo ; but it will be very entertaining, if every one of you will render this Sentence into several different Kinds of Verse.

*Le.* What shall be his Prize that gets the Victory?

*Hi.* This Basket full, either of Apples, or Plumbs, or

Cherries, or Medlars, or Pears, or of any Thing else he likes better.

*Le.* Who should be the Umpire of the Trial of Skill?

*Hi.* Who shall but Crato? And therefore he shall be excused from versifying, that he may attend the more diligently.

*Cr.* I'm afraid you'll have such a Kind of Judge, as the Cuckoo and Nightingal once had,<sup>12</sup> when they vy'd one with the other, who should sing best.

*Hi.* I like him if the rest do.

*Gu.* We like our Umpire. Begin, Leonard.

*Le.* *Cui tot deliciis renidet hortus,  
Herbis, floribus, arborumque fœtu,  
Et multo et vario, nec excolendum  
Curat pectus et artibus probatis,  
Et virtutibus, is mihi videtur  
Lævo judicio, parumque recto.*

*Who that his Garden shine doth mind  
With Herbs and Flowers, and Fruits of various  
kind;  
And in mean While, his Mind neglected lies  
Of Art and Virtue void, he is not wise.*

I have said.

*Hi.* Carinus bites his Nails, we look for something elaborate from him.

*Ca.* I'm out of the poetical Vein.

*Cura cui est, ut niteat hortus flosculis ac fœtibus,  
Negligenti excolere pectus disciplinis optimis;  
Hic labore, mihi ut videtur, ringitur praepostero.*

*Whose only Care is that his Gardens be  
With Flow'rs and Fruits furnish'd most pleasantly,  
But disregards his Mind with Art to grace,  
Bestows his Pains and Care much like an Ass.*

*Hi.* You han't bit your Nails for nothing.

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*Eu.* Well, since my Turn is next, that I may do something,

*Qui studet ut variis niteat cultissimus hortus  
Deliciis, patiens animum squalere, nec ullis  
Artibus expoliens, huic est praepostera cura.*

*Who cares to have his Garden neat and rare,  
And doth of Ornaments his Mind leave bare,  
Acts but with a preposterous Care.*

We have no Need to spur Sbrulius on, for he is so fluent at Verses, that he oftentimes tumbles 'em out, before he is aware.

*Sb. Cui vernet hortus cultus et elegans,  
Nec pectus ullis artibus excolit;  
Praepostera is cura laborat.  
Sit ratio tibi prima mentis.*

*Who to make his Garden spring, much Care imparts,  
And yet neglects his Mind to grace with Arts,  
Acts wrong: Look chiefly to improve thy Parts.*

*Pa. Quisquis accurat, variis ut hortus  
Floribus vernet, neque pectus idem  
Artibus sanctis colit, hunc habet prae-  
postera cura.*

*Who to his Soul prefers a Flower or worse,  
May well be said to set the Cart before the Horse.*

*Hi.* Now let us try to which of us the Garden will afford the most Sentences.

*Le.* How can so rich a Garden but do that? even this Rose-Bed will furnish me with what to say. 'As the Beauty of a Rose is fading, so is Youth soon gone; you make haste to gather your Rose before it withers; you ought more earnestly to endeavour that your Youth pass not away without Fruit.'

*Hi.* It is a Theme very fit for a Verse.

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Ca. 'As among Trees, every one hath its Fruits : So among Men, every one hath his natural Gift.'

Eu. 'As the Earth, if it be till'd, brings forth various Things for human Use ; and being neglected, is cover'd with Thorns and Briars : So the Genius of a Man, if it be accomplish'd with honest Studies, yields a great many Virtues ; but if it be neglected, is over-run with various Vices.'

Sb. 'A Garden ought to be drest every Year, that it may look handsome : The Mind being once furnish'd with good Learning, does always flourish and spring forth.'

Pa. 'As the Pleasantness of Gardens does not draw the Mind off from honest Studies, but rather invites it to them : So we ought to seek for such Recreations and Divertisements, as are not contrary to Learning.'

Hi. O brave ! I see a whole Swarm of Sentences. Now for Verse : But before we go upon that, I am of the Mind, it will be no improper nor unprofitable Exercise to turn the first Sentence into Greek Verse, as often as we have turn'd it into Latin. And let Leonard begin, that has been an old Acquaintance of the Greek Poets.

Le. I'll begin if you bid me.

Hi. I both bid and command you.

Le. *Οι κήπος ἐστὶν ἀνθεσιν γελῶν καλοῖς,  
'Ο δὲ νοῦς μάλ' αὐχμῶν τοῖς καλοῖς μαθήμασιν,  
Οὐκ ἐστὶ κομψὸς οὗτος, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖ,  
Περὶ πλείονος ποιῶν τὰ φαῦλ', ἢ κρείττονα.*

*He never entered Wisdom's Doors  
Who delights himself in simple Flowers  
And his foul Soul neglects to cleanse.  
This Man knows not what Virtue means.*

I have begun,<sup>13</sup> let him follow me that will.

Hi. Carinus.

Ca. Nay, Hilary.

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*Le.* But I see here's Margaret coming upon us of a sudden, she's bringing I know not what Dainties.

*Hi.* If she does so, my Fury'll do more than I thought she'd do. What hast brought us?

*Ma.* Mustard-Seed, to season your Sweet-Meats. An't you ashamed to stand prating here till I can't tell what Time of Night? And yet you Poets are always reflecting<sup>14</sup> against Women's Talkativeness.

*Cr.* Margaret says very right, it is high Time for every one to go Home to Bed: At another Time we'll spend a Day in this commendable Kind of Contest.

*Hi.* But who do you give the Prize to?

*Cr.* For this Time I allot it to myself. For no Body has overcome but I.

*Hi.* How did you overcome that did not contend at all?

*Cr.* Ye have contended, but not try'd it out. I have overcome Marget, and that is more than any of you could do.

*Ca.* Hilary. He demands what's his Right, let him have the Basket.

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# AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING FAITH

## THE ARGUMENT

This inquisition concerning Faith, comprehends the Sum and Substance of the Catholick Profession. He here introduces a Lutheran that by the Means of the orthodox Faith, he may bring either Party to a Reconciliation. Concerning Excommunication, and the Pope's Thunderbolts. And also that we ought to associate ourselves with the Impious and Heretical, if we have any Hope of amending them. *Symbolum* is a military Word. A most divine and elegant Paraphrase upon the Apostles Creed

### AULUS, BARBATUS

*Au.* 'Salute freely,' is a Lesson for Children. But I can't tell whether I should bid you be well or no.

*Ba.* In Truth I had rather any one would make me well, than bid me be so. Aulus, Why do you say that?

*Au.* Why? Because if you have a Mind to know, you smell of Brimstone, or Jupiter's Thunderbolt.

*Ba.* There are mischievous Deities,<sup>1</sup> and there are harmless Thunderbolts,<sup>2</sup> that differ much in their Original from those that are ominous. For I fancy you mean something about Excommunication.

*Au.* You're right.

*Ba.* I have indeed heard dreadful Thunders, but I never yet felt the Blow of the Thunderbolt.

*Au.* How so?

*Ba.* Because I have never the worse Stomach, nor my Sleep the less sound.

*Au.* But a Distemper is commonly so much the more dangerous, the less is it felt. But these brute Thunderbolts, as you call 'em, strike the Mountains and the Seas.

*Ba.* They do strike 'em indeed, but with Strokes that

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have no effect upon 'em. There is a Sort of Lightning that proceeds from a Glass<sup>3</sup> or a Vessel of Brass.

*Au.* Why, and that affrights too.

*Ba.* It may be so, but then none but Children are frighted at it. None but God has Thunderbolts that strike the Soul.

*Au.* But suppose God is in his Vicar?

*Ba.* I wish he were.

*Au.* A great many Folks admire that you are not become blacker than a Coal before now.<sup>4</sup>

*Ba.* Suppose I were so, then the Salvation of a lost Person were so much the more to be desired, if Men followed the Doctrine of the Gospel.

*Au.* It is to be wished indeed, but not to be spoken of.

*Ba.* Why so?

*Au.* That he that is smitten with the Thunderbolt may be ashamed and repent.

*Ba.* If God had done so by us, we had been all lost.

*Au.* Why so?

*Ba.* Because when we were Enemies to God, and Worshippers of Idols, fighting under Satan's Banner, that is to say, every Way most accursed; then in an especial Manner he spake to us by his Son, and by his treating with us restored us to Life when we were dead.

*Au.* That thou say'st is indeed very true.

*Ba.* In Truth it would go very hard with all sick Persons, if the Physician should avoid speaking to 'em, whensoever any poor Wretch was seized with a grievous Distemper, for then he has most Occasion for the Assistance of a Doctor.

*Au.* But I am afraid that you will sooner infect me with your Distemper than I shall cure you of it. It sometimes falls out that he that visits a sick Man is forced to be a Fighter instead of a Physician.

*Ba.* Indeed it sometimes happens so in Bodily Distempers: But in the Diseases of the Mind you have an Antidote ready against every Contagion.

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*Au.* What's that?

*Ba.* A strong Resolution not to be removed from the Opinion that has been fixed in you. But besides, what Need you fear to become a Fighter, where the Business is managed by Words?

*Au.* There is something in what you say, if there be any Hope of doing any good.

*Ba.* While there is Life there is Hope, and according to St. Paul, 'Charity can't despair, because it hopes all Things.'

*Au.* You observe very well, and upon this Hope I may venture to discourse with you a little; and if you'll permit me, I'll be a Physician to you.

*Ba.* Do, with all my Heart.

*Au.* Inquisitive Persons are commonly hated, but yet Physicians are allowed to be inquisitive after every particular Thing.

*Ba.* Ask me any Thing that you have a Mind to ask me.<sup>5</sup>

*Au.* I'll try. But you must promise me you'll answer me sincerely.

*Ba.* I'll promise you. But let me know what you'll ask me about.

*Au.* Concerning the Apostles Creed.

*Ba.* *Symbolum*<sup>6</sup> is indeed a military Word. I will be content to be look'd upon an Enemy to Christ, if I shall deceive you in this Matter.

*Au.* Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, who made the Heaven and Earth?

*Ba.* Yes, and whatsoever is contained in the Heaven and Earth, and the Angels also which are Spirits.

*Au.* When thou say'st God, what dost thou understand by it?

*Ba.* I understand a certain eternal Mind, which neither had Beginning nor shall have any end, than which nothing can be either greater, wiser, or better.

*Au.* Thou believest indeed like a good Christian.

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*Ba.* Who by his omnipotent Beck made all Things visible or invisible ; who by his wonderful Wisdom orders and governs all Things ; who by his Goodness feeds and maintains all Things, and freely restored Mankind when fallen.

*Au.* These are indeed three especial Attributes in God : But what Benefit dost thou receive by the Knowledge of them !

*Ba.* When I conceive him to be Omnipotent, I submit myself wholly to him, in comparison of whose Majesty, the Excellency of Men and Angels is nothing. Moreover, I firmly believe whatsoever the holy Scriptures teach to have been done, and also that what he hath promised shall be done by him, seeing he can by his single Beck do whatsoever he pleases, how impossible soever it may seem to Man. And upon that Account distrusting my own Strength, I depend wholly upon him who can do all Things. When I consider his Wisdom, I attribute nothing at all to my own, but I believe all Things are done by him righteously and justly, although they may seem to human Sense absurd or unjust. When I animadvert on his Goodness, I see nothing in myself that I do not owe to free Grace, and I think there is no Sin so great, but he is willing to forgive to a true Penitent, nor nothing but what he will freely bestow on him that asks in Faith.

*Au.* Dost thou think that it is sufficient for thee to believe him to be so ?

*Ba.* By no Means. But with a sincere Affection I put my whole Trust and Confidence in him alone, detesting Satan, and all Idolatry, and magic Arts. I worship him alone, preferring nothing before him, nor equalling nothing with him, neither Angel, nor my Parents, nor Children, nor Wife, nor Prince, nor Riches, nor Honours, nor Pleasures ; being ready to lay down my Life if he call for it, being assur'd that he can't possibly perish who commits himself wholly to him.

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*Au.* What then, dost thou worship nothing, fear nothing, love nothing but God alone?

*Ba.* If I reverence any Thing, fear any Thing, or love any Thing, it is for his Sake I love it, fear it, and reverence it ; referring all Things to his Glory, always giving Thanks to him for whatsoever happens, whether prosperous or adverse, Life or Death.

*Au.* In Truth your Confession is very sound so far. What do you think concerning the second Person ?

*Ba.* Examine me.

*Au.* Dost thou believe Jesus was God and Man?

*Ba.* Yes.

*Au.* Could it be that the same should be both immortal God and mortal Man?

*Ba.* That was an easy Thing for him to do who can do what he will : And by Reason of his divine Nature, which is common to him with the Father, whatsoever Greatness, Wisdom, and Goodness I attribute to the Father, I attribute the same to the Son ; and whatsoever I owe to the Father, I owe also to the Son, but only that it hath seemed good to the Father to bestow all Things on us through him.

*Au.* Why then do the holy Scriptures more frequently call the Son Lord than God?

*Ba.* Because God is a Name of Authority, that is to say, of Sovereignty, which in an especial Manner belongeth to the Father, who is absolutely the Original of all Things, and the Fountain even of the Godhead itself. Lord is the Name of a Redeemer and Deliverer, altho' the Father also redeemed us by his Son, and the Son is God, but of God the Father. But the Father only is from none, and obtains the first Place among the divine Persons.

*Au.* Then dost thou put thy Confidence in Jesus?

*Ba.* Why not?

*Au.* But the Prophet calls him accursed who puts his Trust in Man.

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*Ba.* But to this Man alone hath all the Power in Heaven and Earth been given, that at his Name every Knee should bow, both of Things in Heaven, Things in Earth, and Things under the Earth. Although I would not put my chief Confidence and Hope in him,<sup>7</sup> unless he were God.

*Au.* Why do you call him Son?

*Ba.* Lest any should imagine him to be a Creature.<sup>8</sup>

*Au.* Why an only Son?

*Ba.* To distinguish the natural Son from the Sons by Adoption, the Honour of which Sirname he imputes to us also that we may look for no other besides this Son.

*Au.* Why would he have him to be made Man, who was God?

*Ba.* That being Man, he might reconcile Men to God.

*Au.* Dost thou believe he was conceived without the Help of Man, by the Operation of the Holy Ghost, and born of the undefiled Virgin Mary, taking a mortal Body of her Substance?

*Ba.* Yes.

*Au.* Why would he be so born?

*Ba.* Because it so became God to be born, because it became him to be born in this Manner, who was to cleanse away the Filthiness of our Conception and Birth. God would have him to be born the Son of Man, that we being regenerated into him, might be made the Sons of God.

*Au.* Dost thou believe that he lived here upon Earth, did Miracles, taught those Things that are recorded to in the Gospel?

*Ba.* Ay, more certainly than I believe you to be a Man.

*Au.* I am not an Apuleius turned inside out,<sup>9</sup> that you should suspect that an Ass lies hid under the Form of a Man. But do you believe this very Person to be the very Messiah whom the Types of the Law shadowed out, which the Oracle of the Prophets promised, which the Jews looked for so many Ages?



*Ba.* I believe nothing more firmly.

*Au.* Dost thou believe his Doctrine and Life are sufficient to lead us to perfect Piety?

*Ba.* Yet, perfectly sufficient.

*Au.* Dost thou believe that the same was really apprehended by the Jews, bound, buffeted, beaten, spit upon, mock'd, scourg'd under Pontius Pilate ; and lastly, nailed to the Cross, and there died?

*Bu.* Yes, I do.

*Au.* Do you believe him to have been free from all the Law of Sin whatsoever?

*Ba.* Why should I not ! A Lamb without Spot.

*Au.* Dost thou believe he suffered all these Things of his own accord?

*Ba.* Not only willingly, but even with great Desire ; but according to the Will of his Father.

*Au.* Why would the Father have his only Son, being innocent and most dear to him, suffer all these Things?

*Ba.* That by this Sacrifice he might reconcile to himself us who were guilty, we putting our Confidence and Hope in his Name.

*Au.* Why did God suffer all Mankind thus to fall? And if he did suffer them, was there no other Way to be found out to repair our Fall?

*Ba.* Not human Reason, but Faith hath persuaded me of this, that it could be done no Way better nor more beneficially for our Salvation.

*Au.* Why did this Kind of Death please him best?

*Ba.* Because in the Esteem of the World it was the most disgraceful, and because the Torment of it was cruel and lingring, because it was meet for him who would invite all the Nations of the World unto Salvation, with his Members stretch'd out into every Coast of the World, and call off Men who were glew'd unto earthly Cares, to heavenly Things ; and, last of all, that he might represent to us the brazen serpent that Moses set up upon a Pole, that whoever should fix his Eyes

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upon it, should be heal'd of the Wounds of the Serpent, and fulfil the Prophet's Promise, who prophesied, 'say ye among the Nations, God hath reign'd from a Tree.'

*Au.* Why would he be buried also, and that so curiously, anointed with Myrrh and Ointments, inclosed in a new Tomb, cut out of a hard and natural Rock,<sup>10</sup> the Door being seal'd and also publick Watchmen set there?

*Ba.* That it might be the more manifest that he was really dead.

*Au.* Why did he not rise again presently?

*Ba.* For the very same Reason; for if his Death had been doubtful, his Resurrection had been doubtful too; but he would have that to be as certain as possible could be.

*Au.* Do you believe his Soul descended into Hell?

*Ba.* St. Cyprian affirms that this Clause was not formerly inserted either in the Roman Creed or in the Creed of the Eastern Churches, neither is it recorded in Tertullian, a very ancient Writer. And yet notwithstanding, I do firmly believe it, both because it agrees with the Prophecy of the Psalm, 'Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell'; and again, 'O Lord, thou hast brought my Soul out of Hell.' And also because the Apostle Peter, in the third Chapter of his first Epistle (of the Author whereof no Man ever doubted), writes after this Manner, 'Being put to Death in the Flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, in which also he came and preach'd by his Spirit to those that were in Prison.' But though I believe he descended into Hell, yet I believe he did not suffer anything there. For he descended not to be tormented there, but that he might destroy the Kingdom of Satan.

*Au.* Well, I hear nothing yet that is impious; but he died that he might restore us to Life again, who were dead in Sin. But why did he rise to live again?

*Ba.* For three Reasons especially.

*Au.* Which are they?

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*Ba.* First of all, to give us an assur'd Hope of our Resurrection. Secondly, that we might know that he in whom we have plac'd the Safety of our Resurrection is immortal, and shall never die. Lastly, that we, being dead in Sins, by Repentance, and buried together with him by Baptism, should by his Grace be raised up again to Newness of Life.

*Au.* Do you believe that the very same Body that died upon the Cross, which reviv'd in the Grave, which was seen and handled by the Disciples, ascended into Heaven?

*Ba.* Yes, I do.

*Au.* Why would he leave the Earth?

*Ba.* That we might all love him spiritually, and that no Man should appropriate Christ to himself upon the Earth, but that we should equally lift up our Minds to Heaven, knowing that our Head is there. For if Men now so much please themselves in the Colour and Shape of the Garment, and do boast so much of the Blood or the Foreskin of Christ, and the Milk of the Virgin Mary, what do you think would have been, had he abode on the Earth, eating and discoursing? What Dissentions would those Peculiarities of his Body have occasioned?

*Au.* Dost thou believe that he, being made immortal, sitteth at the right Hand of the Father?

*Ba.* Why not? As being Lord of all Things, and Partaker of all His Father's Kingdom. He promised his Disciples that this should be, and he presented this Sight to his Martyr Stephen.

*Au.* Why did he shew it?

*Ba.* That we may not be discouraged in any Thing, well knowing what a powerful Defender and Lord we have in Heaven.

*Au.* Do you believe that he will come again in the same Body, to judge the Quick and the Dead?

*Ba.* As certain as I am, that those Things the Prophets have foretold concerning Christ hitherto have come to

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pass, so certain I am, that whatsoever he would have us look for for the future, shall come to pass. We have seen his first Coming, according to the Predictions of the Prophets, wherein he came in a low Condition, to instruct and save. We shall also see his second, when he will come on high, in the Glory of his Father, before whose Judgment-Seat all Men of every Nation, and of every Condition, whether Kings or Peasants, Greeks, or Scythians, shall be compell'd to appear; and not only those, whom at that Coming he shall find alive, but also all those who have died from the Beginning of the World, even until that Time, shall suddenly be raised, and behold his Judge every one in his own Body. The blessed Angels also shall be there as faithful Servants, and the Devils to be judg'd. Then he will, from on high, pronounce that unavoidable Sentence, which will cast the Devil, together with those that have taken his Part, into eternal Punishments, that they may not after that be able to do Mischief to any. He will translate the Godly, being freed from all Trouble, to a Fellowship with him in his heavenly Kingdom: Although he would have the Day of his coming unknown to all.

*Au.* I hear no Error yet. Let us now come to the third Person.

*Ba.* As you please.

*Au.* Dost thou believe in the holy Spirit?

*Ba.* I do believe that it is true God, together with the Father, and the Son. I believe they that wrote us the Books of the Old and New Testament were inspired by it, without whose Help no Man attains Salvation.

*Au.* Why is he called a Spirit?

*Ba.* Because as our Bodies do live by Breath, so our Minds are quicken'd by the secret Inspiration of the holy Spirit.

*Au.* Is it not lawful to call the Father a Spirit?

*Ba.* Why not?

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*Au.* Are not then the Persons confounded?

*Ba.* No, not at all, for the Father is called a Spirit, because he is without a Body, which Thing is common to all the Persons, according to their divine Nature: But the third Person is called a Spirit, because he breathes out, and transfuses himself insensibly into our Minds, even as the Air breathes from the Land, or the Rivers.

*Au.* Why is the Name of Son given to the second Person?

*Ba.* Because of his perfect Likeness of Nature and Will.

*Au.* Is the Son more like the Father, than the holy Spirit?

*Ba.* Not according to the divine Nature, except that he resembles the Property of the Father the more in this, that the Spirit proceeds from him also.

*Au.* What hinders then, but that the holy Spirit may be called Son?

*Ba.* Because, as St. Hilary saith, I no where read that he was begotten, neither do I read of his Father: I read of the 'Spirit, and that proceeding from.'

*Au.* Why is the Father alone called God in the Creed?

*Ba.* Because he, as I have said before, is simply the Author of all Things that are, and the Fountain of the whole Deity.

*Au.* Speak in plainer Terms.

*Ba.* Because nothing can be nam'd which hath not its Original from the Father: For indeed, in this very Thing, that the Son and Holy Spirit is God, they acknowledge that they received it from the Father; therefore the chief Authority, that is to say, the Cause of Beginning, is in the Father alone, because he alone is of none: But yet, in the Creed it may be so taken, that the Name of God may not be proper to one Person, but used in general; because, it is distinguish'd afterwards by the Terms of

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Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, into one God ; which Word of Nature comprehends the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; that is to say, the three Persons.

*Au.* Dost thou believe in the holy Church ?

*Ba.* No.

*Au.* What say you ? Do you not believe in it ?

*Ba.* I believe the holy Church, which is the Body of Christ ; that is to say, a certain Congregation of all Men throughout the whole World, who agree in the Faith of the Gospel, who worship one God the Father, who put their whole Confidence in his Son, who are guided by the same Spirit of him ; from whose Fellowship he is cut off that commits a deadly Sin.

*Au.* But why do you stick to say, I believe in the holy Church ?

*Ba.* Because St. Cyprian hath taught me, that we must believe in God alone, in whom we absolutely put all our Confidence. Whereas the Church, properly so called, although it consists of none but good Men ; yet it consists of Men, who of good may become bad, who may be deceived, and deceive others.

*Au.* What do you think of the Communion of Saints ?

*Ba.* This Article is not all meddled with by Cyprian, when he particularly shews what in such and such Churches is more or less used ; for he thus connects them : ‘ For there followeth after this Saying, the holy Church, the Forgiveness of Sins, the Resurrection of this Flesh.’ And some are of Opinion, that this Part does not differ from the former ; but that it explains and enforces what before was called ‘ the holy Church ’ ; so that the Church is nothing else but the Profession of one God, one Gospel, one Faith, one Hope, the Participation of the same Spirit, and the same Sacraments : To be short, such a Kind of Communion of all good Things, among all godly Men, who have been from the Beginning of the World, even to the End of it, as the Fellowship of the Members of the Body is between one

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another. So that the good Deeds of one may help another, until they become lively Members of the Body. But out of this Society, even one's own good Works do not further his Salvation, unless he be reconcil'd to the holy Congregation; and therefore it follows the Forgiveness of Sins; because out of the Church there is no Remission of Sins, although a Man should pine himself away with Repentence, and exercise Works of Charity. In the Church, I say, not of Hereticks, but the holy Church; that is to say, gathered by the Spirit of Christ, there is Forgiveness of Sins by Baptism, and after Baptism, by Repentence, and the Keys given to the Church.

*An.* Thus far they are the Words of a Man that is sound in the Faith. Do you believe that there will be a Resurrection of the Flesh?

*Ba.* I should believe all the rest to no Purpose, if I did not believe this, which is the Head of all.

*An.* What dost thou mean when thou say'st the Flesh?

*Ba.* An human Body animated with a human Soul.

*An.* Shall every Soul receive its own Body which is left dead?

*Ba.* The very same from whence it went out; and therefore, in Cyprian's Creed, it is added, 'of this Flesh.'

*An.* How can it be, that the Body which hath been now so often chang'd out of one Thing into another, can rise again the same?

*Ba.* He who could create whatsoever he would out of nothing, is it a hard Matter for him to restore to its former Nature that which hath been changed in its Form? I don't dispute anxiously which Way it can be done; it is sufficient to me, that he who hath promised that it shall be so, is so true, that he can't lye, and so powerful, as to be able to bring to pass with a Beck, whatsoever he pleases.

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*Au.* What need will there be of a Body then?

*Ba.* That the whole Man may be glorified with Christ, who, in this World, was wholly afflicted with Christ.

*Au.* What means that which he adds, 'and Life everlasting.'

*Ba.* Lest any one should think that we shall so rise again, as the Frogs revive at the Beginning of the Spring, to die again. For here is a twofold Death of the Body, that is common to all Men, both good and bad; and of the Soul, and the Death of the Soul is Sin. But after the Resurrection, the godly shall have everlasting Life, both of Body and Soul: Nor shall the Body be then any more obnoxious to Diseases, old Age, Hunger, Thirst, Pain, Weariness, Death, or any Inconveniences; but being made spiritual, it shall be mov'd as the Spirit will have it: Nor shall the Soul be any more sollicitated with any Vices or Sorrows; but shall for ever enjoy the chiefest Good, which is God himself. On the contrary, eternal Death, both of Body and Soul, shall seize upon the wicked. For their Body shall be made immortal, in order to the enduring everlasting Torments, and their Soul to be continually vexed with the Gripes of their Sins, without any Hope of Pardon.

*Au.* Dost thou believe these things from thy very Heart, and unfeignedly?

*Ba.* I believe them so certainly, I tell you, that I am not so sure that you talk with me.

*Au.* When I was at Rome, I did not find all so sound in the Faith.

*Ba.* Nay; but if you examine thoroughly, you'll find a great many others in other Places too, which do not so firmly believe these Things.

*Au.* Well then, since you agree with us in so many and weighty Points, what hinders that you are not wholly on our Side?

*Ba.* I have a mind to hear that of you: For I think

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that I am orthodox. Although I will not warrant for my Life, yet I endeavour all I can, that it may be suitable to my Profession.

*Au.* How comes it about then, that there is so great a War between you and the orthodox?

*Ba.* Do you enquire into that : But hark you, Doctor, if you are not displeased with this Introduction, take a small Dinner with me ; and after Dinner, you may enquire of every Thing at Leisure ; I'll give you both Arms to feel my Pulse, and you shall see both Stool and Urine ; and after that, if you please, you shall anatomize this whole Breast of mine, that you may make a better Judgment of me.

*Au.* But I make it a matter of Scruple to eat with thee.

*Ba.* But Physicians use to eat with their Patients, that they might better observe what they love, and wherein they are irregular.

*Au.* But I am afraid, lest I should seem to favour Hereticks.

*Ba.* Nay, but there is nothing more religious than to favour Hereticks.

*Au.* How so?

*Ba.* Did not Paul wish to be made an Anathema for the Jews, which were worse than Hereticks? Does not he favour him that endeavours that a Man may be made a good Man of a bad Man?

*Au.* Yes, he does so.

*Ba.* Well then, do you favour me thus, and you need not fear any Thing.

*Au.* I never heard a sick Man answer more to the Purpose. Well, come on, let me dine with you then.

*Ba.* You shall be entertain'd in a physical Way, as it becomes a Doctor by his Patient, and we will so refresh our Bodies with Food, that the Mind shall be never the less fit for Disputation.

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*Au.* Well, let it be so, with good Birds (*i.e.* with good Success).

*Ba.* Nay, it shall be with bad Fishes, unless you chance to have forgot that it is Friday.

*Au.* Indeed, that is beside our Creed.<sup>11</sup>

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# THE OLD MEN'S DIALOGUE

## THE ARGUMENT

Γερωντολογία, or, Ὀχημα, shews, as tho' it were in a Looking-glass, what Things are to be avoided in Life, and what Things contribute to the Tranquillity of Life. Old Men that were formerly intimate Acquaintance when Boys, after forty Years Absence, one from the other, happen to meet together, going to Antwerp. There seems to be a very great Inequality in them that are equal in Age. Polygamus, he is very old: Glycion has no Signs of Age upon him, tho' he is sixty six; he proposes a Method of keeping off old Age. 1. He consults what Sort of Life to chuse, and follows the Advice of a prudent old Man, who persuades him to marry a Wife that was his equal, making his Choice with Judgment, before he falls in Love. 2. He has born a publick Office, but not obnoxious to troublesome Affairs. 3. He transacts Affairs that do not expose him to Envy. 4. He bridles his Tongue. 5. He is not violently fond of, nor averse to any Thing. He moderates his Affections, suffers no Sorrow to abide with him all Night. 6. He abstains from Vices, and renews his Patience every Day. 7. He is not anxiously thoughtful of Death. 8. He does not travel into foreign Countries. 9. He has nothing to do with Doctors. 10. He diverts himself with Study, but does not study himself lean. On the other hand, Polygamus has brought old Age upon him, by the Intemperance of his Youth, by Drinking, Whoring, Gaming, running in Debt; he had had eight Wives. Pampirus, he becomes a Merchant; but consumes all he has by Gaming; then he becomes a Canon; then a Carthusian; after that a Benedictine; and last of all, turns Soldier. Eusebius, he gets a good Benefice and preaches

*EUSEBIUS, PAMPIRUS, POLYGAMUS, GLYCION,  
HUGUITIO, and HARRY the Coachman*

*Euseb.* What new Faces<sup>2</sup> do I see here? If I am

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not mistaken, or do not see clear, I see three old Companions sitting by me ; Pampirus, Polygamus, and Glycion ; they are certainly the very same.

*Pa.* What do you mean, with your Glass Eyes, you Wizard?<sup>3</sup> Pray come nearer a little, Eusebius.

*Po.* Hail, heartily, my wish'd for Eusebius.

*Gl.* All Health to you, the best of Men.

*Eu.* One Blessing upon you all, my dear Friends. What God, or providential Chance has brought us together now, for I believe none of us have seen the one the other, for this forty Years. Why, Mercury with his Mace could not have more luckily brought us together into a Circle ; but what are you doing here ?

*Pa.* We are sitting.

*Eu.* I see that, but what do you sit for ?

*Po.* We wait for the Antwerp Waggon.

*Eu.* What, are you going to the Fair ?

*Po.* We are so : but rather Spectators than Traders, tho' one has one Business, and another has another.

*Eu.* Well, and I am going thither myself too. But what hinders you, that you are not going ?

*Po.* We han't agreed with the Waggoner yet.

*Eu.* These Waggoners are a surly Sort of People ; but are you willing that we put a Trick upon them ?

*Po.* With all my Heart, if it can be done fairly.

*Eu.* We will pretend that we will go thither a-Foot together.

*Po.* They'll sooner believe that a Crab-Fish will fly, than that such heavy Fellows as we will take such a Journey on Foot.

*Eu.* Will you follow good wholesome Advice ?

*Po.* Yes, by all Means.

*Gl.* They are a-drinking, and the longer they are fuddling, the more Danger we shall be in of being overturned in the Dirt.

*Po.* You must come very early, if you find a Waggoner sober.

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*Gl.* Let us hire the Waggon for us four by ourselves, that we may get to Antwerp the sooner: It is but a little more Charge, not worth minding, and this Expence will be made up by many Advantages; we shall have the more Room, and shall pass the Journey the more pleasantly in mutual Conversation.

*Po.* Glycion is much in the Right on't. For good Company in a Journey does the Office of a Coach; and according to the Greek Proverb, we shall have more Liberty of talking, not about a Waggon,<sup>4</sup> but in a Waggon.

*Gl.* Well, I have made a Bargain, let us get up. Now I've a Mind to be merry, seeing I have had the good Luck to see my old dear Comrades after so long a Separation.

*Eu.* And methinks I seem to grow young again.

*Po.* How many Years do you reckon it, since we liv'd together at Paris?

*Eu.* I believe it is not less than two and forty Years.

*Pa.* Then we seem'd to be all pretty much of an Age.

*Eu.* We were so, pretty near the Matter, for if there was any Difference it was very little.

*Pa.* But what a great Difference does there seem to be now? For Glycion has nothing of an old Man about him, and Polygamus looks old enough to be his Grandfather.

*Eu.* Why, truly he does so, but what should be the Reason of it?

*Pa.* What? Why, either the one loiter'd and stopp'd in his Course, or the other run faster (out-run him).

*Eu.* Oh! Time does not stay, how much soever Men may loiter.

*Po.* Come, tell us, Glycion, truly, how many Years do you number?

*Gl.* More than Ducats in my Pocket.

*Po.* Well, but how many?

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*Gl.* Threescore and six.

*Eu.* Why, thou'lt never be old.<sup>6</sup>

*Po.* But by what Arts hast thou kept off old Age? for you have no grey Hairs, nor Wrinkles in your Skin, your Eyes are lively, your Teeth are white and even, you have a fresh Colour, and a plump Body.

*Gl.* I'll tell you my Art, upon Condition you'll tell us your Art of coming to be old so soon.

*Po.* I agree to the Condition. I'll do it. Then tell us whither you went when you left Paris.

*Gl.* I went directly into my own Country, and by that Time I had been there almost a Year, I began to bethink myself what Course of Life to chuse; which I thought to be a Matter of great Importance, as to my future Happiness; so I cast my Thoughts about what had been successful to some, and what had been unsuccessful to others.

*Po.* I admire you had so much Prudence, when you were as great a Maggot<sup>6</sup> as any in the World, when you were at Paris.

*Gl.* Then my Age did permit a little Wildness. But, my good Friend, you must know, I did not do all this neither of my own mother-Wit.<sup>7</sup>

*Po.* Indeed I stood in Admiration.

*Gl.* Before I engaged in any Thing, I applied to certain Citizen, a Man of Gravity, of the greatest Prudence by long Experience, and of a general Reputation with his fellow Citizens, and in my Opinion, the most happy Man in the World.

*Eu.* You did wisely.

*Gl.* By this Man's Advice I married a Wife.

*Po.* Had she a very good Portion?

*Gl.* An indifferent good one,<sup>8</sup> and according to the Proverb, in a competent Proportion to my own: For I had just enough to do my Business, and this Matter succeeded to my Mind.

*Po.* What was your Age then?

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*Gl.* Almost two and twenty.

*Po.* O happy Man!

*Gl.* But don't mistake the Matter; all this was not owing to Fortune neither.

*Po.* Why so?

*Gl.* I'll tell you; some love before they chuse, I made my Choice with Judgment first, and then lov'd afterwards, and nevertheless I married this Woman more for the Sake of Posterity than for any carnal Satisfaction. With her I liv'd a very pleasant Life, but not above eight Years.

*Po.* Did she leave you no children?

*Gl.* Nay, I have four alive, two Sons and two Daughters.

*Po.* Do you live as a private Person, or in some publick Office?

*Gl.* I have a publick Employ. I might have happen'd to have got into a higher Post, but I chose this because it was creditable enough to secure me from Contempt, and is free from troublesome Attendance: And it is such, that no Body need object against me that I live only for myself, I have also something to spare now and then to assist a Friend. With this I live content, and it is the very Height of my Ambition. And then I have taken Care so to execute my Office, to give more Reputation to my Office than I receiv'd from it; this I account to be more honourable, than to borrow my Dignity from the Splendor of my Office.

*Eu.* Without all Controversy.

*Gl.* By this Means I am advanced in Years, and the Affections of my fellow Citizens.

*Eu.* But that's one of the difficultest Things in the World, when with very good Reason there is this old Saying: 'He that has no Enemies has no Friends'; and 'Envy is always an Attendant on Felicity.'

*Gl.* Envy always is a Concomitant of a pompous Felicity, but a Mediocrity is safe; this was always my Study,

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not to make any Advantage to myself from the Disadvantages of other People. I embraced as much as I could, that which the Greeks call Freedom from the Encumbrance of Business.<sup>9</sup> I intermeddled with no one's Affairs ; but especially I kept myself clear from those that could not be meddled with without gaining the ill Will of a great many. If a Friend wants my Assistance, I so serve him, as thereby not to procure any Enemies to myself. In Case of any Misunderstanding between me and any Persons, I endeavour to soften it by clearing myself of Suspicion, or to set all right again by good Offices, or to let it die without taking Notice of it : I always avoid Contention, but if it shall happen, I had rather lose my Money than my Friend. Upon the Whole, I act the Part of Mitio in the Comedy,<sup>10</sup> I affront no Man, I carry a cheerful Countenance to all, I salute and resalute affably, I find no Fault with what any Man proposes to do or does, I don't prefer myself before other People ; I let every one enjoy his Opinion ; what I would have kept as a Secret, I tell to no Body : I never am curious to pry in the Privacies of other Men. If I happen to come to the Knowledge of any thing, I never blab it. As for absent Persons, I either say nothing at all of them, or speak of them with Kindness and Civility. Great Part of the Quarrels that arise between Men, come from the Intemperance of the Tongue. I never breed Quarrels or heighten them ; but where-ever Opportunity happens, I either moderate them, or put an End to them. By these Methods I have hitherto kept clear of Envy, and have maintained the Affections of my fellow Citizens.

*Pa.* Did you find a single Life irksome to you ?

*Gl.* Nothing happened to me in the whole Course of my Life, more afflicting than the Death of my Wife, and I could have passionately wish'd that we might have grown old together, and might have enjoy'd the Comfort of the common Blessing, our Children : But since Pro-

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vidence saw it meet it should be otherwise, I judged that it was best for us both, and therefore did not think there was Cause for me to afflict myself with Grief, that would do no good, neither to me nor the Deceased.

*Pol.* What, had you never an Inclination to marry again, especially the first having been so happy a Match to you?

*Gl.* I had an Inclination so to do, but as I married for the Sake of Children, so for the Sake of my Children I did not marry again.

*Pol.* But 'tis a miserable Case to lie alone whole Nights without a Bedfellow.

*Gl.* Nothing is hard to a willing Mind. And then do but consider the Benefits of a single Life: There are some People in the World, who will be for making the worst of every Thing; such a one Crates<sup>11</sup> seemed to be, or an Epigram under his Name, summing up the Evils of human Life. And the Resolution is this, that it is best not to be born at all. Now Metrodorus pleases me a great Deal better, who picks out what is good in it; this makes Life the pleasanter. And I brought my Mind to that Temper of Indifference never to have a violent Aversion or Fondness for any thing. And by this it comes to pass, that if any good Fortune happens to me, I am not vainly transported, or grow insolent; or if any thing falls out cross, I am not much perplex'd.

*Pa.* Truly if you can do this, you are a greater Philosopher than Thales himself.

*Gl.* If any Uneasiness in my Mind rises (as mortal Life produces many of them) I cast it immediately out of my Thoughts, whether it be from the Sense of an Affront offered, or any Thing done unhandsomly.

*Pol.* Well, but there are some Provocations that would raise the Anger of the most patient Man alive: As the Saucinesses of Servants frequently are.

*Gl.* I suffer nothing to stay long enough in my Mind to make an Impression. If I can cure them I do it, if

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not, I reason thus with myself, What good will it do me to torment myself about that which will be never the better for 't? In short, I let Reason do that for me at first, which after a little While, Time itself would do. And this I be sure take Care of, not to suffer any Vexation, be it never so great, to go to Bed with me.

*Eu.* No wonder that you don't grow old, who are of that Temper.

*Gl.* Well, and that I mayn't conceal any thing from Friends, in an especial Manner I have kept this Guard upon myself, never to commit any Thing that might be a Reflection either on my own Honour or that of my Children. For there is nothing more troublesome than a guilty Conscience. And if I have committed a Fault I don't go to Bed before I have reconcil'd myself to God. To be at Peace with God is the Fountain of true Tranquillity of Mind, or, as the Greeks call it, *εὐθυμία*.<sup>12</sup> For they who live thus, Men can do them no great Injury.

*Eu.* Have you never any anxious Thoughts upon the Apprehension of Death?

*Gl.* No more than I have for the Day of my Birth. I know I must die, and to live in the Fear of it may possibly shorten my Life, but to be sure it would never make it longer. So that I care for nothing else but to live piously and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence; and a Man can't live happily that does not live piously.

*Pa.* But I should grow old with the Tiresomeness of living so long in the same Place, tho' it were Rome itself.

*Gl.* The changing of Place has indeed something of Pleasure in it; but then, as for long Travels, tho' perhaps they may add to a Man's Experience, yet they are liable to a great many Dangers. I seem to myself to travel over the whole World in a Map, and can see more in Histories than if I had rambled through Sea and Land for twenty Years together, as Ulysses did. I have a little Country-House about two Miles out of Town, and



there sometimes, of a Citizen I become a Country-Man, and having recreated myself there, I return again to the City a new Comer, and salute and am welcom'd as if I had return'd from the new-found Islands.

*Eu.* Don't you assist Nature with a little Physick?

*Gl.* I never was let Blood, or took Pills nor Potions in my Life yet. If I feel any Disorder<sup>13</sup> coming upon me, I drive it away with spare Diet or the Country Air.

*Eu.* Don't you study sometimes?

*Gl.* I do. In that is the greatest Pleasure of my Life : But I make a Diversion of it, but not a Toil. I study either for Pleasure or Profit of my Life, but not for Ostentation. After Meat I have a Collation of learned Stories, or else somebody to read to me, and I never sit to my Books above an Hour at a Time : Then I get up and take my Violin, and walk about in my Chamber, and sing to it, or else ruminare upon what I have read ; or if I have a good Companion with me, I relate it, and after a While I return to my Book again.

*Eu.* But tell me now, upon the Word of an honest Man ; Do you feel none of the Infirmities of old Age, which are said to be a great many?

*Gl.* My Sleep is not so sound, nor my Memory so good, unless I fix any thing deeply in it. Well, I have now acquitted myself of my Promise. I have laid open to you those magical Arts by which I have kept myself young, and now let Polygamus tell us fairly, how he brought old Age upon him to that Degree.

*Po.* Indeed, I will hide nothing from such trusty Companions.

*Eu.* You will tell it to those that will not make a Discourse of it.

*Po.* You very well know I indulg'd my Appetite when I was at Paris.

*Eu.* We remember it very well. But we thought that you had left your rakish Manners and your youthful Way of Living at Paris.

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*Po.* Of the many Mistresses I had there I took one Home, who was big with Child.

*Eu.* What, into your Father's House?

*Po.* Directly thither; but I pretended she was a Friend's Wife, who was to come to her in a little Time.

*Gl.* Did your Father believe it?

*Po.* He smelt the Matter out in three or four Days time, and then there was a cruel Scolding. However, in this Interim I did not leave off Feasting, Gaming, and other extravagant Diversions. And in short, my Father continuing to rate me, saying he would have no such cackling Gossips<sup>14</sup> under his Roof, and ever and anon threatning to discard me, I march'd off, remov'd to another Place with my Pullet, and she brought me some young Chickens.

*Pa.* Where had you Money all the While?

*Po.* My Mother gave me some by Stealth, and I ran over Head and Ears in Debt.

*Eu.* Had any Body so little Wit as to lend you?

*Po.* There are some Persons who will trust no Body more readily than they will a Spendthrift.

*Pa.* And what next?

*Po.* At last my Father was going about to disinherit me in good earnest. Some Friends interpos'd, and made up the Breach upon this Condition; that I should renounce the French Woman, and marry one of our own Country.

*Eu.* Was she your Wife?

*Po.* There had past some Words between us in the future Tense,<sup>15</sup> but there had been carnal Copulation in the present Tense.

*Eu.* How could you leave her then?

*Po.* It came to be known afterwards, that my French Woman had a French Husband that she had elop'd from some Time before.

*Eu.* But it seems you have a Wife now.

*Po.* None besides this which is my Eighth.

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*Eu.* The Eighth! Why, then you were named Polygamus by Way of Prophecy. Perhaps they all died without Children.

*Po.* Nay, there was not one of them but left me a Litter, which I have at Home.

*Eu.* I had rather have so many Hens at Home, which would lay me Eggs. An't you weary of wifeing?

*Po.* I am so weary of it, that if this Eighth should die to Day, I would marry the Ninth to-Morrow. Nay, it vexes me that I must not have two or three, when one Cock has so many Hens.

*Eu.* Indeed I don't wonder, Mr. Cock, that you are no fatter, and that you have brought old Age upon you to that Degree; for nothing brings on old Age faster, than excessive and hard Drinking, keeping late Hours, and Whoring, extravagant Love of Women, and immoderate Venery. But who maintains your Family all this While?

*Po.* A small Estate came to me by the Death of my Father, and I work hard with my Hands.

*Eu.* Have you given over Study then?

*Po.* Altogether. I have brought a Noble to Nine Pence,<sup>16</sup> and of a Master of seven Arts,<sup>17</sup> I am become a Workman of but one Art.

*Eu.* Poor Man! So many Times you were obliged to be a Mourner, and so many Times a Widower.

*Po.* I never liv'd single above ten Days, and the new Wife always put an End to the Mourning for the old one. So, you have in Truth the Epitome of my Life; and I wish Pampirus would give us a Narration of his Life; he bears his Age well enough: For if I am not mistaken, he is two or three Years older than I.

*Pa.* Truly I'll tell it ye, if you are at Leisure to hear such a Romance.

*Eu.* Nay, it will be a Pleasure to hear it.

*Pa.* When I went Home my antient Father began to press me earnestly to enter into some Course of Life

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that might make some Addition to what I had ; and after long Consultation Merchandizing was what I took to.

*Po.* I admire this Way of Life pleas'd you more than any other.

*Pa.* I was naturally greedy to know new Things, to see various Countries and Cities, to learn Languages, and the Customs and Manners of Men, and Merchandize seem'd the most apposite to that Purpose. From which a general Knowledge of Things proceeds.

*Po.* But a wretched one, which is often purchas'd with Inconveniencies.

*Pa.* It is so, therefore my Father gave me a good large Stock, that I might begin to trade upon a good Foundation : And at the same Time I courted a Wife with a good Fortune, but handsome enough to have gone off without a Portion.

*Eu.* Did you succeed ?

*Pa.* No. Before I came Home, I lost all, Stock and Block.<sup>18</sup>

*Eu.* Perhaps by Shipwreck.

*Pa.* By Shipwreck indeed. For we run upon more dangerous Rocks than those of Scilly.<sup>19</sup>

*Eu.* In what Sea did you happen to run upon that Rock ? Or what is the Name of it ?

*Pa.* I can't tell what Sea 'tis in, but it is a Rock that is infamous for the destruction of a great many, they call it Alea [Dice, the Devil's Bones] in Latin, how you call it in Greek I can't tell.

*Eu.* O Fool !

*Pa.* Nay, my Father was a greater Fool, to trust a young Fop with such a Sum of Money.

*Gl.* And what did you do next ?

*Pa.* Why, nothing at all, but I began to think of hanging myself.

*Gl.* Was your Father so implacable then ? For such a Loss might be made up again ; and an Allowance is always to be made to one that makes the first Essay,<sup>20</sup>

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and much more it ought to be to one that tries all Things.

*Pa.* Tho' what you say may be true, I lost my Wife in the mean Time. For as soon as the Maid's Parents came to understand what they must expect, they would have no more to do with me, and I was over Head and Ears in Love.

*Gl.* I pity thee. But what did you propose to yourself after that?

*Pa.* To do as it is usual in desperate Cases. My Father had cast me off, my Fortune was consum'd, my Wife was lost, I was every where call'd a Sot, a Spendthrift, a Rake, and what not? Then I began to deliberate seriously with myself, whether I should hang myself or no, or whether I should throw myself into a Monastery.

*Eu.* You were cruelly put to it! I know which you would chuse, the easier Way of Dying.

*Pa.* Nay, sick was I of Life itself; I pitched upon that which seem'd to me the most painful.

*Gl.* And yet many People cast themselves into Monasteries, that they may live more comfortably there.

*Pa.* Having got together a little Money to bear my Charges, I stole out of my own Country.

*Gl.* Whither did you go at last?

*Pa.* Into Ireland, there I became a Canon Regular of that Order that wear Linnen outwards and Woollen next their Skin.

*Gl.* Did you spend your Winter in Ireland?

*Pa.* No. But by that Time I had been among them two Months I sail'd into Scotland.

*Gl.* What displeas'd you among them?

*Pa.* Nothing, but that I thought their Discipline was not severe enough for the Deserts of one, that once Hanging was too good for.

*Gl.* Well, what past in Scotland?

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*Pa.* Then I chang'd my Linnen Habit for a Leathern one, among the Carthusians.

*Eu.* These are the Men, that in Strictness of Profession, are dead to the World.

*Pa.* It seem'd so to me, when I heard them Singing.

*Gl.* What? Do dead Men sing? But how many Months did you spend among the Scots?

*Pa.* Almost six.

*Gl.* A wonderful Constancy.

*Eu.* What offended you there?

*Pa.* Because it seem'd to me to be a lazy, delicate Sort of Life; and then I found there, many that were not of a very sound Brain, by Reason of their Solitude. I had but a little Brain myself, and I was afraid I should lose it all.

*Pa.* Whither did you take your next Flight?

*Pa.* Into France: There I found some cloath'd all in Black, of the Order of St. Benedict, who intimate by the Colour of their Cloaths, that they are Mourners in this World; and among these, there were some, that for their upper Garment wore Hair-Cloth like a Net.

*Gl.* A grievous Mortification of the Flesh.

*Pa.* Here I stay'd eleven Months.

*Eu.* What was the Matter that you did not stay there for good and all?

*Pa.* Because I found there were more Ceremonies than true Piety: And besides, I heard that there were some who were much holier, which Bernard had enjoin'd a more severe Discipline, the black Habit being chang'd into a white one; with these I liv'd ten Months.

*Eu.* What disgusted you here?

*Pa.* I did not much dislike any Thing, for I found them very good Company; but the Greek Proverb<sup>21</sup> ran in my Mind;

Δεῖ τὰς χελώνας ἢ φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν.

*One must either eat Snails, or eat nothing at all.*

Therefore I came to a Resolution, either not to be a Monk, or to be a Monk to Perfection. I had heard there were some of the Order of St. Bridget, that were really heavenly Men, I betook myself to these.

*Eu.* How many Months did you stay there?

*Pa.* Two Days; but not quite that.

*Gl.* Did that Kind of Life please you no better than so?

*Pa.* They take no Body in, but those that will profess themselves presently; but I was not yet come to that Pitch of Madness, so easily to put my Neck into such a Halter, that I could never get off again. And as often as I heard the Nuns singing, the Thoughts of my Mistress that I had lost, tormented my Mind.

*Gl.* Well, and what after this?

*Pa.* My Mind was inflamed with the Love of Holiness; nor yet had I met with any Thing that could satisfy it. At last, as I was walking up and down, I fell in among some Cross-Bearers. This Badge pleas'd me at first Sight; but the Variety hindered me from chusing which to take to. Some carried a white Cross, some a red Cross, some a green Cross, some a party-colour'd Cross, some a single Cross, some a double one, some a quadruple, and others some of one Form, and some of another; and I, that I might leave nothing untry'd, I carried some of every Sort. But I found in reality, that there was a great Difference between carrying a Cross on a Gown or a Coat, and carrying it in the Heart. At last, being tired with Enquiry, it came into my Mind, that to arrive at universal Holiness all at once, I would take a Journey to the holy Land, and so would return Home with a Back-Load of Sanctimony.

*Po.* And did you go thither?

*Pa.* Yes.

*Po.* Where did you get Money to bear your Charges?

*Pa.* I wonder it never came into your Head, to ask that before now, and not to have enquir'd after that

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a great While ago : But you know the old Proverb ;  
'A Man of Art will live any where.'<sup>22</sup>

*Gl.* What Art do you carry with you?

*Pa.* Palmistry.

*Gl.* Where did you learn it?

*Pa.* What signifies that?

*Gl.* Who was your Master?

*Pa.* My Belly, the great Master of all Arts : I foretold  
Things past, present, and to come.

*Gl.* And did you know any Thing of the Matter?

*Pa.* Nothing at all ; but I made bold Guesses, and  
run no Risque neither, having got my Money first.

*Pa.* And was so ridiculous an Art sufficient to main-  
tain you?

*Pa.* It was, and two Servants too : There is every  
where such a Number of foolish young Fellows and  
Wenches. However, when I came to Jerusalem, I put  
myself into the Train of a rich Nobleman, who being  
seventy Years of Age, said he could never have died in  
Peace, unless he had first visited Jerusalem.

*Eu.* What, did he leave a Wife at Home?

*Pa.* Yes, and six Children.

*Eu.* O impious, pious, old Man ! Well, and did you  
come back holy from thence?

*Pa.* Shall I tell you the Truth? Somewhat worse than  
I went.

*Eu.* So, as I hear, your Religion was grown cool.

*Pa.* Nay, it grew more hot : So I went back into  
Italy, and enter'd into the Army.

*Eu.* What, then, did you look for Religion in the Camp.  
Than which, what is there that can be more impious?

*Pa.* It was a holy War.

*Eu.* Perhaps against the Turks.

*Pa.* Nay, more holy than that, as they indeed gave  
out at that Time.

*Eu.* What was that?

*Pa.* Pope Julius the Second<sup>23</sup> made War upon the

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French. And the Experience of many Things that it gives a Man, made me fancy a Soldier's Life.

*Eu.* Of many Things indeed ; but wicked ones.

*Pa.* So I found afterwards : But however, I liv'd harder here, than I did in the Monasteries.

*Eu.* And what did you do after this ?

*Pa.* Now my Mind began to be wavering, whether I should return to my Business of a Merchant, that I had laid aside, or press forward in Pursuit of Religion that fled before me. In the mean Time it came into my Mind, that I might follow both together.

*Eu.* What, be a Merchant and a Monk both together ?

*Pa.* Why not ? There is nothing more religious than the Orders of Mendicants, and there is nothing more like to Trading. They fly over Sea and Land, they see many things, they hear many Things, they enter into the Houses of common People, Noblemen, and Kings.

*Eu.* Ay, but they don't Trade for Gain.

*Pa.* Very often, with better Success than we do.

*Eu.* Which of these Orders did you make Choice of ?

*Pa.* I try'd them all.

*Eu.* Did none of them please you ?

*Pa.* I lik'd them all well enough, if I might but presently have gone to Trading ; but I consider'd in my Mind, I must labour a long Time in the Choir, before I could be qualified for the Trust : So now I began to think how I might get to be made an Abbot : But, I thought with myself, 'Kissing goes by Favour,' and it will be a tedious Pursuit : So having spent eight Years after this Manner, hearing of my Father's Death, I return'd Home, and by my Mother's Advice, I marry'd, and betook myself to my old Business of Traffick.

*Gl.* Prithee tell me, when you chang'd your Habit so often, and were transform'd, as it were, into another Sort of Creature, how could you behave yourself with a proper Decorum ?

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*Pa.* Why not, as well as those who in the same Comedy act several Parts?

*Eu.* Tell us now in good earnest, you that have try'd every Sort of Life, which you most approve of.

*Pa.* 'So many Men, so many Minds': I like none better than this which I follow.

*Eu.* But there are a great many Inconveniences attend it.

*Pa.* There are so. But seeing there is no State of Life, that is entirely free from Incommodities, this being my Lot, I make the best on't: <sup>24</sup> But now here is Eusebius still, I hope he will not think much to acquaint his Friends with some Scenes of his Course of Life.

*Eu.* Nay, with the whole Play of it, if you please to hear it, for it does not consist of many Acts.

*Gl.* It will be a very great Favour.

*Eu.* When I return'd to my own Country, I took a Year to deliberate what Way of Living to chuse, and examin'd myself, to what Employment my Inclination led me, and I was fit for. In the mean Time a Prebendary was offered me, as they call it; it was a good fat Benefice, and I accepted it.

*Gl.* That Sort of Life has no good Reputation among People.

*Eu.* As human Affairs go, I thought it was a Thing well worth the accepting. Do you look upon it a small Happiness to have so many Advantages to fall into a Man's Mouth, as tho' they dropt out of Heaven; handsome Houses well furnish'd, a large Revenue, an honourable Society, and a Church at Hand, to serve God in, when you have a Mind to it?

*Pa.* I was scandaliz'd at the Luxury of the Persons, and the Infamy of their Concubines; and because a great many of that Sort of Men have an Aversion to Learning.

*Eu.* I don't mind what others do, but what I ought to do myself, and associate myself with the better Sort, if I cannot make them that are bad better.

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*Po.* And is that the State of Life you have always liv'd in?

*Eu.* Always, except four Years, that I liv'd at Padua.

*Po.* What did you do there?

*Eu.* These Years I divided in this Manner; I studied Physick a Year and a half, and the rest of the Time Divinity.

*Po.* Why so?

*Eu.* That I might the better manage both Soul and Body, and also sometimes be helpful by Way of Advice to my Friends. I preached sometimes according to my Talent. And under these Circumstances, I have led a very quiet Life, being content with a single Benefice, not being ambitiously desirous of any more, and should have refus'd it, if it had been offered me.

*Pa.* I wish we could learn how the rest of our old Companions have liv'd, that were our Familiars.

*Eu.* I can tell you somewhat of some of them: but I see we are not far from the City; therefore, if you are willing, we will all take up the same Inn, and there we will talk over the rest at Leisure.

*Hugh* [*a Waggoner.*] You blinking Fellow, where did you take up this Rubbish?

*Harry the Waggoner.* Where are you carrying that Harlottry, you Pimp?

*Hugh.* You ought to throw these frigid old Fellows somewhere into a Bed of Nettles, to make them grow warm again.

*Harry.* Do you see that you shoot that Herd of yours somewhere into a Pond to cool them, to lay their Concupiscence, for they are too hot.

*Hugh.* I am not us'd to overturn my Passengers.

*Harry.* No? but I saw you a little While ago, overturn Half a Dozen Carthusians into the Mire, so that tho' they went in white, they came out black, and you stood grinning at it, as if you had done some noble Exploit.

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*Hugh.* I was in the Right of it, they were all asleep and added a dead Weight to my Waggon.<sup>26</sup>

*Harry.* But these old Gentlemen, by talking merrily all the Way, have made my Waggon go light. I never had a better Fare.

*Hugh.* But you don't use to like such Passengers.

*Harry.* But these are good old Men.

*Hugh.* How do you know that?

*Harry.* Because they made me drink humming Ale,<sup>26</sup> three Times by the Way.

*Hugh.* Ha, ha, ha, then they are good to you.

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THE FRANCISCANS, Πτωχοπλούσιοι,

OR

RICH BEGGARS.

THE ARGUMENT

The Franciscans, or rich poor Persons, are not admitted into the House of a Country Parson. Pandocheus jokes wittily upon them. The Habit is not to be accounted odious. The Life and Death of the Franciscans. Of the foolish Pomp of Habits. The Habits of Monks are not in themselves evil. What Sort of Persons Monks ought to be. The use of Garments is for Necessity and Decency. What Decency is. Whence arose the Variety of Habits and Garments among the Monks. That there was in old Time no Superstition in the Habits

CONRADE, a BERNARDINE MONK. a PARSON,  
an INNKEEPER and his WIFE.

*Con.* Hospitality becomes a Pastor.<sup>1</sup>

*Pars.* But I am a Pastor of Sheep; I don't love Wolves.

*Con.* But perhaps you don't hate a Wench<sup>2</sup> so much. But what Harm have we done you, that you have such an Aversion to us, that you won't so much as admit us under your Roof? We won't put you to the Charge of a Supper.

*Pars.* I'll tell ye, because if you spy but a Hen or a Chicken in a Body's House, I should be sure to hear of it to-Morrow in the Pulpit. This is the Gratitude you shew for your being entertain'd.

*Con.* We are not all such Blabs.

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*Pars.* Well, be what you will, I'd scarce put Confidence in St. Peter himself, if he came to me in such a Habit.

*Con.* If that be your Resolution, at least tell us where is an Inn.

*Pars.* There's a publick Inn here in the Town.

*Con.* What Sign has it?

*Pars.* Upon a Board that hangs up, you will see a Dog thrusting his Head into a Porridge-Pot: This is acted to the Life in the Kitchen; and a Wolf sits at the Bar.

*Con.* That's an unlucky Sign.

*Pars.* You may e'en make your best on 't.

*Ber.* What Sort of a Pastor is this? we might be starv'd for him.

*Con.* If he feeds his Sheep no better than he feeds us they must needs be very lean.

*Ber.* In a difficult Case, we had Need of good Counsel: What shall we do?

*Con.* We must set a good Face on 't.

*Ber.* There's little to be gotten by Modesty, in a Case of Necessity.

*Con.* Very right, St. Francis will be with us.

*Ber.* Let's try our Fortune then.

*Con.* We won't stay for our Host's Answer at the Door, but we'll rush directly into the Stove, and we won't easily be gotten out again.

*Ber.* O impudent Trick!

*Con.* This is better than to lie abroad all Night, and be frozen to Death. In the mean Time, put Bashfulness in your Wallet to-Day, and take it out again to-Morrow.

*Ber.* Indeed, the Matter requires it.

*Innk.* What Sort of Animals do I see here?

*Con.* We are the Servants of God, and the Sons of St. Francis, good Man.

*Innk.* I don't know what Delight God may take in such Servants; but I would not have many of them in my house.

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*Con.* Why so?

*Innk.* Because at Eating and Drinking, you are more than Men; but you have neither Hands nor Feet to work. Ha, ha! You Sons of St. Francis, you use to tell us in the Pulpit, that he was a pure Batchelor, and has he got so many Sons?

*Con.* We are the Children of the Spirit, not of the Flesh.

*Innk.* A very unhappy Father, for your Mind is the worst Part about you; but your Bodies are too lusty, and as to that Part of you, it is better, with you, than 'tis for our Interest, who have Wives and Daughters.

*Con.* Perhaps you suspect that we are some of those that degenerate from the Institutions of our Founder; we are strict observers of them.

*Innk.* And I'll observe you too, that you don't do me any Damage, for I have a mortal Aversion for this Sort of Cattle.

*Con.* Why so, I pray?

*Innk.* Because you carry Teeth in your Head, but no Money in your Pocket; and such Sort of Guests are very unwelcome to me.

*Con.* But we take Pains for you.

*Innk.* Shall I shew you after what Manner you labour for me?

*Con.* Do, shew us.

*Innk.* Look upon that Picture there, just by you, on your left Hand, there you'll see a Wolf a Preaching, and behind him a Goose, thrusting her Head out of a Cowl: There again, you'll see a Wolf absolving one at Confession; but a Piece of a Sheep, hid under his Gown hangs out. There you see an Ape in a Franciscan's Habit, he holds forth a Cross in one Hand, and has the other Hand in the sick Man's Purse.

*Con.* We don't deny, but sometimes Wolves, Foxes, and Apes are cloathed with this Habit, nay we confess oftentimes that Swine, Dogs, Horses, Lions and Basilisks

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are conceal'd under it ; but then the same Garment covers many honest Men. As a Garment makes no Body better, so it makes no Body worse. It is unjust to judge of a man by his Cloaths ; for if so, the Garment that you wear sometimes were to be accounted detestable, because it covers many Thieves, Murderers, Conjurers, and Whoremasters.

*Innk.* Well, I'll dispense with your Habit, if you'll but pay your Reckonings.

*Con.* We'll pray to God for you.

*Innk.* And I'll pray to God for you, and there's one for t' other.

*Con.* But there are some Persons that you must not take Money of.

*Innk.* How comes it that you make a Conscience of touching any ?

*Con.* Because it does not consist with our Profession.

*Innk.* Nor does it stand with my Profession to entertain Guests for nothing.

*Con.* But we are tied up by a Rule not to touch Money.

*Innk.* And my Rule commands me quite the contrary.

*Con.* What Rule is yours ?

*Innk.* Read those Verses :

*'Guests at this Table, when you've eat while you're able,  
Rise not hence before you have first paid your score.'*

*Con.* We'll be no Charge to you.

*Innk.* But they that are no Charge to me are no Profit to me neither.

*Con.* If you do us any good Office here, God will make it up to you sufficiently.

*Innk.* But these Words won't keep my Family.

*Con.* We'll hide ourselves in some Corner of the Stove, and won't be troublesome to any Body.

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*Innk.* My Stove won't hold such Company.

*Con.* What, will you thrust us out of Doors then? It may be we shall be devour'd by Wolves to Night.

*Innk.* Neither Wolves nor Dogs will prey upon their own Kind.

*Con.* If you do so you will be more cruel than the Turks. Let us be what we will, we are Men.

*Innk.* I have lost my Hearing.

*Con.* You indulge your Corps, and lye naked in a warm Bed behind the Stove, and will you thrust us out of Doors to be perish'd with Cold, if the Wolves should not devour us?

*Innk.* Adam liv'd so in Paradise.

*Con.* He did so, but then he was innocent.

*Innk.* And so am I innocent.

*Con.* Perhaps so, leaving out the first Syllable. But take Care, if you thrust us out of your Paradise, lest God should not receive you into his.

*Innk.* Good Words, I beseech you.

*Wife.* Prithee, my Dear, make some Amends for all your ill Deeds by this small Kindness, let them stay in our House to Night: They are good Men,<sup>3</sup> and thou'lt thrive the better for't.

*Innk.* Here's a Reconciler for you. I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter. I don't very well like to hear this good Character from a woman; Good Men!

*Wife.* Phoo, there's nothing in it. But think with your self how often you have offended God with Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling. At least, make an Atonement for your Sins by this Act of Charity, and don't thrust these Men out of Doors, whom you would wish to be with you when you are upon your Death-Bed. You oftentimes harbour Rattles and Buffoons, and will you thrust these Men out of Doors?

*Innk.* What does this Petticoat-Preacher do here? Get you in, and mind your Kitchen.

*Wife.* Well, so I will.

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*Ber.* The Man softens methinks, and he is taking his Shirt, I hope all will be well by and by.

*Con.* And the Servants are laying the Cloth. It is happy for us that no Guests come, for we should have been sent packing if they had.

*Ber.* It fell out very happily that we brought a Flaggon of Wine from the last Town we were at, and a roasted Leg of Lamb, or else, for what I see here, he would not have given us so much as a Mouthful of Hay.

*Con.* Now the Servants are set down, let's take Part of the Table with them, but so that we don't incommode any Body.

*Innk.* I believe I may put it to your Score, that I have not a Guest to Day, nor any besides my own Family, and you good-for-nothing ones.

*Con.* Well, put it up to our Score, if it has not happened to you often.

*Innk.* Oftner than I would have it so.

*Con.* Well, don't be uneasy; Christ lives, and he'll never forsake his Servants.

*Innk.* I have heard you are call'd evangelical Men; but the Gospel forbids carrying about Satchels and Bread, but I see you have great Sleeves for Wallets, and you don't only carry Bread, but Wine too, and Flesh also, and that of the best Sort.

*Con.* Take Part with us, if you please.

*Innk.* My Wine is Hog-Wash to it.

*Con.* Eat some of the Flesh, there is more than enough for us.

*Innk.* O happy Beggars! My Wife has dress'd nothing to Day but Coleworts and a little rusty Bacon.

*Con.* If you please, let us join our Stocks; it is all one to us what we eat.

*Innk.* Then why don't you carry with you Coleworts and Dead Wine?

*Con.* Because the People where we din'd to Day would needs force this upon us.

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*Innk.* Did your Dinner cost you nothing ?

*Con.* No. Nay they thanked us, and when we came away gave us these Things to carry along with us.

*Innk.* From whence did you come ?

*Con.* From Basil.

*Innk.* Whoo ! what, so far ?

*Con.* Yes.

*Innk.* What Sort of Fellows are you that ramble about thus without Horses, Money, Servants, Arms, or Provisions ?

*Con.* You see in us some Footsteps of the evangelical Life.

*Innk.* It seems to me to be the Life of Vagabonds, that stroll about with Budgets.

*Con.* Such Vagabonds the Apostles were, and such was the Lord Jesus himself.

*Innk.* Can you tell Fortunes ?

*Con.* Nothing less.

*Innk.* How do you live then ?

*Con.* By him who hath promised.

*Innk.* Who is he ?

*Con.* He that said, 'Take no Care, but all Things shall be added unto you.'

*Innk.* He did so promise, but it was 'to them that seek the Kingdom of God.'

*Con.* That we do with all our Might.

*Innk.* The Apostles were famous for Miracles ; they heal'd the Sick, so that it is no Wonder how they liv'd every where, but you can do no such Thing.

*Con.* We could, if we were like the Apostles, and if the Matter requir'd a Miracle. But Miracles were only given for a Time for the Conviction of the Unbelieving ; there is no Need of any Thing now, but a religious Life. And it is oftentimes a greater Happiness to be sick than to be well, and more happy to die than to live.

*Innk.* What do you do then ?

*Con.* That we can ; every Man according to the Talent

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that God has given him. We comfort, we exhort, we warn, we reprove, and when Opportunity offers, sometimes we preach, if we any where find Pastors that are dumb ; And if we find no Opportunity of doing Good, we take Care to do no Body any Harm, either by our Manners or our Words.

*Innk.* I wish you would preach for us to Morrow, for it is a Holy-Day.

*Con.* For what Saint ?

*Innk.* To St. Antony.

*Con.* He was indeed a good Man. But how came he to have a Holiday ?

*Innk.* I'll tell you. This Town abounds with Swine-Herds, by Reason of a large Wood hard by that produces Plenty of Acorns ; and the People have an Opinion that St. Antony takes Charge of the Hogs,<sup>4</sup> and therefore they worship him, for Fear he should grow angry, if they neglect him.

*Con.* I wish they would worship him as they ought to do.

*Innk.* How's that ?

*Con.* Whosoever imitates the Saints in their Lives worships as he ought to do.

*Innk.* To-morrow the Town will ring again with Drinking and Dancing, Playing, Scolding and Boxing.

*Con.* After this Manner the Heathens once worshipped their Bacchus. But I wonder, if this is their Way of worshipping, that St. Antony is not enraged at this Sort of Men that are more stupid than Hogs themselves. What Sort of a Pastor have you ? A dumb one, or a wicked one ?

*Innk.* What he is to other People, I don't know : But he's a very good one to me, for he drinks all Day at my House, and no Body brings more Customers or better, to my great Advantage. And I wonder he is not here now.

*Con.* We have found by Experience he is not a very good one for our Turn.

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*Innk.* What ! Did you go to him then ?

*Con.* We intreated him to let us lodge with him, but he chas'd us away from the Door, as if we had been Wolves, and sent us hither.

*Innk.* Ha, ha ! Now I understand the Matter, he would not come because he knew you were to be here.

*Con.* Is he a dumb one ?

*Innk.* A dumb one ! There 's no Body is more noisy in the Stove, and he makes the Church ring again. But I never heard him preach. But no Need of more Words. As far as I understand, he has made you sensible that he is none of the dumb Ones.

*Con.* Is he a learned Divine ?

*Innk.* He says he is a very great Scholar ; but what he knows is what he has learned in private Confession,<sup>5</sup> and therefore it is not lawful to let others know what he knows. What need many Words ? I 'll tell you in short ; 'like People, like Priest' ; and 'the Dish,' as we say, 'wears its own Cover.'

*Con.* It may be he will not give a Man Liberty to preach in his Place.

*Innk.* Yes, I 'll undertake he will, but upon this Condition, that you don't have any Flirts at him, as it is a common Practice for you to do.

*Con.* They have us'd themselves to an ill Custom that do so. If a Pastor offends in any Thing, I admonish him privately, the rest is the Bishop's Business.

*Innk.* Such Birds seldom fly hither. Indeed you seem to be good Men yourselves. But, pray, what's the Meaning of this Variety of Habits ? For a great many People take you to be ill Men by your Dress.

*Con.* Why so ?

*Innk.* I can't tell, except it be that they find a great many of you to be so.

*Con.* And many again take us to be holy Men, because we wear this Habit. They are both in an Error : But

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they err less that take us to be good Men by our Habit, than they that take us for base Men.

*Innk.* Well, so let it be. But what is the Advantage of so many different Dresses?

*Con.* What is your Opinion?

*Innk.* Why, I see no advantage at all, except in Processions, or War. For in Processions there are carried about various Representations of Saints, of Jews, and Heathens, and we know which is which, by the different Habits. And in War the Variety of Dress is good, that every one may know his own Company, and follow his own Colours, so that there may be no Confusion in the Army.

*Con.* You say very well: This is a military Garment, one of us follows one Leader, and another another; but we all fight under one General, Christ. But in a Garment there are three Things to be consider'd.

*Innk.* What are they?

*Con.* Necessity, Use, and Decency. Why do we eat?

*Innk.* That we mayn't be starv'd with Hunger.

*Con.* And for the very same Reason we take a Garment that we mayn't be starv'd with Cold.

*Innk.* I confess it.

*Con.* This Garment of mine is better for that than yours. It covers the Head, Neck, and Shoulders, from whence there is the most Danger. Use requires various Sorts of Garments. A short Coat for a Horseman, a long one for one that sits still, a thin one in Summer, a thick one in Winter. There are some at Rome, that change their Cloaths three Times a Day; in the Morning they take a Coat lin'd with Fur, about Noon they take a single one, and towards Night one that is a little thicker; but every one is not furnish'd with this Variety; therefore this Garment of ours is contriv'd so, that this one will serve for various Uses.

*Innk.* How is that?

*Con.* If the North Wind blow, or the Sun shines hot,

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we put on our Cowl ; if the Heat is troublesome, we let it down behind. If we are to sit still, we let down our Garment about our Heels, if we are to walk, we hold or tuck it up.

*Innk.* He was no Fool, whosoever he was, that contriv'd it.

*Con.* And it is the chief Thing in living happily, for a Man to accustom himself to be content with a few Things : For if once we begin to indulge ourselves with Delicacies and Sensualities, there will be no End ; and there is no one Garment could be invented, that could answer so many Purposes.

*Innk.* I allow that.

*Con.* Now let us consider the Decency of it : Pray tell me honestly, if you should put on your Wife's Cloaths, would not every one say that you acted indecently ?

*Innk.* They would say I was mad.

*Con.* And what would you say, if she should put on your Cloaths ?

*Innk.* I should not say much perhaps, but I should cudgel her handsomly.<sup>6</sup>

*Con.* But then, how does it signify nothing what Garment any one wears ?

*Innk.* O yes, in this Case it is very material.

*Con.* Nor is that strange ; for the Laws of the very Pagans inflict a Punishment on either Man or Woman, that shall wear the Cloaths of a different Sex.

*Innk.* And they are in the Right for it.

*Con.* But, come on. What if an old Man of fourscore should dress himself like a Boy of fifteen ; or if a young Man dress himself like an old Man, would not every one say he ought to be bang'd for it ? Or if an old Woman should attire herself like a young Girl, and the contrary ?

*Innk.* No doubt.

*Con.* In like Manner, if a Lay-Man should wear a Priest's Habit, and a Priest a Lay-Man's.

*Innk.* They would both act unbecomingly.

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*Con.* What if a private Man should put on the Habit of a Prince, or an inferior Clergy-Man that of a Bishop? Would he act unhandsomely or no?

*Innk.* Certainly he would.

*Con.* What if a Citizen should dress himself like a Soldier, with a Feather in his Cap, and other Accoutrements of a hectoring Soldier?

*Innk.* He would be laugh'd at.

*Con.* What if any English Ensign should carry a white Cross in his Colours, a Swiss a red one, a French Man a black one?

*Innk.* He would act impudently.

*Con.* Why then do you wonder so much at our Habit?

*Innk.* I know the Difference between a private Man and a Prince, between a Man and a Woman; but I don't understand the Difference between a Monk and no Monk.

*Con.* What Difference is there between a poor Man and a rich Man?

*Innk.* Fortune.

*Con.* And yet it would be unbecoming a poor Man to imitate a rich Man in his Dress.

*Innk.* Very true, as rich Men go now a-Days.

*Con.* What Difference is there between a Fool and a wise Man?

*Innk.* Something more than there is between a rich Man and a poor Man.

*Con.* Are not Fools dress'd up in a different Manner from wise Men?

*Innk.* I can't tell how well it becomes you, but your Habit does not differ much from theirs, if it had but Ears and Bells.

*Con.* These indeed are wanting, and we are the Fools of this World, if we really are what we pretend to be.

*Innk.* What you are I don't know; but this I know that there are a great many Fools that wear Ears and Bells, that have more Wit than those that wear Caps

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lin'd with Furs, Hoods, and other Ensigns of wise Men ; therefore it seems a ridiculous Thing to me to make a Shew of Wisdom by the Dress rather than in Fact. I saw a certain Man, more than a Fool, with a Gown hanging down to his Heels, a Cap like our Doctors, and had the Countenance of a grave Divine ; he disputed publicly with a Shew of Gravity, and he was as much made on by great Men, as any of their Fools, and was more a Fool than any of them.

*Con.* Well, what would you infer from that? That a Prince who laughs at his Jester should change Coats with him?

*Innk.* Perhaps Decorum would require it to be so, if your Proposition be true, that the Mind of a Man is represented by his Habit.

*Con.* You press this upon me indeed, but I am still of the Opinion, that there is good Reason for giving Fools distinct Habits.

*Innk.* What Reason?

*Con.* That no Body might hurt them, if they say or do any Thing that's foolish.

*Innk.* But on the contrary, I won't say, that their Dress does rather provoke some People to do them Hurt ; insomuch, that oftentimes of Fools they become Mad-men. Nor do I see any Reason, why a Bull that gores a Man, or a Dog, or a Hog that kills a Child, should be punish'd, and a Fool who commits greater Crimes should be suffered to live under the Protection of his Folly. But I ask you, what is the Reason that you are distinguished from others by your Dress? For if every trifling Cause is sufficient to require a different Habit, then a Baker should wear a different Dress from a Fisherman, and a Shoemaker from a Taylor, an Apothecary from a Vintner, a Coachman from a Mariner. And you, if you are Priests, why do you wear a Habit different from other Priests? If you are Laymen, why do you differ from us?

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*Con.* In antient Times, Monks were only the purer Sort of the Laity, and there was then only the same Difference between a Monk and a Layman, as between a frugal, honest Man, that maintains his Family by his Industry, and a swaggering Highwayman that lives by robbing. Afterwards the Bishop of Rome bestow'd Honours upon us ;<sup>8</sup> and we ourselves gave some Reputation to the Habit, which now is neither simply laick, or sacerdotal ; but such as it is, some Cardinals and Popes have not been ashamed to wear it.

*Innk.* But as to the Decorum of it, whence comes that ?

*Con.* Sometimes from the Nature of Things themselves, and sometimes from Custom and the Opinions of Men. Would not all Men think it ridiculous for a Man to wear a Bull's Hide, with the Horns on his Head, and the Tail trailing after him on the Ground ?

*Innk.* That would be ridiculous enough.

*Con.* Again, if any one should wear a Garment that should hide his Face, and his Hands, and shew his privy Members ?

*Innk.* That would be more ridiculous than the other.

*Con.* The very Pagan Writers have taken Notice of them that have wore Cloaths so thin, that it were indecent even for Women themselves to wear such.<sup>9</sup> It is more modest to be naked, as we found you in the Stove, than to wear a transparent Garment.

*Innk.* I fancy that the whole of this Matter of Apparel, depends upon Custom and the Opinion of People.

*Con.* Why so ?

*Innk.* It is not many Days ago, since some Travellers lodg'd at my House, who said, that they had travelled through divers Countries lately discovered, which are wanting in the antient Maps. They said they came to an Island of a very temperate Air, where they look'd

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upon it as the greatest Indecency in the World, to cover their Bodies.

*Con.* It may be they liv'd like Beasts.

*Innk.* Nay, they said they liv'd a Life of great Humanity, they liv'd under a King, they attended him to Work every Morning daily, but not above an Hour in a Day.

*Con.* What Work did they do?

*Innk.* They pluck'd up a certain Sort of Roots that serves them instead of Bread, and is more pleasant and more wholesome than Bread ; and when this was done, they every one went to his Business, what he had a Mind to do. They bring up their Children religiously, they avoid and punish Vices, but none more severely than Adultery.

*Con.* What's the Punishment?

*Innk.* They forgive the Women, for it is permitted to that Sex. But for Men that are taken in Adultery, this is the Punishment, that all his Life after, he should appear in public with his privy Parts covered.

*Con.* A mighty Punishment indeed !

*Innk.* Custom has made it to them the very greatest Punishment that is.

*Con.* When I consider the Force of Persuasion, I am almost ready to allow it. For if a Man would expose a Thief or a Murderer to the greatest Ignominy, would it not be a sufficient Punishment to cut off a Piece of the hinder Part of his Cloaths, and sew a Piece of a Wolf's Skin upon his Buttocks, to make him wear a party-colour'd Pair of Stockings, and to cut the fore Part of his Doublet in the Fashion of a Net, leaving his Shoulders and his Breast bare ; to shave off one Side of his Beard, and leave the other hanging down, and curl one Part of it, and to put him a Cap on his Head, cut and slash'd, with a huge Plume of Feathers, and so expose him publickly ; would not this make him more ridiculous than to put him on a Fool's Cap with long

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Ears and Bells? And yet Soldiers dress themselves every Day in this Trim, and are well enough pleased with themselves, and find Fools enough, that like the Dress too, though there is nothing more ridiculous.

*Innk.* Nay, there are topping Citizens too, who imitate them as much as they can possibly.

*Con.* But now if a Man should dress himself up with Birds Feathers like an Indian, would not the very Boys, all of them, think he was a mad Man?

*Innk.* Stark mad.

*Con.* And yet, that which we admire, savours of a greater Madness still : Now as it is true, that nothing is so ridiculous but custom will bear it out ; so it cannot be denied, but that there is a certain Decorum in Garments, which all wise Men always account a Decorum ; and that there is also an Unbecomingness in Garments, which will to wise Men always seem unbecoming. Who does not laugh, when he sees a Woman dragging a long Train at her Heels, as if her Quality were to be measured by the Length of her Tail? And yet some Cardinals are not asham'd to follow this Fashion in their Gowns : And so prevalent a Thing is Custom, that there is no altering of a Fashion that has once obtain'd.

*Innk.* Well, we have had Talk enough about Custom : But tell me now, whether you think it better for Monks to differ from others in Habit, or not to differ?

*Con.* I think it to be more agreeable to Christian Simplicity, not to judge of any Man by his Habit, if it be but sober and decent.

*Innk.* Why don't you cast away your Cowls then?

*Con.* Why did not the Apostles presently eat of all Sorts of Meat?

*Innk.* I can't tell. Do you tell me that.

*Con.* Because an invincible Custom hinder'd it : For whatsoever is deeply rooted in the Minds of Men, and has been confirm'd by long Use, and is turn'd as it were

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into Nature, can never be remov'd on a sudden, without endangering the publick Peace ; but must be remov'd by Degrees, as a Horse's Tail is pluck'd off by single Hairs.<sup>10</sup>

*Innk.* I could bear well enough with it, if the Monks had all but one Habit : But who can bear so many different Habits ?

*Con.* Custom has brought in this Evil, which brings in every Thing. Benedict did not invent a new Habit, but the same that he wore himself and his Disciples, which was the Habit of a plain, honest Layman : Neither did Francis invent a new Dress ; but it was the Dress of poor Country-Fellows. Their Successors have by new Additions turned it into Superstition. Don't we see some old Women at this Day, that keep to the Dress of their Times, which is more different from the Dress now in Fashion, than my Dress is from yours ?

*Innk.* We do see it.

*Con.* Therefore, when you see this Habit, you see only the Reliques of antient Times.

*Innk.* Why, then, has your Garment no Holiness in it ?

*Con.* None at all.

*Innk.* There are some of you that make their Boasts that these Dresses were divinely directed by the holy Virgin Mother.

*Con.* These Stories are but meer Dreams.

*Innk.* Some despair of being able to recover from a Fit of Sickness, unless they be wrapp'd up in a Dominican's Habit : Nay, nor won't be buried but in a Franciscan's Habit.

*Con.* They that persuade People of those Things, are either Cheats or Fools, and they that believe them are superstitious. God will know a wicked Man as well in a Franciscan's Habit, as in a Soldier's Coat.

*Innk.* There is not so much Variety in the Feathers of Birds of the Air, as there is in your Habits.

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*Con.* What then, is it not a very good Thing to imitate Nature? But it is a better Thing to out-do it.

*Innk.* I wish you would out-do it in the Variety of your Beaks too.

*Con.* But, come on. I will be an Advocate for Variety, if you will give me Leave. Is not a Spaniard dressed after one Fashion, an Italian after another, a Frenchman after another, a German after another, a Greek after another, a Turk after another, and a Sarazen after another?

*Innk.* Yes.

*Con.* And then in the same Country, what Variety of Garments is there in Persons of the same Sex, Age and Degree. How different is the Dress of the Venetian from the Florentine, and of both from the Roman, and this only within Italy alone?

*Innk.* I believe it.

*Con.* And from hence also came our Variety. Dominic he took his Dress from the honest Ploughman in that Part of Spain in which he liv'd; and Benedict from the Country-Fellows of that Part of Italy in which he liv'd; and Francis from the Husbandmen of a different Place, and so for the rest.<sup>11</sup>

*Innk.* So that for aught I find, you are no holier than we, unless you live holier.

*Con.* Nay, we are worse than you, in that; if we live wickedly, we are a greater Stumbling to the Simple.

*Innk.* Is there any Hope of us then, who have neither Patron, nor Habit, nor Rule, nor Profession?

*Con.* Yes, good Man; see that you hold it fast. Ask your Godfathers what you promis'd in Baptism, what Profession you then made. Do you want a human Rule, who have made a Profession of the Gospel Rule? Or do you want a Man for a Patron, who have Jesus Christ for a Patron? Consider what you owe to your Wife, to your Children, to your Family, and ~~you~~ will find you

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have a greater Load upon you, than if you had professed the Rule of Francis.

*Innk.* Do you believe that any Inn-Keepers go to Heaven?

*Con.* Why not?

*Innk.* There are a great many Things said and done in this House, that are not according to the Gospel.

*Con.* What are they?

*Innk.* One fuddles, another talks bawdy, another brawls, and another slanders; and last of all, I can't tell whether they keep themselves honest or not.

*Con.* You must prevent these Things as much as you can; and if you cannot hinder them, however, do not for Profit's Sake encourage or draw on these Wickednesses.

*Innk.* Sometimes I don't deal very honestly as to my Wine.

*Con.* Wherein?

*Innk.* When I find my Guests grow a little too hot, I put more Water into the Wine.

*Con.* That's a smaller Fault than selling of Wine made up with unwholsome Ingredients.

*Innk.* But tell me truly, how many Days have you been in this Journey?

*Con.* Almost a Month.

*Innk.* Who takes Care of you all the While?

*Con.* Are not they taken Care enough of, that have a Wife, and Children, and Parents, and Kindred?

*Innk.* Oftentimes.

*Con.* You have but one Wife, we have an hundred; you have but one Father, we have an hundred; you have but one House, we have an hundred; you have but a few Children, we have an innumerable Company; you have but a few Kindred, we have an infinite Number.

*Innk.* How so?

*Con.* Because the Kindred of the Spirit extends more

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largely, than the Kindred of the Flesh : So Christ has promised, and we experience the Truth of what he has promised.

*Innk.* In Troth, you have been a good Companion for me ; let me die if I don't like this Discourse better than to drink with our Parson. Do us the Honour to preach to the People to-morrow,<sup>12</sup> and if ever you happen to come this Way again, know that here's a Lodging for you.

*Con.* But what if others should come ?

*Innk.* They shall be welcome, if they be but such as you.

*Con.* I hope they will be better.

*Innk.* But among so many bad ones, how shall I know which are good ?

*Con.* I'll tell you in a few Words, but in your Ear.

*Innk.* Tell me.

*Con.* —

*Innk.* I'll remember it, and do it.

## THE ABBOT AND LEARNED WOMAN

### THE ARGUMENT

A certain Abbot paying a Visit to a Lady, finds her reading Greek and Latin Authors. A Dispute arises, whence Pleasantness of Life proceeds: viz. Not from external Enjoyments, but from the Study of Wisdom. An ignorant Abbot will by no Means have his Monks to be learned; nor has he himself so much as a single Book in his Closet. Pious Women in old Times gave their Minds to the Study of the Scriptures; but Monks that hate Learning, and give themselves up to Luxury, Idleness, and Hunting, are provok'd to apply themselves to other Kinds of Studies, more becoming their Profession

### ANTRONIUS,<sup>1</sup> MAGDALIA

*Ant.* What Sort of Household-Stuff do I see?

*Mag.* Is it not that which is neat?

*Ant.* How neat it is, I can't tell, but I'm sure it is not very becoming, either a Maid or a Matron.

*Mag.* Why so?

*Ant.* Because here's Books lying about every where.

*Mag.* What, have you liv'd to this Age, and are both an Abbot and a Courtier, and never saw any Books in a Lady's Apartment?<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* Yes, I have seen Books, but they were French; but here I see Greek and Latin ones.

*Mag.* Why, are there no other Books but French ones that teach Wisdom?

*Ant.* But it becomes Ladies to have something that is diverting, to pass away their leisure Hours

*Mag.* Must none but Ladies be wise, and live pleasantly?

*Ant.* You very improperly connect being wise, and living pleasantly together : Women have nothing to do with Wisdom ; Pleasure is Ladies Business.

*Mag.* Ought not every one to live well?

*Ant.* I am of Opinion, they ought so to do.

*Mag.* Well, can any Body live a pleasant Life, that does not live a good Life?

*Ant.* Nay, rather, how can any Body live a pleasant Life, that does live a good Life?

*Mag.* Why then, do you approve of living illy, if it be but pleasantly?

*Ant.* I am of the Opinion, that they live a good Life, that live a pleasant Life.

*Mag.* Well, but from whence does that Pleasure proceed? From outward Things, or from the Mind?

*Ant.* From outward Things.

*Mag.* O subtle Abbot, but thick-skull'd Philosopher ! Pray tell me in what you suppose a pleasant Life to consist?

*Ant.* Why, in Sleeping, and Feasting, and Liberty of doing what you please, in Wealth, and in Honours.

*Mag.* But suppose to all these Things God should add Wisdom, should you live pleasantly then?

*Ant.* What is it that you call by the Name of Wisdom?

*Mag.* This is Wisdom, to know that a Man is only happy by the Goods of the Mind. That Wealth, Honour, and Descent, neither make a Man happier nor better,

*Ant.* If that be Wisdom, fare it well for me.

*Mag.* Suppose now that I take more Pleasure in reading a good Author, than you do in Hunting, Drinking, or Gaming ; won't you think I live pleasantly?

*Ant.* I would not live that Sort of Life.

*Mag.* I don't enquire what you take most Delight in ; but what is it that ought to be most delighted in?

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*Ant.* I would not have my Monks mind Books much.

*Mag.* But my Husband approves very well of it. But what Reason have you, why you would not have your Monks bookish?

*Ant.* Because I find they are not so obedient; they answer again out of the Decrees and Decretals<sup>3</sup> of Peter and Paul.

*Mag.* Why then, do you command them the contrary to what Peter and Paul did?

*Ant.* I can't tell what they teach; but I can't endure a Monk that answers again: Nor would I have any of my Monks wiser than I am myself.

*Mag.* You might prevent that well enough, if you did but lay yourself out, to get as much Wisdom as you can.

*Ant.* I han't Leisure.

*Mag.* Why so?

*Ant.* Because I han't Time.

*Mag.* What, not at Leisure to be wise?

*Ant.* No.

*Mag.* Pray what hinders you?

*Ant.* Long Prayers, the Affairs of my Household, Hunting, looking after my Horses, attending at Court.

*Mag.* Well, and do you think these Things are better than Wisdom?

*Ant.* Custom has made it so.

*Mag.* Well, but now answer me this one Thing: Suppose God should grant you this Power, to be able to turn yourself and your Monks into any Sort of Animal that you had a Mind: Would you turn them into Hogs, and yourself into a Horse?

*Ant.* No, by no Means.

*Mag.* By doing so you might prevent any of them from being wiser than yourself?

*Ant.* It is not much Matter to me what Sort of Animals my Monks are, if I am but a Man myself.

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*Mag.* Well, and do you look upon him to be a Man that neither has Wisdom, nor desires to have it?

*Ant.* I am wise enough for myself.

*Mag.* And so are Hogs wise enough for themselves.

*Ant.* You seem to be a Sophistress, you argue so smartly.

*Mag.* I won't tell you what you seem to me to be. But why does this Household-Stuff displease you?

*Ant.* Because a Spinning-Wheel is a Woman's Weapon.

*Mag.* Is it not a Woman's Business to mind the Affairs of her Family, and to instruct her Children?

*Ant.* Yes, it is.

*Mag.* And do you think so weighty an Office can be executed without Wisdom?

*Ant.* I believe not.

*Mag.* This Wisdom I learn from Books.

*Ant.* I have threescore and two Monks in my Cloister, and you will not see one Book in my Chamber.

*Mag.* The Monks are finely look'd after all this While.

*Books; but I can't bear*

*Ant.* The common People are of my Mind, because it is such a rare unusual Thing for a Woman to understand Latin.

*Mag.* What do you tell me of the common People for, who are the worst Examples in the World that can be follow'd? What have I to do with Custom, that is the Mistress of all evil Practices? We ought to accustom ourselves to the best Things: And by that Means, that which was uncustomary would become habitual, and that which was unpleasant would become pleasant; and that which seemed unbecoming would look graceful.

*Ant.* I hear you.

*Mag.* Is it becoming a German Woman to learn to speak French?

*Ant.* Yes it is.

*Mag.* Why is it?

*Ant.* Because then she will be able to converse with those that speak French.

*Mag.* And why then is it unbecoming in me to learn Latin, that I may be able daily to have Conversation with so many eloquent, learned and wise Authors, and faithful Counsellors?



*Mag.* Why so?

*Ant.* Because that Tongue is not fit for a Woman.

*Mag.* I want to know the Reason.

*Ant.* Because it contributes nothing towards the Defence of their Chastity.

*Mag.* Why then, do French Books that are stuff'd with the most trifling Novels, contribute to Chastity?

*Ant.* But there is another Reason.

*Mag.* Let it be what it will, tell me it plainly.

*Ant.* They are more secure from the Priests, if they don't understand Latin.

*Mag.* Nay, there's the least Danger from that Quarter according to your Way of Working ; because you take all the Pains you can not to know any Thing of Latin.

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enough of themselves.

*Mag.* What Quantity of Brains you have left I cannot tell : And as for myself, let me have never so little, I had rather spend them in Study, than in Prayers mumbled over without the Heart going along with them, or sitting whole Nights in quaffing off Bumpers.

*Ant.* Bookishness makes Folks mad.

*Mag.* And does not the Rattle of your Pot-Companions, your Banterers, and Drolls, make you mad?

*Ant.* No, they pass the Time away.

*Mag.* How can it be then, that such pleasant Companions should make me mad?

*Ant.* That's the common Saying.

*Mag.* But I by Experience find quite the contrary.

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it behind us : Why then should we think much to be at some Pains for the most precious Thing of all, the Fruit of which will bear us Company unto another Life?

*Ant.* I have often heard it said, that a wise Woman is twice a Fool.

*Mag.* That indeed has been often said ; but it was by Fools. A Woman that is truly wise does not think herself so : But on the contrary, one that knows nothing, thinks her self to be wise, and that is being twice a Fool.

*Ant.* I can't well tell how it is, that as Panniers don't become an Ox, so neither does Learning become a Woman.<sup>4</sup>

*Mag.* But, I suppose, you can't deny but Panniers will look better upon an Ox, than a Mitre upon an Ass or a Sow. What think you of the Virgin Mary?

*Ant.* Very highly.

*Mag.* Was not she bookish?

*Ant.* Yes ; but not as to such Books as these.

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Man? Why, a wise Man, if I could come at it without

preach before they'll endure you a Parcel of dumb Teachers. You see the World is turn'd up-Side down, and you must either lay aside your Dress, or perform your Part.

*Ant.* How came I to fall into this Woman's Company? If you'll come to see me, I'll treat you more pleasantly.

*Mag.* After what Manner?

*Ant.* Why, we'll dance, and drink heartily, and hunt and play, and laugh.

*Mag.* I can hardly forbear laughing now.

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# THE EPITHALAMIUM OF PETRUS ÆGIDIUS

## THE ARGUMENT

The Muses and Graces are brought in, as singing the Epithalamium<sup>1</sup> of Peter Ægidius.<sup>2</sup> Alipius spies the nine Muses, and the three Graces coming out of a Grove, which Balbinus can't see: They take their Way to Antwerp, to the Wedding of Ægidius, to whom they wish all joy, that nothing of Difference or Uneasiness may ever arise between 'em. How those Marriages prove that are made, the Graces not favouring 'em.

Congratulatory Verses

*ALIPHIUS, BALBINUS, MUSÆ*

*Al.* Good God! What strange glorious Sight do I see here?

*Ba.* Either you see what is not to be seen, or I can't see that which is to be seen.

*Al.* Nay, I'll assure you, 'tis a wonderful charming Sight.

*Ba.* Why do you plague me at this Rate? Tell me, where 'tis you see it.

*Al.* Upon the left Hand there in the Grove, under the Side of the Hill.

*Ba.* I see the Hill, but I can see nothing else.

*Al.* No! don't you see a Company of pretty Maids there?

*Ba.* What do you mean, to make a Fool of me at this Rate? I can't see a bit of a Maid any where.<sup>3</sup>

*Al.* Hush, they're just now coming out of the Grove. Oh admirable! How neat they are! How charmingly they look? 'Tis a heavenly Sight.

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*Ba.* What ! Are you possess'd ?

*Al.* Oh, I know who they are ; they're the nine Muses, and the three Graces, I wonder what they're a-doing. I never in all my Life saw 'em more charmingly dress'd, nor in a gayer Humour ; they have every one of 'em got Crowns of Laurel upon their Heads, and their Instruments of Musick in their Hands. And how lovingly the Graces go Side by Side ! How becomingly they look in their loose Dress, with their Garments flowing and trailing after 'em.

*Ba.* I never heard any Body talk more like a mad Man in all my Days, than you do.

*Al.* You never saw a happier Man in all your Life-Time.

*Ba.* Pray what's the Matter, that you can see and I can't ?

*Al.* Because you have never drank of the Muses Fountain ; and no Body can see 'em but they that have.

*Ba.* I have drank plentifully out of Scotus's Fountain.

*Al.* But that is not the Fountain of the Muses, but a Lake of Frogs.<sup>4</sup>

*Ba.* But can't you do something to make me see this Sight, as well as you ?

*Al.* I could if I had a Laurel-Branch here, for Water out of a clear Spring, sprinkled upon one with a Laurel Bough, makes the Eyes capable of such Sights as these.

*Ba.* Why, see here is a Laurel and a Fountain too.

*Al.* Is there ? That's clever, I vow.

*Ba.* But prithee, sprinkle me with it.

*Al.* Now look, do you see now ?

*Ba.* As much as I did before. Sprinkle me again.

*Al.* Well, now do you see ?

*Ba.* Just as much ; sprinkle me plentifully.

*Al.* I believe you can't but see now.

*Ba.* Now I can scarce see you.

*Al.* Ah poor Man, how total a Darkness has seized your Eyes !<sup>5</sup> This Art would open even the Eyes of an

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old Coachman : But however, don't plague yourself about it, perhaps 'tis better for you not to see it, lest you should come off as ill by seeing the Muses, as Actæon did by seeing Diana :<sup>6</sup> For you 'd perhaps be in Danger of being turn'd either into a Hedgehog, or a wild Boar, a Swine, a Camel, a Frog, or a Jackdaw. But however, if you can't see, I'll make you hear 'em, if you don't make a Noise ; they are just a-coming this Way. Let's meet 'em. Hail, most welcome Goddesses !

*Mu.* And you heartily, Lover of the Muses.

*Al.* What makes you pull me so ?

*Ba.* You an't as good as your Word.

*Al.* Why, don't you hear 'em ?

*Ba.* I hear somewhat, but I don't know what it is.<sup>7</sup>

*Al.* Well, I'll speak Latin to 'em then. Whither are you going so fine and so brisk ? Are you going to Louvain to see the University ?<sup>8</sup>

*Mu.* No, we assure you, we won't go thither.

*Al.* Why not ?

*Mu.* What Place is for us, where so many Hogs are grunting, Camels and Asses braying, Jackdaws cawing, and Magpies chattering ?

*Al.* But for all that, there are some there that are your Admirers.

*Mu.* We know that, and therefore we'll go thither a few Years hence. The successive Period of Ages has not yet brought on that Time ; for there will be one, that will build us a pleasant House there, or a Temple rather, such a one, as there scarce is a finer or more sacred any where else.

*Al.* Mayn't a Body know who it will be, that shall do so much Honour to our Country ?

*Mu.* You may know it, that are one of our Priests.<sup>9</sup> There's no doubt, but you have heard the Name of the Buslidians,<sup>10</sup> famous all the World over.

*Al.* You have mention'd a noble Family truly, born to grace the Palaces of the greatest Princes in the Uni-

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verse. For who does not revere the great Francis Buslidius, the Bishop of the Church of Bezancon, who has approv'd himself more than a single Nestor, to Philip the Son of Maximilian the Great, the Father of Charles, who will also be a greater Man than his Father?

*Mu.* O how happy had we been, if the Fates had not envy'd the Earth the Happiness of so great a Man. What a Patron was he to all liberal Studies! How candid a Favourer of Ingenuity! But he has left two brothers, Giles, a Man of admirable Judgment and Wisdom, and Jerome.

*Al.* We know very well that Jerome is singularly well accomplish'd with all Manner of Literature, and adorn'd with every Kind of Virtue.

*Mu.* But the Destinies won't suffer him to be long-liv'd neither, though no Man in the World better deserves to be immortaliz'd.

*Al.* How do you know that?

*Mu.* We had it from Apollo.

*Al.* How envious are the Destinies, to take from us all desirable Things so hastily!

*Mu.* We must not talk of that at this Time; but this Jerome, dying with great Applause, will leave his whole Estate for the building of a College at Louvain, in which most learned Men shall profess and teach publicly, and gratis, the three Languages. These Things will bring a great Ornament to Learning, and Glory to Charles himself: Then we'll reside at Louvain, with all our Hearts.

*Al.* But whither are you going now?

*Mu.* To Antwerp.

*Al.* What, the Muses and Graces going to a Fair?

*Mu.* No, we assure you, we are not going to a Fair; but to a Wedding.

*Al.* What have Virgins to do at Weddings?

*Mu.* 'Tis no indecent Thing at all, for Virgins to be at such a Wedding as this is.

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*Al.* Pray what Sort of a Marriage is it?

*Mu.* A holy, undefiled, and chaste Marriage, such a one as Pallas herself need not be asham'd to be at : Nay, more than that, we believe she will be at it.

*Al.* Mayn't a Body know the Bride and Bridegroom's Name?

*Mu.* We believe you must needs know that most courteous and accomplish'd Youth in all Kinds of polite Learning, Peter Ægidius.

*Al.* You have named an Angel, not a Man.

*Mu.* The pretty Maid Cornelia, a fit Match for Apollo himself, is going to be married to Ægidius.

*Al.* Indeed he has been a great Admirer of you, even from his Infancy.

*Mu.* We are going to sing him an Epithalamium.

*Al.* What, and will the Graces dance too?

*Mu.* They will not only dance, but they will also unite those two true Lovers, with the indissoluble Ties of mutual Affection, that no Difference or Jarring shall ever happen between 'em. She shall never hear any Thing from him, but my Life ; nor he from her, but my Soul : Nay : and even old Age itself, shall be so far from diminishing that, that it shall increase the Pleasure.

*Al.* I should admire at it, if those that live so sweetly, could ever be able to grow old.

*Mu.* You say very right, for it is rather a Maturity, than an old Age.

*Al.* But I have known a great many, to whom these kind Words have been chang'd into the quite contrary in less than three Months Time ; and instead of pleasant Jests at Table, Dishes and Trenchers have flown about The Husband, instead of my dear Soul, has been call'd Blockhead, Toss-Pot, Swill-Tub ; and the Wife, Sow, Fool, dirty Drab.<sup>11</sup>

*Mu.* You say very true ; but these Marriages were made when the Graces were out of Humour : But in this

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Marriage, a Sweetness of Temper will always maintain a mutual Affection.

*Al.* Indeed you speak of such a happy Marriage as is very seldom seen.

*Mu.* An uncommon Felicity is due to such uncommon Virtues.

*Al.* But what ! Will the Matrimony be without Juno and Venus ?<sup>12</sup>

*Mu.* Indeed Juno won't be there, she's a scolding Goddess, and is but seldom in a good Humour with her own Jove : Nor indeed, that earthly drunken Venus ; but another heavenly one, which makes a Union of Minds.<sup>13</sup>

*Al.* Then the Marriage you speak of, is like to be a barren one ?

*Mu.* No, by no Means, but rather like to be the most happily fruitful.

*Al.* What, does that heavenly Venus produce any Thing but Souls then ?

*Mu.* Yes, she gives Bodies to the Souls ; but such Bodies, as shall be exactly conformable to 'em, just as though you should put a choice Ointment into a curious Box of Pearl.

*Al.* Where is she then ?

*Mu.* Look, she is coming towards you, a pretty Way off.

*Al.* Oh ! I see her now. O good God, how bright she is ! How majestic and beautiful she appears ! The t'other Venus compar'd with this, is a homely one.

*Mu.* Do you see what modest Cupids there are ; they are no blind ones, such as that Venus has, that makes Mankind mad ? But these are sharp little Rogues, and they don't carry furious Torches, but most gentle Fires ; they have no leaden-pointed Darts, to make the belov'd hate the Lover, and torment poor Wretches with the Want of a reciprocal Affection.

*Al.* In Truth, they're as like their Mother as can be.

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*The Epithalamium of Porcius Cato* 127  
Oh, that's a blessed House, and dearly belov'd by the  
Gods! But may not a Body hear the Marriage-Song  
that you design to present 'em with?

*Mu.* Nay, we were just a-going to ask you to hear it.

CLIO

*Peter hath married fair Cornelia,  
Propitious Heaven! bless the Wedding-Day.*

MELPOMENE

*Concord of Turtle-Doves between them be,  
And of the Jack-daw the Vivacity.*

THALIA

*From Gracchus may he win the Prize,  
And for Cornelia's<sup>14</sup> Life, his own despise.*

EUTERPE

*May she in Love exceed Admetus' Wife,<sup>15</sup>  
Who laid her own down, for her Husband's Life.*

TERPSICHORE

*May he love her with stronger Flame,  
But much more happy Fate,  
Than Plaucius, who did disdain  
To out-live his deceas'd Mate.*

ERATO

*May she love him with no less Flame,  
But with much better Fate;  
Than Porcia chaste, her Brutus did,<sup>16</sup>  
Whom brave Men celebrate.*

CALLIOPE

*For Constancy, I wish the Bridegroom may  
Be equal to the famous Nasica.*

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## URANIA

*The Bride in Chastity may she  
Superior to Paterculana be.<sup>17</sup>*

## POLYHYMNIA

*May their Offspring like them be,  
Their Honour equal their Estate ;  
Always from ranc'rous Envy free,  
Deserved Glory on them wait.*

*Al.* I should very much envy Peter Ægidius so much Happiness, but that he is a Man of such Candour, that he himself envies no Body.

*Mu.* It is now high Time for us to prosecute our Journey.

*Al.* Have you any Service to command me at Louvain?

*Mu.* That thou wouldst recommend us to all our sincere loving Friends ; but especially to our antient Admirers. John Paludus, Jodocus Gaverius, Martin Dorpius, and John Borsalus.

*Al.* Well, I'll be sure to take Care to do your Message. What shall I say to the rest?

*Mu.* I'll tell you in your Ear.<sup>18</sup>

*Al.* Well, 'tis a Matter that won't cost very much ; it shall certainly be done out of Hand.

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# THE EXORCISM<sup>1</sup> OR APPARITION

## THE ARGUMENT

This Colloquy detects the Artifices of Impostors, who impose upon the credulous and simple, framing Stories of Apparitions of Dæmons and Ghosts, and divine Voices. Polus is the Author of a Rumour, that an Apparition of a certain Soul was heard in his Grounds, howling after a lamentable Manner : At another Place he pretends to see a Dragon in the Air, in the middle of the Day, and persuades other Persons that they saw it too ; and he prevails upon Faunus, a Parish-Priest of a neighbouring Town, to make Trial of the Truth of the Matters, who consents to do it, and prepares Exorcisms. Polus gets upon a black Horse, throws Fire about, and with divers Tricks deceives credulous Faunus, and other Men of none of the deepest Penetration

## THOMAS and ANSELM

*Tho.* What good News have you had, that you laugh to yourself thus, as if you had found a Treasure?

*Ans.* Nay, you are not far from the Matter.

*Tho.* But won't you impart it to your Companion, what good Thing soever it is?

*Ans.* Yes, I will, for I have been wishing a good While, for somebody to communicate my Merriment to.

*Tho.* Come on then, let's have it.

*Ans.* I was just now told the pleasantest Story, which you'd swear was a Sham, if I did not know the Place, the Persons, and whole Matter, as well as you know me.

*Tho.* I'm with Child to hear it.

*Ans.* Do you know Polus, Faunus's Son-in-Law?

*Tho.* Perfectly well.

*Ans.* He's both the Contriver and Actor of this Play.

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*Tho.* I am apt enough to believe that ; for he can Act any Part to the Life.

*Ans.* He can so : I suppose too, you know that he has a Farm not far from London.

*Tho.* Phoo, very well ; he and I have drank together many a Time there.

*Ans.* Then you know there is a Way between two straight Rows of Trees.

*Tho.* Upon the left Hand, about two Flight Shot from the House ?

*Ans.* You have it. On one Side of the Way there is a dry Ditch, overgrown with Thorns and Brambles ; and then there's a Way that leads into an open Field from a little Bridge.

*Tho.* I remember it.

*Ans.* There went a Report for a long Time among the Country-People, of a Spirit that walk'd near that Bridge, and of hideous Howlings that were every now and then heard there : They concluded it was the Soul of somebody that was miserably tormented.

*Tho.* Who was it that raised this Report ?

*Ans.* Who but Polus, that made this the Prologue to his Comedy.

*Tho.* What did he mean by inventing such a Flam ?<sup>2</sup>

*Ans.* I know nothing, but that it is the Humour of the Man ; he takes Delight to make himself Sport, by playing upon the Simplicity of People, by such Fictions as these. I'll tell you what he did, lately of the same Kind. We were a good many of us riding to Richmond, and some of the Company were such that you would say were Men of Judgment. It was a wonderful clear Day, and not so much as a Cloud to be seen there. Polus looking wistfully up into the Air, signed his Face and Breast with the Sign of the Cross, and having compos'd his Countenance to an Air of Amazement, says to himself, O immortal God, what do I see ! They that rode next to him asking him what it was that he saw,

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he fell again to signing himself with a greater Cross. May the most merciful God, says he, deliver me from this Prodigy. They having urg'd him, desiring to know what was the Matter, he fixing his Eyes up to Heaven, and pointing with his Finger to a certain Quarter of it, don't you see, says he, that monstrous Dragon arm'd with fiery Horns, and its Tail turn'd up in a Circle? And they denying they saw it, he bid them look earnestly, every now and then pointing to the Place : At last one of them, that he might not seem to be bad-sighted, affirmed that he saw it. And in Imitation of him, first one, and then another, for they were asham'd that they could not see what was so plain to be seen : And in short, in three Days Time, the Rumour of this portentous Apparition had spread all over England. And it is wonderful to think how popular Fame had amplified the Story, and some pretended seriously to expound to what this Portent did predict, and he that was the Contriver of the Fiction, took a mighty Pleasure in the Folly of these People.

*Tho.* I know the Humour of the Man well enough. But to the Story of the Apparition.

*Ans.* In the mean Time, one Faunus a Priest (of those which in Latin they call Regulars, but that is not enough, unless they add the same in Greek too,<sup>3</sup> who was Parson of a neighbouring Parish, this Man thought himself wiser than is common, especially in holy Matters) came very opportunely to pay a Visit to Polus.

*Tho.* I understand the Matter : There is one found out to be an Actor in this Play.

*Ans.* At Supper a Discourse was raised of the Report of this Apparition, and when Polus perceiv'd that Faunus had not only heard of the Report, but believ'd it, he began to intreat the Man, that as he was a holy and a learned Person, he would afford some Relief to a poor Soul that was in such dreadful Torment : And, says he, if you are in any Doubt as to the Truth of it, examine

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into the Matter, and do but walk near that Bridge about ten a-Clock, and you shall hear miserable Cries; take who you will for a Companion along with you, and so you will hear both more safely and better.

*Tho.* Well, what then?

*Ans.* After Supper was over, Polus, as his Custom was, goes a Hunting or Fowling. And when it grew duskish, the Darkness having taken away all Opportunity of making any certain Judgment of any Thing, Faunus walks about, and at last hears miserable Howlings. Polus having hid himself in a Bramble Hedge hard by, had very artfully made these Howlings, by speaking through an earthen Pot; the Voice coming through the Hollow of it, gave it a most mournful Sound.

*Tho.* This Story, as far as I see, out-does Menander's Phasma.<sup>4</sup>

*Ans.* You'll say more, if you shall hear it out. Faunus goes Home, being impatient to tell what he had heard. Polus taking a shorter Way, had got Home before him. Faunus up and tells Polus all that past, and added something of his own to it, to make the Matter more wonderful.

*Tho.* Could Polus keep his Countenance in the mean Time?

*Ans.* He keep his Countenance! He has his Countenance in his Hand, you would have said that a serious Affair was transacted. In the End Faunus, upon the pressing Importunity of Polus, undertakes the Business of Exorcism, and slept not one Wink all that Night, in contriving by what Means he might go about the Matter with Safety, for he was wretchedly afraid. In the first Place he got together the most powerful Exorcisms that he could get, and added some new ones to them, as the Bowels of the Virgin Mary, and the Bones of St. Winifred. After that, he makes Choice of a Place in the plain Field, near the Bramble Bushes, from whence the Voice

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came. He draws a very large Circle with a great many Crosses in it, and a Variety of Characters. And all this was perform'd in a set Form of Words ; there was also there a great Vessel full of holy Water, and about his Neck he had a holy Stole (as they call'd it) upon which hung the Beginning of the Gospel of John. He had in his Pocket a little Piece of Wax, which the Bishop of Rome used to consecrate once a Year, which is commonly call'd *Agnus Dei*.<sup>5</sup> With these Arms in Times past, they were wont to defend themselves against evil Spirits, before the Cowl of St. Francis was found to be so formidable. All these Things were provided, lest if it should be an evil Spirit it should fall foul upon the Exorcist : nor did he for all this, dare to trust himself in the Circle alone, but he determined to take some other Priest along with him. Upon this Polus being afraid, that if he took some sharper Fellow than himself along with him, the whole Plot might come to be discover'd, he got a Parish-Priest thereabout, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Design ; and indeed it was necessary for the carrying on the Adventure, and he was a Man fit for such a Purpose. The Day following, all Things being prepared and in good Order, about ten a-Clock Faunus and the Parish-Priest enter the Circle. Polus had got thither before them, and made a miserable Howling out of the Hedge ; Faunus begins his Exorcism, and Polus steals away in the Dark to the next Village, and brings from thence another Person, for the Play could not be acted without a great many of them.

*Tho.* Well, what do they do ?

*Ans.* They mount themselves upon black Horses, and privately carry Fire along with them ; when they come pretty near to the Circle, they shew the Fire to affright Faunus out of the Circle.

*Tho.* What a Deal of Pains did this Polus take to put Cheat upon People ?

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*Ans.* His Fancy lies that Way. But this Matter had like to have been mischievous to them.

*Tho.* How so?

*Ans.* For the Horses were so startled at the sudden flashing of the Fire, that they had like to have thrown their Riders. Here's an End of the first Act of this Comedy. When they were returned and entered into Discourse, Polus, as though he had known nothing of the Matter, enquires what was done. Faunus tells him, that two hideous Cacodæmons appear'd to him on black Horses, their Eyes sparkling with Fire, and breathing Fire out of their Nostrils, making an Attempt to break into the Circle, but that they were driven away with a Vengeance, by the Power and Efficacy of his Words. This Encounter having put Courage into Faunus, the next Day he goes into his Circle again with great Solemnity, and after he had provok'd the Spirit a long Time with the Vehemence of his Words, Polus and his Companion appear again at a pretty Distance, with their black Horses, with a most outrageous Noise, making a Feint, as if they would break into the Circle.

*Tho.* Had they no Fire then?

*Ans.* No, none at all; for that had lik'd to have fallen out very unluckily to them. But hear another Device. They drew a long Rope over the Ground, and then hurrying from one Place to another, as though they were beat off by the Exorcisms of Faunus, they threw down both the Priest and holy Water-Pot all together.

*Tho.* This Reward the Parish-Priest had for playing his Part?

*Ans.* Yes, he had; and for all that, he had rather suffer this than quit the Design. After this Encounter when they came to talk over the Matter again, Faunus tells a mighty Story to Polus, what great Danger he had been in, and how courageously he had driven both the evil Spirits away with his Charms, and now he has arriv'd at a firm Persuasion, that there was no Dæmon

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let him be ever so mischievous or impudent, that could possibly break into this Circle.

*Tho.* This Faunus was not far from being a Fool.

*Ans.* You have heard nothing yet. The Comedy being thus far advanc'd, Polus's Son-in-Law comes in very good Time, for he had married Polus's eldest Daughter; he's a wonderful merry Droll, you know.

*Tho.* Know him! Ay, I know him, that he has no Aversion for such Tricks as these.

*Ans.* No Aversion, do you say, nay he would leave the most urgent Affair in the World,<sup>6</sup> if such a Comedy were either to be seen or acted. His Father-in-Law tells him the whole Story, and gives him his Part, that was, to act the Ghost. He puts on a Dress, and wraps himself up in a Shrowd, and carrying a live Coal in a Shell, it appear'd through his Shrowd as if something were burning. About Night he goes to the Place where this Play was acted, there were heard most doleful Moans. Faunus lets fly all his Exorcisms. At Length the Ghost appears a good Way off in the Bushes, every now and then shewing the Fire, and making a rueful Groaning. While Faunus was adjuring the Ghost to declare who he was, Polus of a sudden leaps out of the Thicket, dress'd like a Devil, and making a Roaring, answers him, You have nothing to do with this Soul, it is mine; and every now and then runs to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he would set upon the Exorcist, and then retired back again, as if he was beaten back by the Words of the Exorcism, and the Power of the holy Water, which he threw upon him in great Abundance. At last when this guardian Devil<sup>7</sup> was chased away, Faunus enters into a Dialogue with the Soul. After he had been interrogated and abjured, he answers, that he was the Soul of a Christian Man, and being asked his Name, he answered Faunus. Faunus! replies the other, that's my Name. So then they being Name-Sakes, he laid the Matter more to Heart, that Faunus might deliver Faunus. Faunus ask-

ing a Multitude of Questions, lest a long Discourse should discover the Fraud, the Ghost retires, saying it was not permitted to stay to talk any longer, because its Time was come, that it must go whither its Devil pleased to carry it ; but yet promised to come again the next Day, at what Hour it could be permitted. They meet together again at Polus's House, who was the Master of the Show.<sup>8</sup> There the Exorcist relates what was done, and tho' he added some Lies to the Story, yet he believed them to be true himself, he was so heartily affected with the Matter in Hand. At last it appeared manifestly, that it was the Soul of a Christian who was vexed with the dreadful Torments of an unmerciful Devil : Now all the Endeavours are bent this Way. There happened a ridiculous Passage in the next Exorcism.

*Tho.* Prithee what was that ?

*Ans.* When Faunus had called up the Ghost, Polus, that acted the Devil, leap'd directly at him, as if he would, without any more to do, break into the Circle ; and Faunus he resisted stoutly with his Exorcisms, and had thrown a power of holy Water, the Devil at last cries out, that he did not value all this of a Rush ; you have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own yourself.<sup>9</sup> And tho' Polus said so in Jest, it seemed that he had spoken Truth : For the Exorcist being touched with this Word, presently retreated to the very Centre of the Circle, and whispered something in the Priest's Ear. Polus seeing that, retires, that he might not hear what it was not fit for him to hear.

*Tho.* In Truth, Polus was a very modest, religious Devil.

*Ans.* He was so, otherwise he might have been blamed for not observing a Decorum, but yet he heard the Priest's Voice appointing him Satisfaction.

*Tho.* What was that ?

*Ans.* That he should say the glorious 78th Psalm,

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three Times over,<sup>10</sup> by which he conjectured he had had to do with her three Times that Night.

*Tho.* He was an irregular Regular.

*Ans.* They are but Men, and this is but human Frailty.

*Tho.* Well, proceed : what was done after this?

*Ans.* Now Faunus more courageously advances to the very Edge of the Circle, and challenges the Devil of his own Accord ; but the Devil's Heart failed him, and he fled back. You have deceived me, says he, if I had been wise I had not given you that Caution : Many are of Opinion, that what you have once confess'd is immediately struck out of the Devil's Memory, that he can never be able to twit you in the teeth for it.

*Tho.* What a ridiculous Conceit do you tell me of !

*Ans.* But to draw towards a Conclusion of the Matter : This Dialogue with the Ghost held for some Days ; at last it came to this Issue : The Exorcist asking the Soul, If there was any Way by which it might possibly be delivered from its Torments, it answered, it might, if the Money that it had left behind, being gotten by Cheating, should be restored. Then, says Faunus, What if it were put into the Hands of good People, to be disposed of to pious Uses ? The Spirit reply'd, That might do. The Exorcist was rejoic'd at this ; he enquires particularly, What Sum there was of it ? The Spirit reply'd, That it was a vast Sum, and might prove very good and commodious : it told the Place too where the Treasure was hid, but it was a long Way of : And it order'd what Uses it should be put to.

*Tho.* What were they ?

*Ans.* That three Persons were to undertake a Pilgrimage ; one to the Threshold of St. Peter ; another to salute St. James at Compostella ; and the third should kiss Jesus's Comb at Tryers ; and after that, a vast Number of Services and Masses should be performed in several great Monasteries ; and as to the Overplus, he

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should dispose of it as he pleas'd. Now Faunus's Mind was fixed upon the Treasure ; he had, in a Manner, swallowed it in his Mind.

*Tho.* That's a common Disease ; but more peculiarly thrown in the Priests Dish, upon all Occasions.

*Ans.* After nothing had been omitted that related to the Affair of the Money, the Exorcist being put upon it by Polus, began to put Questions to the Spirit, about several Arts, as Alchymy and Magick. To these Things the Spirit gave Answers, putting off the Resolution of these Questions for the present, promising it would make larger Discoveries as soon as ever, by his Assistance, it should get out of the Clutches of its Keeper, the Devil ; and, if you please, you may let this be the third Act of this Play. As to the fourth Act, Faunus began, in good Earnest, everywhere to talk high, and to talk of nothing else in all Companies and at the Table, and to promise glorious Things to Monasteries ; and talk'd of nothing that was low and mean. He goes to the Place, and finds the Tokens, but did not dare to dig for the Treasure, because the Spirit had thrown this Caution in the Way, that it would be extremely dangerous to touch the Treasure, before the Masses had been performed. By this Time, a great many of the wiser Sort had smelt out the Plot, while Faunus at the same Time was every where proclaiming his Folly ; tho' he was privately cautioned by his Friends, and especially his Abbot, that he who had hitherto had the Reputation of a prudent Man, should not give the World a Specimen of his being quite contrary. But the Imagination of the Thing had so entirely possess'd his Mind, that all that could be said of him, had no Influence upon him, to make him doubt of the Matter ; and he dreamt of nothing but Spectres and Devils : The very Habit of his Mind was got into his Face, that he was so pale, and meagre and dejected, that you would say he was rather a Sprite than a Man : And in short, he was not far from being stark

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mad, and would have been so, had it not been timely prevented.

*Tho.* Well, let this be the last Act of the Play.

*Ans.* Well, you shall have it. Polus and his Son-in-Law, hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them : They counterfeited an Epistle written in a strange antique Character, and not upon common Paper, but such as Gold-Beaters put their Leaf-Gold in, a reddish Paper, you know. The Form of the Epistle was this :

'Faunus, long a Captive, but now free. To Faunus, his gracious Deliverer sends eternal Health. There is no Need, my dear Faunus, that thou shouldest macerate thyself any longer in this Affair. God has respected the pious Intention of thy Mind ; and by the Merit of it, has delivered me from Torments, and I now live happily among the Angels. Thou hast a Place provided for thee with St. Austin, which is next to the Choir of the Apostles : When thou comest to us, I will give thee publick Thanks. In the mean Time, see that thou live merrily.

'From the Imperial Heaven,<sup>11</sup> the

Ides of September, Anno 1498.

Under the Seal of my own Ring.'

This Epistle was laid privately under the Altar where Faunus was to perform divine Service : This being done, there was one appointed to advertise him of it, as if he had found it by Chance. And now he carries the Letter about him, and shews it as a very sacred Thing ; and believes nothing more firmly, than that it was brought from Heaven by an Angel.

*Tho.* This is not delivering the Man from his Madness, but changing the Sort of it.

*Ans.* Why truly, so it is, only he is now more pleasantly mad than before.

*Tho.* I never was wont to give much Credit to Stories

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of Apparitions in common ; but for the Time to come, I shall give much less : For I believe that many Things that have been printed and published, as true Relations, were only by Artifice and Imposture, Impositions upon credulous Persons, and such as Faunus.

*Ans.* And I also believe that a great many of them are of the same Kind.

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# THE ALCHYMIST<sup>1</sup>

## THE ARGUMENT

This Colloquy shews the Dotage of an old Man, otherwise a very prudent Person, upon this Art ; being trick'd by a Priest, under Pretence of a two-Fold Method in this Art, the long Way and the short Way. By the long Way he puts an egregious Cheat upon old Balbinus : The Alchymist lays the Fault upon his Coals and Glasses. Presents of Gold are sent to the Virgin Mary, that she would assist them in their Undertakings. Some Courtiers having come to the Knowledge that Balbinus practis'd this unlawful Art, are brib'd. At last the Alchymist is discharg'd, having Money given him to bear his Charges

## PHILECOUS, LALUS<sup>2</sup>

*Phi.* What News is here, that Lalus laughs to himself so that he e'en giggles again, every now and then signing himself with the Sign of the Cross? I'll interrupt his Felicity. God bless you heartily, my very good Friend Lalus ; you seem to me to be very happy.

*La.* But I shall be much happier, if I make you a Partaker of my merry Conceitedness.

*Phi.* Prithee, then, make me happy as soon as you can.

*La.* Do you know Balbinus?

*Phi.* What, that learned old Gentleman that has such a very good Character in the World?

*La.* It is as you say ; but no Man is wise at all Times, or is without his blind Side. This Man, among his many good Qualifications, has some Foibles :<sup>3</sup> He has been a long Time bewitch'd with the Art call'd Alchymy.

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*Phi.* Believe me, that you call only Foible, is a dangerous Disease.

*La.* However that is, notwithstanding he has been so often bitten by this Sort of People, yet he has lately suffer'd himself to be impos'd upon again.

*Phi.* In what Manner?

*La.* A certain Priest went to him, saluted him with great Respect, and accosted him in this Manner : Most learned Balbinus, perhaps you will wonder that I, being a Stranger to you, should thus interrupt you, who, I know, are always earnestly engag'd in the most sacred Studies. Balbinus gave him a Nod, as was his Custom ; for he is wonderfully sparing of his Words.

*Phi.* That's an Argument of Prudence.

*La.* But the other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds. You will forgive this my Importunity, when you shall know the Cause of my coming to you. Tell me then, says Balbinus, but in as few Words as you can. I will, says he, as briefly as I am able. You know, most learned of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various ; and I can't tell among which I should class myself, whether among the happy or the miserable ; for when I contemplate my Fate on one Part, I account myself most happy, but if on the other Part, I am one of the most miserable. Balbinus pressing him to contract his Speech into a narrow Compass ; I will have done immediately, most learned Balbinus, says he, and it will be the more easy for me to do it, to a Man who understands the whole Affair so well, that no Man understands it better.

*Phi.* You are rather drawing an Orator than an Alchymist.

*La.* You shall hear the Alchymist by and by. This Happiness, says he, I have had from a Child, to have learn'd that most desirable Art, I mean Alchymy, the very Marrow of universal Philosophy. At the very Mention of the Name Alchymy, Balbinus rais'd himself

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a little, that is to say, in Gesture only, and fetching a deep Sigh, bid him go forward. Then he proceeds : But miserable Man that I am, said he, by not falling into the right Way ! Balbinus asking him what Ways those were he spoke of ; Good Sir, says he, you know (for what is there, most learned Sir, that you are ignorant of?) that there are two Ways in this Art, one which is 'call'd the Longation, and the other which is call'd the Curtation.' But by my bad Fate, I have fallen upon Longation. Balbinus asking him, what was the Difference of the Ways ; it would be impudent in me, says he, to mention this to a Man, to whom all Things are so well known, that Nobody knows them better ; therefore I humbly address myself to you, that you would take Pity on me, and vouchsafe to communicate to me that most happy Way of Curtation. And by how much the better you understand this Art, by so much the less Labour you will be able to impart it to me : Do not conceal so great a Gift from your poor Brother that is ready to die with Grief. And as you assist me in this, so may Jesus Christ ever enrich you with more sublime Endowments. He thus making no End of his Solemnity of Obtestations, Balbinus was oblig'd to confess, that he was entirely ignorant of what he meant by Longation and Curtation, and bids him explain the Meaning of those Words. Then he began ; Altho' Sir, says he, I know I speak to a Person that is better skill'd than myself, yet since you command me I will do it : Those that have spent their whole Life in this divine Art, change the Species of Things two Ways, the one is shorter, but more hazardous, the other is longer, but safer. I account myself very unhappy, that I have laboured in that Way that does not suit my Genius, nor could I find out any Body who would shew me the other Way that I am so passionately desirous of ; but at last God has put it into my Mind to apply myself to you, a Man of as much Piety as Learning ; your Learning qualifies

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you to answer my Request with Ease, and your Piety will dispose you to help a Christian Brother, whose Life is in your Hands. To make the Matter short, when this crafty Fellow, with such Expressions as these, had clear'd himself from all Suspicion of a Design, and had gain'd Credit, that he understood one Way perfectly well, Balbinus's Mind began to have an Itch to be meddling. And at last, when he could hold no longer, Away with your Methods, says he, of Curtation, the Name of which I never heard before, I am so far from understanding it. Tell me sincerely, Do you thoroughly understand Longation? Phoo ! says he, perfectly well ; but I don't love the Tediousness of it. Then Balbinus asked him, how much Time it wou'd take up. Too much, says he ; almost a whole Year ; but in the mean Time it is the safest Way. Never trouble yourself about that, says Balbinus, although it should take up two Years, if you can but depend upon your Art. To shorten the Story : They came to an Agreement, that the Business should be set on foot privately in Balbinus's House, upon this Condition, that he should find Art, and Balbinus Money ; and the Profit should be divided between them, although the Imposter modestly offered that Balbinus should have the whole Gain. They both took an Oath of Secrecy, after the Manner of those that are initiated into mysterious Secrets ; and presently Money is paid down for the Artist to buy Pots, Glasses, Coals, and other Necessaries for furnishing the Laboratory : this Money our Alchymist lavishes away on Whores, Gaming, and Drinking.

*Phi.* This is one Way, however, of changing the Species of Things.

*La.* Balbinus pressing him to fall upon the Business ; he replies, Don't you very well know, that 'what's well begun is half done'?<sup>4</sup> It is a great Matter to have the Materials well prepar'd. At last he begins to set up the Furnace ; and here there was Occasion for more

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Gold, as a Bait to catch more : For as a Fish is not caught without a Bait, so Alchymists must cast Gold in, before they can fetch Gold out. In the mean time, Balbinus was busy in his Accounts ; for he reckoned thus, if one Ounce made fifteen, what would be the Product of two thousand ; for that was the Sum that he determined to spend. When the Alchymist had spent this Money and two Months Time, pretending to be wonderfully busy about the Bellows and the Coals, Balbinus enquired of him, whether the Business went forward ? At first he made no Answer ; but at last he urging the Question, he made him Answer, As all great Works do ; the greatest Difficulty of which is, in entring upon them : He pretended he had made a Mistake in buying the Coals, for he had bought Oaken ones, when they should have been Beechen or Fir ones. There was a hundred Crowns gone ; and he did not spare to go to Gaming again briskly. Upon giving him new Cash, he gets new Coals, and then the Business is begun again with more Resolution than before ; just as Soldiers do, when they have happened to meet with a Disaster, they repair it by Bravery. When the Laboratory had been kept hot for some Months, and the golden Fruit was expected, and there was not a Grain of Gold in the Vessel (for the Chymist had spent all that too) another Pretence was found out, That the Glasses they used, were not rightly tempered : For, 'as every Block will not make a Mercury,'<sup>6</sup> so Gold will not be made in any Kind of Glass. And by how much more Money had been spent, by so much the lother he was to give it over.

*Phi.* Just as it is with Gamesters, as if it were not better to lose some than all.

*La.* Very true. The Chymist swore he was never so cheated since he was born before ; but now having found out his Mistake, he could proceed with all the Security in the World, and fetch up that Loss with

great Interest. The Glasses being changed, the Laboratory is furnished the third Time : Then the Operator told him, the Operation would go on more successfully, if he sent a Present of Crowns to the Virgin Mary, that you know is worshipped at Paris ;<sup>6</sup> for it was an holy Act : And in Order to have it carried on successfully, it needed the Favour of the Saints. Balbinus liked this Advice wonderfully well, being a very pious Man, that never let a Day pass, but he performed some Act of Devotion or other. The Operator undertakes the religious Pilgrimage ; but spends this devoted Money in a Bawdy-House in the next Town : Then he goes back, and tells Balbinus that he had great Hope that all would succeed according to their Mind, the Virgin Mary seem'd so to favour their Endeavours. When he had laboured a long Time, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, Balbinus reasoning the Matter with him, he answered, that nothing like this had ever happened all his Days to him, tho' he had so many Times had Experience of his Method ; nor could he so much as imagine what should be the Reason of this Failing. After they had beat their Brains a long Time about the Matter, Balbinus bethought himself, whether he had any Day miss'd going to Chapel, or saying the 'Horary Prayers,' for nothing would succeed, if these were omitted. Says the Imposter You have hit it. Wretch that I am, I have been guilty of that once or twice by Forgetfulness, and lately rising from Table, after a long Dinner, I had forgot to say the Salutation of the Virgin. Why then, says Balbinus, it is no Wonder, that a Thing of this Moment succeeds no better. The Trickster undertakes to perform twelve Services for two that he had omitted, and to repay ten Salutations for that one. When Money every now and then fail'd this extravagant Operator, and he could not find out any Pretence to ask for more, he at last bethought himself of this Project. He comes Home like one frighted out of his Wits, and in a very

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mournful Tone cries out, O Balbinus I am utterly undone, undone ; I am in Danger of my Life. Balbinus was astonished, and was impatient to know what was the Matter. The Court, says he, have gotten an Inkling of what we have been about, and I expect nothing else but to be carried to Gaol immediately. Balbinus, at the hearing of this, turn'd pale as Ashes ; for you know it is capital with us, for any Man to practice Alchymy without a Licence from the Prince : He goes on : Not, says he, that I am afraid of Death myself, I wish that were the worst that would happen, I fear something more cruel. Balbinus asking him what that was, he reply'd, I shall be carried away into some Castle, and there be forc'd to work all my Days, for those I have no Mind to serve. Is there any Death so bad as such a Life? The Matter was then debated,<sup>7</sup> Balbinus being a Man that very well understood the Art of Rhetorick, casts his Thoughts every Way, if this Mischief could be prevented any Way. Can't you deny the Crime? says he. By no Means, says the other ; the Matter is known among the Courtiers, and they have such Proof of it that it can't be evaded, and there is no defending of the Fact ; for the Law is point-blank against it. Many Things having been propos'd, but coming to no Conclusion, that seem'd feasible ; says the Alchymist, who wanted present Money, O Balbinus we apply ourselves to slow Counsels, when the Matter requires a present Remedy. It will not be long before they will be here that will apprehend me, and carry me away into Tribulation. And last of all, seeing Balbinus at a Stand, says the Alchymist, I am as much at a Loss as you, nor do I see any Way left, but to die like a Man, unless you shall approve what I am going to propose, which is more profitable than honourable : but Necessity is a hard Chapter. You know these Sort of Men are hungry after Money, and so may be the more easily brib'd to Secrecy. Although it is a hard Case to give these

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Rascals Money to throw away ; but yet, as the Case now stands, I see no better Way. Balbinus was of the same Opinion, and he lays down thirty Guineas to bribe them to hush up the Matter.

*Phi.* Balbinus was wonderful liberal, as you tell the Story.

*La.* Nay, in an honest Cause, you would sooner have gotten his Teeth out of his Head than Money. Well, then the Alchymist was provided for, who was in no Danger, but that of wanting Money for his Wench.

*Phi.* I admire Balbinus could not smook the Roguery all this While.<sup>8</sup>

*La.* This is the only Thing that he's soft in, he's as sharp as a Needle in any Thing else. Now the Furnace is set to work again with new Money ; but first, a short Prayer is made to the Virgin Mary to prosper their Undertakings. By this Time there had been a whole Year spent, first one Obstacle being pretended, and then another, so that all the Expence and Labour was lost. In the mean Time there fell out one most ridiculous Chance.

*Phi.* What was that ?

*La.* The Alchymist had a criminal Correspondence with a certain Courtier's Lady : The Husband beginning to be jealous, watch'd him narrowly, and in the Conclusion, having Intelligence that the Priest was in the Bed-Chamber, he comes Home before he was look'd for, knocks at the Door.

*Phi.* What did he design to do to him ?

*La.* What ! Why nothing very good, either kill him or geld him. When the Husband being very pressing to come, threatned he would break open the Door, if his Wife did not open it, they were in bodily Fear within, and cast about for some present Resolution ; and circumstances admitting no better, he pull'd off his Coat, and threw himself out of a narrow Window, but not without both Danger and Mischief, and so got

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away. Such Stories as these you know are soon spread, and it came to Balbinus's Ear, and the Chymist guess'd it would be so.

*Phi.* There was no getting off of this Business.

*La.* Yes, he got off better here, than he did out at the Window. Hear the Man's Invention : Balbinus said not a Word to him about the Matter, but it might be read in his Countenance, that he was no Stranger to the Talk of the Town. The Chymist knew Balbinus to be a Man of Piety, and in some Points, I was going to say, superstitious, and such Persons are very ready to forgive one that falls under his Crime, let it be never so great ; therefore, he on Purpose begins a Talk about the Success of their Business, complaining, that it had not succeeded as it us'd to do, and as he would have it ; and he wondered greatly, what should be the Reason of it : Upon this Discourse, Balbinus, who seemed otherwise to have been bent upon Silence, taking an Occasion, was a little moved : It is no hard Matter, says he, to guess what the Obstacle is. Sins are the Obstacles that hinder our Success, for pure Works should be done by pure Persons. At this Word, the Projector fell down on his Knees, and beating his Breast with a very mournful Tone, and dejected Countenance, says, O Balbinus, what you have said is very true, it is Sin, it is Sin that has been the Hinderance ; but my Sins, not yours ; for I am not asham'd to confess my Uncleaness before you, as I would before my most holy Father Confessor : The Frailty of my Flesh overcame me, and Satan drew me into his Snares ; and O miserable Wretch that I am ! Of a Priest, I am become an Adulterer ; and yet, the Offering that you sent to the Virgin Mother, is not wholly lost neither, for I had perish'd inevitably, if she had not helped me : for the Husband broke open the Door upon me, and the Window was too little for me to get out at ; and in this Pinch of Danger, I bethought myself of the bleessd Virgin, and I fell upon my Knees,

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and besought her, that if the Gift was acceptable to her, she would assist me, and in a Minute I went to the Window (for Necessity forced me so to do) and found it large enough for me to get out at.

*Phi.* Well, and did Balbinus believe all this?

*La.* Believe it, yes, and pardon'd him too, and admonish'd him very religiously, not to be ungrateful to the blessed Virgin: Nay, there was more Money laid down, upon his giving his Promise, that he would for the future carry on the Process with Purity.

*Phi.* Well, what was the End of all this?

*La.* The Story is very long; but I'll cut it short. When he had play'd upon Balbinus long enough with these Inventions, and wheedled him out of a considerable Sum of Money, a certain Gentleman happen'd to come there, that had known the Knave from a Child: He easily imagining that he was acting the same Part with Balbinus, that he had been acting every where, admonishes Balbinus privately, and acquainted him what Sort of a Fellow he harbour'd, advising him to get rid of him as soon as possible, unless he has a Mind to have him sometime or other, to rifle his Coffers, and then run away.

*Phi.* Well, what did Balbinus do then? Sure, he took Care to have him sent to Gaol?

*La.* To Gaol? Nay, he gave him Money to bear his Charges, and conjur'd him by all that was sacred, not to speak a Word of what had happened between them. And in my Opinion, it was his Wisdom so to do, rather than to be the common Laughing-stock, and Table-Talk, and run the Risk of the Confiscation of his Goods besides; for the Imposter was in no Danger; he knew no more of the Matter than an Ass, and cheating is a small Fault in these Sort of Cattle. If he had charg'd him with Theft, his Ordination would have sav'd him from the Gallows, and no Body would have been at the Charge of maintaining such a Fellow in Prison.

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*Phi.* I should pity Balbinus ; but that he took Pleasure in being gull'd.

*La.* I must now make haste to the Hall ? at another Time I'll tell you Stories more ridiculous than this.

*Phi.* When you shall be at Leisure, I shall be glad to hear them, and I'll give you Story for Story.

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# THE HORSE-CHEAT

## THE ARGUMENT

The Horse-Cheat lays open the cheating Tricks of those  
that sell or let out Horses to hire ; and shews how those  
Cheats themselves are sometimes cheated

*AULUS, PHÆDRUS*

Good God ! What a grave Countenance our Phædrus  
has put on, gaping ever and anon into the Air. I'll  
attack him. Phædrus, what News to Day?

*Ph.* Why do you ask me that Question, Aulus?

*Aul.* Because, of a Phædrus, you seem to have  
become a Cato, there is so much Sourness in your  
Countenance.

*Ph.* That's no Wonder, my Friend, I am just come  
from Confession.

*Aul.* Nay, then my Wonder's over ; but tell me upon  
your honest Word, did you confess all?

*Ph.* All that I could remember, but one.

*Aul.* And why did you reserve that one ?

*Ph.* Because I can't be out of Love with it.

*Aul.* It must needs be some pleasant Sin.

*Ph.* I can't tell whether it is a Sin or no ; but if you  
are at Leisure, you shall hear what it is.

*Aul.* I would be glad to hear it, with all my Heart.

*Ph.* You know what cheating Tricks are play'd by our  
Jockeys, who sell and let out Horses.<sup>1</sup>

*Aul.* Yes, I know more of them than I wish I did,  
having been cheated by them more than once.

*Ph.* I had Occasion lately to go a pretty long Journey,  
and I was in great Haste ; I went to one that you would  
have said was none of the worst of 'em, and there was

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some small Matter of Friendship between us. I told him I had an urgent Business to do, and had Occasion for a strong able Gelding ; desiring, that if he would ever be my Friend in any Thing, he would be so now. He promised me, that he would use me as kindly as if I were his own dear Brother.

*Aul.* It may be he would have cheated his Brother.

*Ph.* He leads me into the Stable, and bids me chuse which I would out of them all. At last I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the rest. He commends my Judgment, protesting that a great many Persons had had a Mind to that Horse ; but he resolved to keep him rather for a singular Friend, than sell him to a Stranger. I agreed with him as to the Price, paid him down his Money, got upon the Horse's Back. Upon the first setting out, my Steed falls a-prancing ; you would have said he was a Horse of Mettle ? he was plump, and in good Case : But, by that Time I had rid him an Hour and a half, I perceiv'd he was downright tir'd, nor could I by spurring him, get him any further. I had heard that such Jades had been kept for Cheats, that you would take by their looks to be very good Horses ; but were worth nothing for Service. I says to myself presently, I am caught. But when I come Home again, I will shew him Trick for Trick.

*Aul.* But what did you do in this Case, being a Horseman without a Horse ?

*Ph.* I did what I was oblig'd to do. I turn'd into the next Village, and there I set my Horse up privately, with an Acquaintance, and hired another, and prosecuted my Journey ; and when I came back, I return'd my hired Horse, and finding my own in very good Case, and thoroughly rested, I mounted his Back, and rid back to the Horse-Courser, desiring him to set him up for a few Days, till I called for him again. He ask'd me how well he carry'd me ; I swore by all that was good, that I never bestrid a better Nag in my Life, that he

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flew rather than walk'd, nor ever tir'd the least in the World in all so long a Journey, nor was a Hair the leaner for it. I having made him believe that these Things were true, he thought with himself, he had been mistaken in this Horse; and therefore, before I went away, he ask'd me if I would sell the Horse. I refus'd at first; because if I should have Occasion to go such another Journey, I should not easily get the Fellow of him; but however, I valued nothing so much, but I would sell it, if I could have a good Price for it, altho' any Body had a Mind to buy myself.

*Aul.* This was fighting a Man with his own Weapons.<sup>2</sup>

*Ph.* In short, he would not let me go away, before I had set a Price upon him. I rated him at a great Deal more than he cost me. Being gone, I got an Acquaintance to act for me, and gave him instructions how to behave himself: He goes to the House, and calls for the Horse-Courser,<sup>3</sup> telling him, that he had Occasion for a very good, and a very hardy Nag. The Horse-Courser shews him a great many Horses, still commending the worst most of all; but says not a Word of that Horse he had sold me, verily believing he was such as I had represented him. My Friend presently ask'd whether that was not to be sold; for I had given him a Description of the Horse, and the Place where he stood. The Horse-Courser at first made no Answer, but commended the rest very highly. The Gentleman lik'd the other Horses pretty well; but always treated about that very Horse: At last thinks the Horse-Courser with himself, I have certainly been out in my Judgment as to this Horse, if this Stranger could presently pick this Horse out of so many. He insisting upon it, He may be sold, says he; but it may be, you'll be frighted at the Price. The Price, says he, is a Case of no great Importance, if the Goodness of the Thing be answerable: Tell me the Price. He told him something more than I had set him at to him, getting the Overplus to himself. At last

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the Price was agreed on, and a good large Earnest was given, a Ducat of Gold to bind the Bargain. The Purchaser gives the Hostler a Groat, orders him to give his Horse some Corn, and he would come by and by, and fetch him. As soon as ever I heard the Bargain was made so firmly, that it could not be undone again, I go immediately, booted and spurr'd to the Horse-Courser, and being out of Breath, calls for my Horse. He comes and asks what I wanted : Says I, get my Horse ready presently, for I must be gone this Moment, upon an extraordinary Affair : But, says he, you bid me keep the Horse a few Days : That's true, said I, but this Business has happened unexpectedly, and it is the King's Business, and it will admit of no Delay. Says he, take your Choice, which you will of all my Horses ; you cannot have your own. I ask'd him, why so ? Because, says he, he is sold. Then I pretended to be in a great Passion ; God forbid, says I ; as this Journey has happen'd, I would not sell him, if any Man would offer me four Times his Price. I fell to wrangling, and cry out, I am ruin'd : At Length he grew a little warm too : What Occasion is there for all this Contention : You set a Price upon your Horse, and I have sold him ; if I pay you your Money, you have nothing more to do to me ; we have Laws in this City, and you can't compel me to produce the Horse. When I had clamoured a good While, that he would either produce the Horse, or the Man that bought him : He at last pays me down the Money in a Passion. I had bought him for fifteen Guineas, I set him to him at twenty-six, and he had valued him at thirty-two, and so computed with himself he had better make that Profit of him, than restore the Horse. I go away, as if I was vex'd in my Mind, and scarcely pacified, tho' the Money was paid me : He desires me not to take it amiss, he would make me Amends some other Way : So I bit the Biter : He has a Horse not worth a Groat ; he expected that he

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that had given him the Earnest, should come and pay him the Money ; but no Body came, nor ever will come.

*Aul.* But in the mean Time, did he never expostulate the Matter with you ?

*Ph.* With what Face or Colour could he do that ? I have met him over and over since, and he complain'd of the Unfairness of the Buyer : But I often reason'd the Matter with him, and told him, he deserv'd to be so serv'd, who by his hasty Sale of him, had depriv'd me of my Horse. This was a Fraud so well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not find in my Heart to confess it as a Fault.

*Aul.* If I had done such a Thing, I should have been so far from confessing it as a Fault, that I should have requir'd a Statue for it.

*Ph.* I can't tell whether you speak as you think or no ; but you set me agog however, to be paying more of these Fellows n their own Coin.

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# THE BEGGARS DIALOGUE

## THE ARGUMENT

The Beggars Dialogue paints out the cheating, crafty Tricks of Beggars, who make a Shew of being full of Sores, and make a Profession of Palmistry, and other Arts by which they impose upon many Persons. Nothing is more like Kingship, than the Life of a Beggar

### *IRIDES,<sup>1</sup> MISOPONUS*

*Ir.* What new Sort of Bird is this I see flying here? I know the Face, but the Cloaths don't suit it. If I'm not quite mistaken, this is Misoponus. I'll venture to speak to him, as ragged as I am. God save you, Misoponus.

*Mis.* Hold your Tongue, I say.

*Ir.* What's the Matter, mayn't a Body salute you?

*Mis.* Not by that Name.

*Ir.* Why, what has happen'd to you? Are you not the same Man that you was? What, have you changed your Name with your Cloaths?

*Mis.* No, but I have taken up my old Name again.

*Ir.* Who was you then?

*Mis.* Apitius.<sup>2</sup>

*Ir.* Never be asham'd of your old Acquaintance, if any Thing of a better Fortune has happen'd to you. It is not long since you belong'd to our Order.

*Mis.* Prithee, come hither, and I'll tell you the whole Story. I am not asham'd of your Order; but I am asham'd of the Order that I was first of myself.

*Ir.* What Order do you mean? That of the Franciscans?

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*Mis.* No, by no Means, my good Friend ; but the Order of the Spendthrifts.

*Ir.* In Truth, you have a great many Companions of that Order.

*Mis.* I had a good Fortune, I spent lavishly, and when I began to be in Want, no Body knew Apitius. I ran away for Shame, and betook myself to your College : I lik'd that better than digging.

*Ir.* Very wisely done ; but how comes your Body to be in so good Case of late ? For as to your Change of Cloaths, I don't so much wonder at that.

*Mis.* Why so ?

*Ir.* Because the Goddess Laverna<sup>3</sup> makes many rich on a sudden.

*Mis.* What ! do you think I got an Estate by Thieving, then ?

*Ir.* Nay, perhaps more idly, by Rapine.

*Mis.* No, I swear by your Goddess Penia, neither by Thieving, nor by Rapine. But first I'll satisfy you as to the State of my Body, which seems to you to be the most admirable.

*Ir.* For when you were with us, you were all over full of Sores.

*Mis.* But I have since made Use of a very friendly Physician.

*Ir.* Who ?

*Mis.* No other Person but myself, unless you think any Body is more friendly to me, than I am to myself.

*Ir.* But I never knew you understood Physick before.

*Mis.* Why, all that Dress was nothing but a Cheat I had daub'd on with Paints, Frankincense, Brimstone, Rosin, Birdlime, and Clouts dipp'd in Blood ; and what I put on, when I pleas'd I took off again.

*Ir.* O Impostor ! Nothing appear'd more miserable than you were. You might have acted the Part of Job in a Tragedy.

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*Mis.* My Necessity made me do it, though Fortune sometimes is apt to change the Skin too.

*Ir.* Well then, tell me of your Fortune. Have you found a Treasure?

*Mis.* No ; but I have found out a Way of getting Money that's a little better than yours.

*Ir.* What could you get Money out of, that had no Stock?

*Mis.* 'An Artist will live any where.'<sup>4</sup>

*Ir.* I understand you now, you mean the Art of picking Pockets.

*Mis.* Not so hard upon me, I pray ; I mean the Art of Chymistry.

*Ir.* Why, 'tis scarce above a Fortnight since you went away from us, and have you in that Time learn'd an Art, that others can hardly learn in many Years?

*Mis.* But I have got a shorter Way.

*Ir.* Prithce, what Way?

*Mis.* When I had gotten almost four Guineas by your Art, I happened, as good Luck would have it, to fall into the Company of an old Companion of mine, who had manag'd his Matters in the World no better than I had done. We went to drink together ; he began, as the common Custom is, to tell of his Adventures. I made a Bargain with him to pay his Reckoning, upon Condition that he should faithfully teach me his Art. He taught it me very honestly, and now 'tis my Livelihood.

*Ir.* Mayn't a Body learn it?

*Mis.* I'll teach it you for nothing, for old Acquaintance Sake. You know, that there are every where a great many that are very fond of this Art.

*Ir.* I have heard so, and I believe it is true.

*Mis.* I take all Opportunities of insinuating myself into their Acquaintance, and talk big of my Art, and where-ever I find an hungry Sea-Cob, I throw him out a Bait.<sup>5</sup>

*Ir.* How do you do that?

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*Mis.* I caution him by all Means, not rashly to trust Men of that Profession, for that they are most of them Cheats, that by their *hocus focus* Tricks, pick the Pockets of those that are not cautious.

*Ir.* That Prologue is not fit for your Business.

*Mis.* Nay, I add this further, that I would not have them believe me myself, unless they saw the Matter plainly with their own Eyes, and felt it with their Hands.

*Ir.* You speak of a wonderful Confidence you have in your Art.

*Mis.* I bid them be present all the While the Metamorphosis is under the Operation, and to look on very attentively, and that they may have the less Reason to doubt, to perform the whole Operation with their own Hands, while I stand at a Distance, and don't so much as put my Finger to it. I put them to refine the melted Matter themselves, or carry it to the Refiners to be done; I tell them beforehand, how much Silver or Gold it will afford: And in the last Place, I bid them carry the melted Mass to several Goldsmiths, to have it try'd by the Touchstone.<sup>6</sup> They find the exact Weight that I told them; they find it to be the finest Gold or Silver, it is all one to me which it is, except that the Experiment in Silver is the less chargeable to me.

*Ir.* But has your Art no Cheat in it?

*Mis.* It is a mere Cheat all over.

*Ir.* I can't see where the Cheat lies.

*Mis.* I'll make you see it presently. I first make a Bargain for my Reward, but I won't be paid before I have given a Proof of the Thing itself: I give them a little Powder, as though the whole Business was effected by the Virtue of that; but I never tell them how to make it, except they purchase it at a very great Price. And I make them take an Oath, that for six Months they shall not discover the Secret to any Body living.

*Ir.* But I han't heard the Cheat yet.

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*Mis.* The whole Mystery lies in one Coal, that I have prepared for this Purpose. I make a Coal hollow, and into it I pour melted Silver, to the Quantity I tell them before-Hand will be produc'd. And after the Powder is put in, I set the Pot in such a Manner, that it is cover'd all over, above, beneath, and Sides, with Coals, and I persuade them, that the Art consists in that; among those Coals that are laid at Top, I put in one that has the Silver or Gold in it, that being melted by the Heat of the Fire, falls down among the other Metal, which melts, as suppose Tin or Brass, and upon the Separation, it is found and taken out.

*Ir.* A ready Way; but, how do you manage the Fallacy, when another does it all with his own hands?

*Mis.* When he has done every Thing, according to my Direction, before the Crucible is stirr'd, I come and look about, to see if nothing has been omitted, and then I say, that there seems to want a Coal or two at the Top, and pretending to take one out of the Coal-Heap, I privately lay on one of my own, or have laid it there ready before-Hand, which I can take, and no Body know any Thing of the Matter.

*Ir.* But when they try to do this without you, and does not succeed, what Excuse have you to make?

*Mis.* I'm safe enough when I have got my Money. I pretend one Thing or other, either that the Crucible was crack'd, or the Coals naught, or the Fire not well tempered. And in the last Place, one Part of the Mystery of my Profession is, never to stay long in the same Place.

*Ir.* And is there so much Profit in this Art as to maintain you?

*Mis.* Yes, and nobly too: And I would have you, for the future, if you are wise, leave off that wretched Trade of Begging, and follow ours.<sup>7</sup>

*Ir.* Nay, I should rather chuse to bring you back to our Trade.

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*Mis.* What, that I should voluntarily return again to that I have escap'd from, and forsake that which I have found profitable?

*Ir.* This Profession of ours has this Property in it, that it grows pleasant by Custom. And thence it is, that tho' many have fallen off from the Order of St. Francis or St. Benedict, did you ever know any that had been long in our Order, quit it? For you could scarce taste the Sweetness of Beggary in so few Months as you follow'd it.

*Mis.* That little Taste I had of it taught me, that it was the most wretched Life in Nature.

*Ir.* Why does no Body quit it then?

*Mis.* Perhaps, because they are naturally wretched.

*Ir.* I would not change this Wretchedness, for the Fortune of a King. For there is nothing more like a King, than the Life of a Beggar.

*Mis.* What strange Story do I hear? Is nothing more like Snow than a Coal?

*Ir.* Wherein consists the greatest Happiness of Kings?

*Mis.* Because in that they can do what they please.

*Ir.* As for that Liberty, than which nothing is sweeter, we have more of it than any King upon Earth; and I don't doubt, but there are many Kings that envy us Beggars. Let there be War or Peace we live secure, we are not press'd for Soldiers, nor put upon Parish-Offices, nor taxed. When the People are loaded with Taxes, there's no Scrutiny into our Way of Living. If we commit any Thing that is illegal, who will sue a Beggar? If we beat a Man, he will be asham'd to fight with a Beggar? Kings can't live at Ease neither in War or in Peace, and the greater they are, the greater are their Fears. The common People are afraid to offend us, out of a certain Sort of Reverence, as being consecrated to God.

*Mis.* But then, how nasty are ye in your Rags and Kennels?

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*Ir.* What do they signify to real Happiness? Those Things you speak of are out of a Man. We owe our Happiness to these Rags.

*Mis.* But I am afraid a good Part of your Happiness will fail you in a short Time.

*Ir.* How so?

*Mis.* Because I have heard a Talk in the Cities, that there will be a Law, that Mendicants shan't be allow'd to stroll about at their Pleasure, but every City shall maintain its own Poor; and that they that are able shall be made to work.

*Ir.* What Reason have they for this?

*Mis.* Because they find great Rogueries committed under Pretence of Begging, and that there are great Inconveniencies arise to the Publick from your Order.

*Ir.* Ay, I have heard these Stories Time after Time, and they'll bring it about when the Devil's blind.

*Mis.* Perhaps sooner than you'd have it.

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# THE FABULOUS FEAST <sup>1</sup>

## THE ARGUMENT

The fabulous Feast contains various Stories and pleasant Tales. Maccus puts a Trick upon a Shoemaker. A Fruiterer is put upon about her Figs. A very clever Cheat of a Priest, in relation to Money. Lewis the Eleventh, King of France, eats some of a Country-Man's Turnips, and gives him 1000 Crowns for an extraordinary large one that he made a Present of to him. A certain Man takes a Louse off of the King's Garment, and the King gives him 40 Crowns for it. The Courtiers are trick'd. One asks for an Office, or some publick Employment. To deny a Kindness presently, is to bestow a Benefit. Maximilian was very merciful to his Debtors. An old Priest Cheats an Usurer. Anthony salutes one upon letting a Fart, saying the Backside was the cleanest Part of the Body

*POLYMYTHUS, GELASINUS, EUTRAPELUS,  
ASTÆUS, PHILYTHLUS, PHILOGELOS, EU-  
GLOTTUS, LEROCHARES, ADOLESCHE,  
LEVINUS*

*Pol.* As it is unfitting for a well order'd City to be without Laws and without a Governor ; so neither ought a Feast to be without Orders and a President.<sup>2</sup>

*Ge.* If I may speak for the rest, I like it very well.

*Po.* Soho, Sirrah ! bring hither the Dice, the Matter shall be determin'd by their Votes ; he shall be our President that Jupiter shall favour. O brave ! Eutrapelus has it, the fittest Man that could be chosen, if we had every individual Man of us thrown. There is an usual Proverb, that has more Truth in't than good Latin, *Novus Rex nova Lex*, 'New Lords new Laws.'<sup>3</sup> Therefore, King, make thou Laws.

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*Ent.* That this may be a merry and happy Banquet, in the first Place I command, that no Man tell a Story but what is a ridiculous one. He that shall have no Story to tell, shall pay a Groat, to be spent in Wine; and Stories invented extempore shall be allow'd as legitimate, provided Regard be had to Probability and Decency.<sup>4</sup> If no Body shall want a Story, let those two that tell, the one the pleasantest, and the other the dullest, pay for Wine. Let the Master of the Feast be at no Charge for Wine, but only for the Provisions of the Feast. If any Difference about this Matter shall happen, let Gelasinus be Judge. If you agree to these Conditions, let 'em be ratified. He that won't observe the Orders, let him be gone, but with Liberty to come again to a Collation the next Day.

*Ge.* We give our Votes for the Passing the Bill our King has brought in. But who must tell the first Story?

*Ent.* Who should, but the Master of the Feast?

*As.* But, Mr. King, may I have the liberty to speak three Words?

*Ent.* What, do you take the Feast to be an unlucky one?<sup>5</sup>

*As.* The Lawyers deny that to be Law that is not just.

*Ent.* I grant it.

*As.* Your Law makes the best and worst Stories equal.

*Ent.* Where Diversion is the Thing aim'd at, there he deserves as much Commendation who tells the worst, as he that tells the best Story, because it affords as much Merriment; as amongst Songsters none are admir'd but they that sing very well, or they that sing very ill. Do not more laugh to hear the Cuckoo than to hear the Nightingal? In this Case Mediocrity is not Praise-worthy.

*As.* But pray, why must they be punish'd, that carry off the Prize?

*Ent.* Lest their too great Felicity should expose them

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to Envy, if they should carry away the Prize, and go Shot-free too.<sup>6</sup>

*As.* By Bacchus, Minos himself never made a juster Law.

*Phily.* Do you make no Order as to the Method of Drinking?

*Eut.* Having consider'd the Matter, I will follow the Example of Agesilaus King of the Lacedæmonians.<sup>7</sup>

*Phily.* What did he do?

*Eut.* Upon a certain Time, he being by Lot chosen Master of the Feast, when the Marshal of the Hall<sup>8</sup> ask'd him, how much Wine he should set before every Man; If, says he, you have a great Deal of Wine, let every Man have as much as he calls for, but if you're scarce of Wine, give every Man equally alike.

*Phily.* What did the Lacedæmonian mean by that?

*Eut.* He did this, that it might neither be a drunken Feast, nor a querulous one.

*Phily.* Why so?

*Eut.* Because some like to drink plentifully, and some sparingly, and some drink no Wine at all; such an one Romulus is said to have been. For if no Body has any Wine but what he asks for, in the first Place no Body is compell'd to drink, and there is no Want to them that love to drink more plentifully. And so it comes to pass that no Body is melancholy at the Table. And again, if of a less quantity of Wine every one has an equal Portion, they that drink moderately have enough; nor can any Body complain in an Equality, and they that would have drunk more largely, are contentedly temperate.

*Eut.* If you like it, this is the Example I would imitate, for I would have this Feast to be a fabulous, but not a drunken one.

*Phily.* But what did Romulus drink then?

*Eut.* The same that Dogs drink.

*Phily.* Was not that unbeseeming a King?

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*Ent.* No more than it is unseemly for a King to draw the same Air that Dogs do, unless there is this Difference, that a King does not drink the very same Water that a Dog drank, but a Dog draws in the very same Air that the King breath'd out ; and on the contrary, the King draws in the very same Air that the Dog breath'd out. It would have been much more to Alexander's Glory, if he had drunk with the Dogs. For there is nothing worse for a King, who has the Care of so many thousand Persons, than Drunkenness. But the Apothegm that Romulus very wittily made Use of, shews plainly that he was no Wine-Drinker. For when a certain Person, taking Notice of his abstaining from Wine, said to him, that Wine would be very cheap, if all Men drank as he did ; nay, says he, in my Opinion it would be very dear, if all Men drank it as I drink ; for I drink as much as I please.

*Ge.* I wish our John Botzemus, the Canon of Constance, was here ;<sup>9</sup> he'd look like another Romulus to us : For he is as abstemious, as he is reported to have been ; but nevertheless, he is a good-humoured, facetious Companion.

*Po.* But come on, if you can, I won't say 'drink and blow,'<sup>10</sup> which Plautus says is a hard Matter to do, but if you can eat and hear at one and the same Time, which is a very easy Matter, I'll begin the Exercise of telling Stories, and auspiciously. If the Story be not a pleasant one, remember 'tis a Dutch one. I suppose some of you have heard of the Name of Maccus ?

*Ge.* Yes, he has not been dead long.

*Po.* He coming once to the City of Leiden, and being a Stranger there, had a Mind to make himself taken Notice of for an arch Trick (for that was his Humour) ; he goes into a Shoemaker's Shop, and salutes him. The Shoemaker, desirous to sell his Ware, asks him what he would buy : Maccus setting his Eyes upon a Pair of Boots that hung up there, the Shoemaker ask'd

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him if he'd buy any Boots ; Maccus assenting to it, he looks out a Pair that would fit him, and when he had found 'em brings 'em out very readily, and, as the usual Way is, draws 'em on. Maccus being very well fitted with a Pair of Boots, How well, says he, would a Pair of double soal'd Shoes agree with these Boots? The Shoemaker asks him, if he would have a Pair of Shoes too. He assents, a Pair is look'd out presently and put on. Maccus commends the Boots, commends the Shoes.<sup>11</sup> The Shoemaker, glad in his Mind to hear him talk so, seconds him as he commended 'em, hoping to get a better Price, since the Customer lik'd his Goods so well. And by this Time they were grown a little familiar ; then says Maccus, Tell me upon your Word, whether it never was your Hap, when you had fitted a Man with Boots and Shoes, as you have me, to have him go away without paying for 'em? No, never in all my Life, says he. But, says Maccus, if such a Thing should happen to you, what would you do in the Case? Why, quoth the Shoemaker, I'd run after him. Then says Maccus, but are you in Jest or in Earnest? In Earnest, says the other, and I'd do it in Earnest too. Says Maccus, I'll try whether you will or no. See I run for the Shoes, and you're to follow me, and out he runs in a Minute ; the Shoemaker follows him immediately as fast as ever he could run, crying out, Stop Thief! stop Thief! this Noise brings the People out of their Houses ; Maccus laughing, hinders them from laying Hold of him by this Device, Don't stop me, says he, we are running a Race for a Wager of a Pot of Ale ; and so they all stood still and look'd on, thinking the Shoemaker had craftily made that Out-cry that he might have the Opportunity to get before him. At last the Shoemaker, being tir'd with running, gives out, and goes sweating, puffing and blowing Home again : So Maccus got the Prize.

*Ge.* Maccus indeed escap'd the Shoemaker, but did not escape the Thief.

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*Po.* Why so?

*Ge.* Because he carried the Thief along with him.

*Po.* Perhaps he might not have Money at that Time, but paid for 'em afterwards.

*Ge.* He might have indicted him for a Robbery.

*Po.* That was attempted afterwards, but now the Magistrates knew Maccus.

*Ge.* What did Maccus say for himself?

*Po.* Do you ask what he said for himself, in so good a Cause as this? The Plaintiff was in more Danger than the Defendant.

*Ge.* How so?

*Po.* Because he arrested him in an Action of Defamation, and prosecuted him upon the Statute of Rheims,<sup>12</sup> which says, that he that charges a Man with what he can't prove, shall suffer the Penalty, which the Defendant was to suffer if he had been convicted. He deny'd that he had meddled with another Man's Goods without his Leave, but that he put 'em upon him, and that there was no Mention made of any Thing of a Price; but that he challeng'd the Shoemaker to run for a Wager, and that he accepted the challenge, and that he had no Reason to complain because he had out-run him.

*Ge.* This Action was pretty much like that of the Shadow of the Ass.<sup>13</sup> Well, but what then?

*Po.* When they had had laughing enough at the Matter, one of the Judges invites Maccus to Supper, and paid the Shoemaker his Money. Just such another Thing happen'd at Daventer, when I was a Boy. It was at a Time when 'tis the Fishmonger's Fair, and the Butchers Time to be starv'd.<sup>14</sup> A certain Man stood at a Fruiterer's Stall, or Oporopolist's, if you'd have it in Greek. The Woman was a very fat Woman, and he star'd very hard upon the Ware she had to sell. She, according as the Custom is, invites him to have what he had a Mind to; and perceiving he set his Eyes upon some Figs, Would you please to have Figs? says she;

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they are very fine ones. He gives her a Nod. She asks him how many Pound, Would you have five Pound ? says she. He nods again ; she turns him five Pound into his Apron. While she is laying by her Scales, he walks off, not in any great haste, but very gravely. When she comes out to take her Money, her Chap was gone ; she follows him, making more Noise than Haste after him. He, taking no Notice, goes on ; at last a great many getting together at the Woman's Outcry, he stands still, pleads his Cause in the midst of the Multitude : there was very good Sport, he denies that he bought any Figs of her, but that she gave 'em him freely ; if she had a Mind to have a Trial for it, he would put in an Appearance.

*Ge.* Well, I'll tell you a Story not much unlike yours, nor perhaps not much inferior to it, saving it has not so celebrated an Author as Maccus. Pythagoras divided the Market into three Sorts of Persons, those that went thither to sell, those that went thither to buy ; both these Sorts were a careful Sort of People, and therefore unhappy : others came to see what was there to be sold, and what was done ; these only were the happy People, because being free from Care, they took their Pleasure freely. And this he said was the Manner that a Philosopher convers'd in this World, as they do in a Market. But there is a fourth Kind of Persons that walk about in our Markets, who neither buy nor sell, nor are idle Spectators of what others do, but lie upon the Catch to steal what they can. And of this last Sort there are some that are wonderful dextrous. You would swear they were born under a lucky Planet.<sup>15</sup> Our Entertainer gave us a Tale with an Epilogue, I'll give you one with a Prologue to it.<sup>16</sup> Now you shall hear what happen'd lately at Antwerp. An old Priest had receiv'd there a pretty handsome sum of Money, but it was in Silver. A Sharper has his Eye upon him ; he goes to the Priest, who had put his

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Money in a large Bag in his Cassock, where it boug'd out ; he salutes him very civilly, and tells him that he had Orders to buy a Surplice, which is the chief Vestment us'd in performing Divine Service,<sup>17</sup> for the Priest of his Parish ; he intreats him to lend him a little Assistance in this Matter, and to go with him to those that sell such Attire, that he might fit one according to his Size, because he was much about the same Stature with the Parson of his Parish. This being but a small Kindness, the old Priest promises to do it very readily. They go to a certain Shop, a Surplice is shew'd 'em, the old Priest puts it on, the Seller says, it fits him as exactly as if made for him ; the Sharper viewing the old Priest before and behind, likes the Surplice very well, but only found Fault that it was too short before. The Seller, lest he should lose his Customer, says, that was not the Fault of the Surplice, but that the Bag of Money that stuck out, made it look shorter there. To be short, the old Priest lays his Bag down ; then they view it over again, and while the old Priest stands with his Back towards it, the Sharper catches it up, and runs away as fast as he could : The Priest runs after him in the Surplice as he was, and the Shop-Keeper after the Priest ; the old Priest cries out, Stop Thief ! the Salesman cries out, Stop the Priest ! the Sharper cries out, Stop the mad Priest ! and they took him to be mad, when they saw him run in the open Street in such a Dress : so one hindring the other, the Sharper gets clear off.

*Eut.* Hanging is too good for such a Rogue.

*Ge.* It is so, if he be not hang'd already.

*Eut.* I would not have him hang'd only, but all those that encourage such monstrous Rogues<sup>18</sup> to the Damage of the State.

*Ge.* They don't encourage 'em for nothing ; there's a fellow Feeling between 'em from the lowest to the highest.

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*Eut.* Well, but let us return to our Stories again.

*Ast.* It comes to your Turn now, if it be meet to oblige a King to keep his Turn.

*Eut.* I won't need to be forc'd to keep my Turn, I'll keep it voluntarily ; I should be a Tyrant and not a King, if I refus'd to comply with those Laws I prescribe to others.

*Ast.* But some Folks say, that a Prince is above the Law.

*Eut.* That saying is not altogether false, if by Prince you mean that great Prince who was call'd Cæsar ; and then, if by being above the Law, you mean, that whereas others do in some Measure keep the Laws by Constraint, he of his own Inclination more exactly observes them. For a good Prince is that to the Body Politick, which the Mind is to the Body Natural. What Need was there to have said a good Prince, when a bad Prince is no Prince ? As an unclean Spirit that possesses the human Body, is not the Soul of that Body. But to return to my Story ; and I think that as I am King, it becomes me to tell a kingly Story. Lewis, King of France, the Eleventh of that Name, when his Affairs were disturb'd at Home, took a Journey to Burgundy ; and there upon the Occasion of a Hunting, contracted a Familiarity with one Conon, a Country Farmer, but a plain downright honest Man ; and Kings delight in the Conversation of such Men. The King, when he went a hunting, us'd often to go to his House ; and as great Princes do sometimes delight themselves with mean Matters, he us'd to be mightily pleas'd in eating of his Turnips. Not long after, Lewis having settled his Affairs, obtain'd the Government of the French Nation ; Conon's Wife puts him upon remembering the King of his old Entertainment at their House, bids him go to him, and make him a Present of some rare Turnips. Conon at first would not hear of it, saying he should lose his Labour, for that Princes took no

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Notice of such small Matters ; but his Wife overpersuaded him. Conon picks out a Parcel of choice Turnips, and gets ready for his Journey ; but growing hungry by the Way, eats 'em all up but one very large one. When Conon had got Admission into the Hall that the King was to pass thro', the King knew him presently, and sent for him ; and he with a great Deal of Cheerfulness offers his Present, and the King with as much Readiness of Mind receives it, commanding one that stood near him to lay it up very carefully among his greatest Rarities. He commands Conon to dine with him, and after Dinner thanks him ; and Conon being desirous to go back into his own Country, the King orders him 1000 Crowns for his Turnip. When the Report of this Thing, as it is common, was spread abroad thro' the King's Household-Servants, one of the Courtiers presents the King with a very fine Horse ; the King knowing that it was his Liberality to Conon that had put him upon this, he hoping to make a great Advantage by it, he accepted it with a great Deal of Pleasure, and calling a Council of his Nobles, began to debate, with what Present he should make a Recompence for so fine and valuable a Horse. In the mean Time the Giver of the Horse began to be flushed with Expectation, thinking thus with himself ; If he made such a Recompence for a poor Turnip offer'd him by a Country Farmer, how much more magnificently will he requite the Present of so fine a Horse by a Courtier ? When one answer'd one Thing, and another another to the King that was consulting about it, as a Matter of great Moment, and the designing Courtier had been for a long Time kept in Fools Paradise ;<sup>10</sup> At Length, says the King, it's just now come into my Mind what Return to make him, and calling one of his Noblemen to him, whispers him in the Ear, bids him go fetch him what he found in his Bedchamber (telling him the Place where it lay) choicely wrap'd up in Silk ; the Turnip is brought,

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and the King with his own Hand gives it the Courtier, wrap'd up as it was, saying that he thought he had richly requited the Present of the Horse by so choice a Rarity, as had cost him 1000 Crowns. The Courtier going away, and taking off the Covering, did not find a 'Coal instead of a Treasure,'<sup>20</sup> according to the old Proverb, but a dry Turnip : and so the Biter was bitten, and soundly laugh'd at by every Body into the Bargain.

*As.* But, Mr. King, if you'll please to permit me, who am but a Peasant, to speak of regal Matters, I'll tell you something that comes into my Mind, by hearing your Story, concerning the same Lewis. For as one Link of a Chain draws on another, so one Story draws on another. A certain Servant seeing a Louse crawling upon the King's Coat, falling upon his Knees and lifting up his Hand, gives Notice, that he had a Mind to do some Sort of Service ; Lewis offering himself to him, he takes off the Louse, and threw it away privately ; the King asks him what it was ; he seem'd ashamed to tell him, but the King urging him, he confess'd it was a Louse : That's a very good Sign, says he, for it shews me to be a Man, because this Sort of Vermin particularly haunts Mankind, especially while they are young ; and order'd him a Present of 40 Crowns for his good Service. Some Time after, another Person (who had seen how well he came off that had perform'd so small a Service) not considering that there is a great Difference between doing a Thing sincerely, and doing it craftily, approached the King with the like Gesture ; and he offering himself to him, he made a Shew of taking something off his Garment, which he presently threw away. But when the King was urgent upon him, seeming unwilling to tell what it was, mimicking Abundance of Modesty, he at last told him it was a Flea ; the King perceiving the Fraud, says to him, What, do you make a Dog of me? and orders him to be taken away, and instead of 40 Crowns orders him 40 Stripes.

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*Phily.* I hear it's no good jesting with Kings; for as Lions will sometimes stand still to be stroaked, are Lions again when they please, and kill their Play-Fellow; just so Princes play with Men. But I'll tell you a Story not much unlike yours; not to go off from Lewis, who us'd to take a Pleasure in tricking Tricksters.<sup>21</sup> He had receiv'd a Present of ten thousand Crowns from some Place, and as often as the Courtiers know the King has gotten any fresh Money, all the Officers are presently upon the Hunt to catch some Part of it; this Lewis knew very well, this Money being poured out upon a Table, he, to raise all their Expectations, thus bespeaks them; What say you, I am not a very rich King? Where shall I bestow all this Money? It was presented to me, and I think it is meet I should make Presents of it again. Where are all my Friends, to whom I am indebted for their good Services? Now let 'em come before this Money's gone. At that Word a great many came running; every Body hop'd to get some of it. The King taking Notice of one that look'd very wishfully upon it, and as if he would devour it with his Eyes, turning to him, says, Well, Friend, what have you to say? He inform'd the King, that he had for a long Time very faithfully kept the King's Hawks, and been at a great Expence thereby. One told him one Thing, another another, every one setting out his Service to the best Advantage, and ever and anon lying into the Bargain. The King heard 'em all very patiently, and approv'd of what they said. This Consultation held a long Time, that he might teaze them the more, by keeping them betwixt Hope and Despair. Among the rest stood the Great Chancellor, for the King had order'd him to be sent for too; he, being wiser than the rest, says never a word of his own good Services, but was only a Spectator of the Comedy. At Length the King turning toward him, says, Well, what says my Chancellor to the Matter? He is the only Man that asks

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nothing, and says never a Word of his good Services. I, says the Chancellor, have receiv'd more already from your royal Bounty, than I have deserved. I am so far from craving more, that I am not desirous of any Thing so much, as to behave myself worthy of the royal Bounty I have receiv'd. Then, says the King, you are the only Man of 'em all that does not want Money. Says the Chancellor, I must thank your Bounty that I don't. Then he turns to the others, and says, I am the most magnificent Prince in the World, that have such a wealthy Chancellor. This more inflam'd all their Expectations, that the Money would be distributed among them, since he desired none of it. When the King had play'd upon 'em after this Manner a pretty While, he made the Chancellor take it all up, and carry it Home ; then turning to the rest, who now look'd a little dull upon it, says he, You must stay till the next Opportunity.

*Philog.* Perhaps that I'm going to tell you, will not seem so entertaining. However, I entreat you that you would not be suspicious, that I use any Deceit or Collusion, or think that I have a Design to desire to be excus'd. One came to the same Lewis, with a Petition that he would bestow upon him an Office that happen'd to be vacant in the Town where he liv'd. The King hearing the Petition read, answers immediately, You shall not have it ; by that Means putting him out of any future Expectation ; the Petitioner immediately returns the King Thanks, and goes his Way. The King observing the Man's Countenance, perceiv'd he was no Blockhead,<sup>22</sup> and thinking perhaps he might have misunderstood what he said, bids him be call'd back again. He came back : then says the King ; Did you understand what I said to you ? I did understand you, quoth he : Why, what did I say ? That I should not have it, said he. What did you thank me for then ? Why, says he, I have some Business to do at Home, and therefore it

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would have been a Trouble to me to have here danc'd Attendance after a doubtful Hope ; now, I look upon it a Benefit that you have denied me the Office quickly, and so I count myself to have gain'd whatsoever I should have lost by Attendance upon it, and gone without it at last. By this Answer, the King seeing the Man to be no Blockhead, having ask'd him a few Questions, says he, You shall have what you ask'd for, that you may thank me twice, and turning to his Officers ; Let, says he, Letters patent<sup>23</sup> be made out for this Man without Delay, that he may not be detain'd here to his Detriment.

*Engl.* I could tell you a Story of Lewis, but I had rather tell one of our Maximilian, who as he was far from hiding his Money in the Ground, so he was very generous to those that had spent their Estates if they were nobly descended. He being minded to assist a young Gentleman, that had fallen under these Circumstances, sent him on an Embassy to demand an hundred thousand Florins of a certain City, but I know not upon what Account. But this was the Condition of it, that if he by his Dexterity could make any more of it, it should be his own. The Ambassador<sup>24</sup> extorted fifty thousand from 'em, and gave Cæsar thirty of 'em. Cæsar being glad to receive more than he expected, dismisses the Man without asking any Questions. In the mean Time the Treasurer and Receivers smelt the Matter, that he had receiv'd more than he had paid in ; they importune Cæsar to send for him ; he, being sent for, comes immediately : Says Maximilian, I hear you have receiv'd fifty thousand ? He confess'd it. But you have paid in but thirty thousand. He confess'd that too. Says he, You must give an Account of it. He promis'd he would do it, and went away. But again he doing nothing in it, the Officers pressing the Matter, he was call'd again ; then says Cæsar to him, A little while ago, you were order'd to make up the Account. Says he, I

remember it, and am ready to do it. Cæsar, imagining that he had not settled it, let him go again ; but he thus eluding the Matter, the Officers insisted more pressingly upon it, crying out, it was a great Affront to play upon Cæsar at this Rate. They persuaded the King to send for him, and make him balance the Account before them. Cæsar agrees to it, he is sent for, comes immediately, and does not refuse to do any Thing. Then says Cæsar, Did not you promise to balance the Account? Yes, said he. Well, says he, you must do it here ; here are some to take your Account ; it must be put off no longer. The Officers sat by, with Books ready for the Purpose. The young Man being come to this Pinch, replies very smartly ; Most invincible Cæsar, I don't refuse to give an Account, but am not very well skilled in these Sort of Accounts, never having given any ; but these that sit here are very ready at such Accounts. If I do but once see how they make up such Accounts, I can very easily imitate them. I entreat you to command them but to shew me an Example, and they shall see I am very docible. Cæsar perceived what he meant, but they, upon whom it was spoken did not, and smiling, answered him, You say true, and what you demand is nothing but what is reasonable : and so dismissed the young Man. For he intimated that they used to bring in such Accounts to Cæsar as he had, that is, to keep a good Part of the Money to themselves.

*Lz.* Now 'tis Time that our Story-telling should pass, as they say, from better to worse, from Kings to Anthony, a Priest of Louvain, who was much in Favour with Philip surnamed 'the Good' : there are a great many Things told of this Man, both merrily said, and wittily done, but most of them are something slovenly. For he used to season many of his Jokes with a Sort of Perfume that has not a handsome Sound, but a worse Scent. I'll pick out one of the cleanest of 'em. He had given an Invitation to one or two merry Fellows that he had

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met with by Chance as he went along ; and when he comes Home, he finds a cold Kitchen ; nor had he any Money in his Pocket, which was no new Thing with him ; here was but little Time for Consultation. Away he goes, and says nothing, but going into the Kitchen of a certain Usurer (that was an intimate Acquaintance, by Reason of frequent Dealings with him) when the Maid was gone out of the Way, he makes off with one of the brass Pots,<sup>25</sup> with the Meat ready boiled, under his Coat, carries it Home, gives it his Cook-Maid, and bids her pour out the Meat and Broth into another Earthen Pot, and rub the Usurer's Brass one till it was bright. Having done this, he sends his Boy to the Pawn-Broker<sup>26</sup> to borrow two Groats upon it, but charges him to take a Note, that should be a Testimonial, that such a Pot had been sent him. The Pawn-Broker not knowing the Pot being scour'd so bright, takes the Pawn, gives him a Note, and lays him down the Money, and with that Money the Boy buys Wine, and so he provided an Entertainment for him. By and by, when the Pawn-Broker's Dinner was going to be taken up, the Pot was missing. He scolds at the Cook-Maid ; she being put hardly to it, affirmed no Body had been in the Kitchen all that Day but Anthony. It seem'd an ill Thing to suspect a Priest. But however at last they went to him, search'd the House for the Pot, but no Pot was found. But in short, they charg'd him Home with the Pot, because he was the only Person who had been in the Kitchen till the Pot was missing. He confess'd that he had borrow'd a Pot, but that he had sent it Home again to him from whom he had it. But they denying it stiffly, and high Words arising, Anthony calling some Witnesses, Look you, quoth he, how dangerous a Thing it is to have to do with Men now-a-Days, without a Note under their Hands : I should have been in Danger of being indicted for Felony, if I had not had the Pawn-Broker's own Hand to shew. And with that he produces the Note of

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his Hand. They perceiv'd the Trick, and it made good Sport all the Country over, that the Pawn-Broker had lent Money upon his own Porridge-Pot. Men are commonly very well pleas'd with such Tricks, when they are put upon such as they have no good Opinion of, especially such as use to impose upon other Persons.

*Adol.* In Truth, by mentioning the Name of Anthony, you have laid open an Ocean of merry Stories ; but I'll tell but one, and a short one too, that was told me very lately. A certain Company of jolly Fellows, who are for a short Life, and a merry one, as they call it, were making merry together ; among the rest there was one Anthony, and another Person, a noted Fellow for an arch Trick, a second Anthony. And as 'tis the Custom of Philosophers, when they meet together to propound some Questions or other about the Things of Nature, so in this Company a Question was propos'd ; Which was the most honourable Part of a Man ? One said the Eyes, another said the Heart, another said the Brain, and others said other Parts ; and every one alleg'd some Reason for his Assertion. Anthony was bid to speak his Mind, and he gave his Opinion that the Mouth was the most honourable, and gave some Reason for't, I can't tell what. Upon that the other Person, that he might thwart Anthony, made Answer that that was the most honourable Part that we sit upon ; and when every one cry'd out, That was absurd, he back'd it with this Reason, that he was commonly accounted the most honourable that was first seated, and that this Honour was commonly done to the Part that he spoke of. They applauded his Opinion, and laughed heartily at it. The Man was mightily pleas'd with his Wit, and Anthony seem'd to have the worst on't. Anthony turn'd the Matter off very well, saying that he had given the prime Honour to the Mouth for no other Reason, but because he knew that the other Man would name some other Part, if it were but out of Envy to thwart him : A few Days after

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when they were both invited again to an Entertainment, Anthony going in, finds his Antagonist, talking with some other Persons, while Supper was getting ready, and turning his Arse towards him, lets a great Fart full in his Face. He being in a violent Passion, says to him, Out, you saucy Fellow, where was you drag'd up? <sup>27</sup> At Hogs Norton? Then says Anthony, What, are you angry? If I had saluted you with my Mouth, you would have answer'd me again; but now I salute you with the most honourable Part of the Body, in your own Opinion, you call me saucy Fellow. And so Anthony regain'd the Reputation he had lost. We have every one told our Tale. Now, Mr. Judge, it is your Business to pass Sentence.

*Ge.* Well, I'll do that, but not before every Man has taken off his Glass, and I'll lead the Way. But 'talk of the Devil and he'll appear.' <sup>28</sup>

*Po.* Levinus Panagathus brings no bad Luck along with him.

*Lev.* Well, pray what Diversion has there been among this merry Company?

*Po.* What should we do but tell merry Stories till you come?

*Lev.* Well then, I'm come to conclude the Meeting. I desire you all to come to Morrow to eat a Theological Dinner with me. <sup>29</sup>

*Ge.* You tell us of a melancholy Entertainment indeed.

*Lev.* That will appear. If you don't confess that it has been more entertaining than your fabulous one, I'll be content to be amerc'd a Supper; there is nothing more diverting than to treat of Trifles in a serious Manner.

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# THE LYING-IN WOMAN

## THE ARGUMENT

A Lying-in Woman had rather have a Boy than a Girl. Custom is a grievous Tyrant. A Woman argues that she is as good as her Husband. The Dignity of 'em both are compared. The Tongue is a Woman's best Weapon. The Mother herself ought to be the Nurse. She is not the Mother that bears the Child, but she that nurses it. The very Beasts themselves suckle their own Young. The Nurse's Milk corrupts oftentimes both the Genius and natural Constitution of the Infant. The Souls of some Persons inhabit Bodies ill organised. Cato judges it the principal Part of Felicity, to dwell happily. She is scarce half a Mother that refuses to bring up what she has brought forth. A Mother is so called from *μητρειν*. And in short, besides the Knowledge of a great many Things in Nature, here are many that occur in Morality

## EUTRAPELUS, FABULLA

*Eu.* Honest Fabulla, I am glad to see you ; I wish you well.

*Fa.* I wish you well heartily, Eutrapelus. But what's the Matter more than ordinary, that you that come so seldom to see me, are come now ? None of our Family has seen you this three Years.

*Eu.* I'll tell you, as I chanced to go by the Door, I saw the Knocker (called a Crow) tied up in a white Cloth,<sup>1</sup> I wondered what was the Matter.

*Fa.* What ! are you such a Stranger in this Country, as not to know that that's a Token of a lying-in Woman in that House ?

*Eu.* Why, pray, is it not a strange Sight to see a white Crow ? But without jesting, I did know very

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well what was the Matter ; but I could not dream, that you that are scarce sixteen, should learn so early the difficult Art of getting Children, which some can scarce attain before they are thirty.

*Fa.* As you are Eutrapelus by Name, so you are by Nature.

*Eu.* And so are you too. For Fabulla never wants a Fable. And while I was in a Quandary,<sup>2</sup> Polygamus came by just in the Nick of Time.

*Fa.* What, he that lately buried his tenth Wife?

*Eu.* The very same, but I believe you don't know that he goes a-courting as hotly as if he had lived all his Days a Batchelor. I ask'd him what was the Matter ; he told me that in this House the Body of a Woman had been dissever'd. For what great Crime, says I ? Says he, If what is commonly reported be true, the Mistress of this House attempted to circumcise her Husband, and with that he went away laughing.

*Fa.* He's a mere Wag.

*Eu.* I presently ran in a-Doors to congratulate your safe Delivery.

*Fa.* Congratulate my safe Delivery if you will, Eutrapelus, you may congratulate my happy Delivery, when you shall see him that I have brought forth give a Proof of himself to be an honest Man.

*Eu.* Indeed, my Fabulla, you talk very piously and rationally.

*Fa.* Nay, I am no Body's Fabulla but Petronius's.

*Eu.* Indeed you bear Children for Petronius alone, but you don't live for him alone, I believe. But however, I congratulate you upon this, that you have got a Boy.

*Fa.* But why, do you think it better to have a Boy than a Girl?

*Eu.* Nay, but rather you Petronius's Fabulla (for now I am afraid to call you mine) ought to tell me what Reason you Women have to wish for Boys rather than Girls?

*Fa.* I don't know what other People's Minds are ; at

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104      Consequences by Erasmus  
this Time I am glad I have a Boy, because so it pleased God. If it had pleased him best I should have had a Girl, it would have pleased me best too.

*Eu.* Do you think God has nothing else to do but be a Midwife to Women in Labour?

*Fa.* Pray, Eutrapelus, what should he do else, but preserve by Propagation, what he has founded by Creation?

*Eu.* What should he do else, good Dame? If he were not God, he'd never be able to do what he has to do. Christiernus King of Denmark,<sup>3</sup> a religious Favourer of the Gospel, is in Exile. Francis, King of France, is a Sojourner in Spain. I can't tell how well he may bear it, but I am sure he is a Man that deserves better Fortune. Charles labours with might and main to enlarge the Territories of his Monarchy. And Ferdinand is mightily taken up about his Affairs in Germany. And the Courtiers every where are almost Famished with Hunger after Money. The very Farmers raise dangerous Commotions, nor are deterred from their Attempts by so many Slaughters of Men, that have been made already. The People are for setting up an Anarchy, and the Church goes to Ruin with dangerous Factions. Christ's seamless Coat is rent asunder on all Sides.<sup>4</sup> God's Vineyard is spoiled by more Boars than one. The Authority of the Clergy with their Tythes, the Dignity of Divines, the Majesty of Monks is in Danger: Confession nods, Vows stagger, the Pope's Constitutions go to decay, the Eucharist is call'd in Question, and Antichrist is expected every Day, and the whole World seems to be in Travail to bring forth I know not what Mischief. In the mean Time the Turks overrun all where-e'er they come, and are ready to invade us and lay all waste, if they succeed in what they are about; and do you ask what God has else to do? I think he should rather see to secure his own Kingdom in Time.

*Fa.* Perhaps that which Men make the greatest

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Account of, seems to God of no Moment. But however, if you will, let us let God alone in this Discourse of ours. What is your Reason to think it is happier to bear a Boy than a Girl? It is the Part of a pious Person to think that best which God, who without Controversy is the best Judge, has given.

*Eu.* And if God should give you but a Cup made of Crystal, would you not give him thanks for it?

*Fa.* Yes, I would.

*Eu.* But what if he should give you one of common Glass, would you give him the like thanks? But I'm afraid instead of comforting you, by this Discourse, I should make you uneasy.

*Fa.* Nay, a Fabulla can be in no danger of being hurt by a Fable. I have lain in now almost a Month, and I am strong enough for a Match at Wrestling.

*Eu.* Why don't you get out of your Bed, then?

*Fa.* The King has forbid me.

*Eu.* What King?

*Fa.* Nay, a Tyrant rather.

*Eu.* What Tyrant prithee?

*Fa.* I'll tell you in one Syllable. Custom (*Mos*).

*Eu.* Alas! How many Things does that Tyrant exact beyond the Bounds of Equity? But let us go on to talk of our Crystal and our common Glass.

*Fa.* I believe you judge, that a Male is naturally more excellent and strong than a Female?

*Eu.* I believe they are.

*Fa.* That is Men's Opinion. But are Men any Thing longer-liv'd than Women? Are they free from Dis-temperers?

*Eu.* No, but in general they are stronger.

*Fa.* But then they themselves are excell'd by Camels in Strength.

*Eu.* But besides, the Male was created first.

*Fa.* So was Adam before Christ. Artists use to be most exquisite in their later Performances.<sup>5</sup>

*Eu.* But God put the Woman under Subjection to the Man.

*Fa.* It does not follow of Consequence, that he is the better because he commands, he subjects her as a Wife, and not purely as a Woman; and besides that he so puts the Wife under Subjection, that though they have each of them Power over the other, he will have the Woman to be obedient to the Man, not as to the more excellent, but to the more fierce Person. Tell me, Eutrapelus, which is the weaker Person, he that yields to another, or he that is yielded to?

*Eu.* I'll grant you that, if you will explain to me, what Paul meant when he wrote to the Corinthians, that 'Christ was the Head of the Man, and Man the Head of the Woman'; and again, when he said, that 'a Man was the Image and Glory of God, and a Woman the Glory of the Man.'

*Fa.* Well! I'll resolve you that, if you answer me this Question, Whether or no, it is given to Men alone, to be the Members of Christ?

*Eu.* God forbid, that is given to all Men and Women too by Faith.

*Fa.* How comes it about then, that when there is but one Head, it should not be common to all the Members? And besides that, since God made Man in his own Image, whether did he express this Image in the Shape of his Body, or the Endowments of his Mind?

*Eu.* In the Endowments of his Mind.

*Fa.* Well, and I pray what have Men in these more excellent than we have? In both Sexes, there are many Drunkennesses, Brawls, Fightings, Murders, Wars, Rapines, and Adulteries.

*Eu.* But we Men alone fight for our Country.

*Fa.* And you Men often desert from your Colours, and run away like Cowards; and it is not always for the Sake of your Country, that you leave your Wives and Children, but for the Sake of a little nasty Pay; and,

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worse than Fencers at the Bear-Garden, you deliver up your Bodies to a slavish Necessity of being killed, or yourselves killing others. And now after all your Boasting of your warlike Prowess, there is none of you all, but if you had once experienced what it is to bring a Child into the World, would rather be placed ten Times in the Front of a Battle, than undergo once what we must so often. An Army does not always fight, and when it does, the whole Army is not always engaged. Such as you are set in the main Body, others are kept for Bodies of Reserve, and some are safely posted in the Rear; and lastly, many save themselves by surrendring, and some by running away. We are obliged to encounter Death, Hand to Hand.

*Eu.* I have heard these Stories before now; but the Question is, Whether they are true or not?

*Fa.* Too true.

*Eu.* Well then, Fabulla, would you have me persuade your Husband never to touch you more? For if so, you'll be secure from that Danger.

*Fa.* In Truth, there is nothing in the World I am more desirous of, if you were able to effect it.

*Eu.* If I do persuade him to it, what shall I have for my Pains?

*Fa.* I'll present you with half a Score dry'd Neats-Tongues.

*Eu.* I had rather have them than the Tongues of ten Nightingales. Well, I don't dislike the Condition, but we won't make the Bargain obligatory, before we have agreed on the Articles.

*Fa.* And if you please, you may add any other Article.

*Eu.* That shall be according as you are in the Mind after your Month is up.

*Fa.* But why not according as I am in the Mind now?

*Eu.* Why, I'll tell you, because I am afraid you will not be in the same Mind then; and so you would have

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double Wages to pay, and I double Work to do, of persuading and dissuading him.

*Fa.* Well, let it be as you will then. But come on, shew me why the Man is better than the Woman.

*Eu.* I perceive you have a Mind to engage with me in Discourse, but I think it more adviseable to yield to you at this Time. At another Time I'll attack you when I have furnished myself with Arguments ; but not without a Second neither. For where the Tongue is the Weapon that decides the Quarrel, seven Men are scarce able to Deal with one Woman.

*Fa.* Indeed the Tongue is a Woman's Weapon ; but you Men are not without it neither.

*Eu.* Perhaps so, but where is your little Boy?

*Fa.* In the next Room.

*Eu.* What is he doing there, cooking the Pot?

*Fa.* You Trifler, he's with his Nurse.

*Eu.* What Nurse do you talk of? Has he any Nurse but his Mother?

*Fa.* Why not? It is the Fashion.

*Eu.* You quote the worst Author in the World, Fabulla, the Fashion ; 'tis the Fashion to do amiss, to game, to whore, to cheat, to be drunk, and to play the Rake.

*Fa.* My Friends would have it so ; they were of Opinion I ought to favour myself, being young.

*Eu.* But if Nature gives Strength to conceive, it doubtless gives Strength to give Suck too.

*Fa.* That may be.

*Eu.* Prithee tell me, don't you think Mother is a very pretty Name?

*Fa.* Yes, I do.

*Eu.* And if such a Thing were possible, would you endure it, that another Woman should be call'd the Mother of your Child?

*Fa.* By no Means.

*Eu.* Why then do you voluntarily make another

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Woman more than half the Mother of what you have brought into the World?

*Fa.* O fy! Eutrapelus, I don't divide my Son in two, I am intirely his Mother, and no Body in the World else.

*Eu.* Nay, Fabulla, in this Case Nature herself blames you to your Face. Why is the Earth call'd the Mother of all Things? Is it because she produces only? Nay, much rather, because she nourishes those Things she produces: that which is produced by Water, is fed by Water. There is not a living Creature or a Plant that grows on the Face of the Earth, that the Earth does not feed with its own Moisture. Nor is there any living Creature that does not feed its own Offspring. Owls, Lions, and Vipers, feed their own Young, and does Womankind make her Offspring Offcasts? Pray, what can be more cruel than they are, that turn their Offspring out of Doors for Laziness, not to supply them with Food?

*Fa.* That you talk of is abominable.

*Eu.* But Womankind don't abominate it. Is it not a Sort of turning out of Doors, to commit a tender little Infant, yet reaking of the Mother, breathing the very Air of the Mother, imploring the Mother's Aid and Help with its Voice, which they say will affect even a brute Creature, to a Woman perhaps that is neither wholesome in Body, nor honest, who has more Regard to a little Wages, than to your Child?

*Fa.* But they have made Choice of a wholesome, sound Woman.

*Eu.* Of this the Doctors are better Judges than yourself. But put the Case, she is as healthful as yourself, and more too; do you think there is no Difference between your little tender Infant's sucking its natural and familiar Milk, and being cherish'd with Warmth it has been accustomed to, and its being forc'd to accustom itself to those of a Stranger? Wheat being sown in a strange Soil, degenerates into Oats or small Wheat. A Vine being transplanted into another Hill, changes its

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Nature. A Plant when it is pluck'd from its Parent Earth, withers, and as it were dies away, and does in a Manner the same when it is transplanted from its Native Earth.

*Fa.* Nay, but they say, Plants that have been transplanted and grafted, lose their wild Nature, and produce better Fruit.

*Eu.* But not as soon as ever they peep out of the Ground, good Madam. There will come a Time, by the Grace of God, when you will send away your young Son from you out of Doors, to be accomplish'd with Learning and undergo harsh Discipline, and which indeed is rather the Province of the Father than of the Mother. But now its tender Age calls for Indulgence. And besides, whereas the Food, according as it is, contributes much to the Health and Strength of the Body, so more especially it is essential to take Care, with what Milk that little, tender, soft Body be season'd. For Horace's Saying takes Place here.<sup>6</sup> *Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu.* 'What is bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh.'

*Fa.* I don't so much concern myself as to his Body, so his Mind be but as I would have it.

*Eu.* That indeed is piously spoken, but not philosophically.

*Fa.* Why not?

*Eu.* Why do you, when you shred Herbs, complain your Knife is blunt, and order it to be whetted? Why do you reject a blunt-pointed Needle, when that does not deprive you of your Art?

*Fa.* Art is not wanting, but an unfit Instrument hinders the exerting it.

*Eu.* Why do they that have much Occasion to use their Eyes, avoid Darnel and Onions?

*Fa.* Because they hurt the Sight.

*Eu.* Is it not the Mind that sees?

*Fa.* It is, for those that are dead see nothing. But

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what can a Carpenter do with an Axe whose Edge is spoiled?

*Eu.* Then you do acknowledge the Body is the Organ of the Mind?

*Fa.* That's plain.

*Eu.* And you grant that in a vitiated Body the Mind either cannot act at all, or if it does, it is with Inconvenience.

*Fa.* Very likely.

*Eu.* Well, I find I have an intelligent Person to deal with; suppose the Soul of a Man was to pass into the Body of a Cock, would it make the same Sound it does now?

*Fa.* No, to be sure.

*Eu.* What would hinder?

*Fa.* Because it would want Lips, Teeth, and a Tongue, like to that of a Man. It has neither the Epiglottis, nor the three Cartilages, that are moved by three Muscles, to which Nerves are joined that come from the Brain; nor has it Jaws and Teeth like a Man's.

*Eu.* What if it should go into the Body of a Swine?

*Fa.* Then it would grunt like a Swine.

*Eu.* What if it should pass into the Body of a Camel?

*Fa.* It would make a Noise like a Camel.

*Eu.* What if it should pass into the Body of an Ass, as it happened to Aptileius?

*Fa.* Then I think it would bray as an Ass does.

*Eu.* Indeed he is a Proof of this, who when he had a Mind to call after Cæsar, having contracted his Lips as much as he possibly could, scarce pronounced O, but could by no means pronounce Cæsar. The same Person, when having heard a Story, and that he might not forget it, would have written it, reprehended himself for his foolish Thought, when he beheld his solid Hoofs.

*Fa.* And he had Cause enough.

*Eu.* Then it follows that the Soul does not see well thro' purblind Eyes. The Ears hear not clearly when

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stopped with Filth. The Brain smells not so well when oppressed with Phlegm. And a Member feels not so much when it is benumbed. The Tongue tastes less, when vitiated with ill Humours.

*Eu.* These Things can't be denied.

*Eu.* And for no other Cause, but because the Organ is vitiated.

*Fa.* I believe the same.

*Eu.* Nor will you deny, I suppose, that sometimes it is vitiated by Food and Drink?

*Fa.* I'll grant that too, but what signifies that to the Goodness of the Mind?

*Eu.* As much as Darnel does to a clear Eye-Sight.<sup>8</sup>

*Fa.* Because it vitiates the Organ.

*Eu.* Well answer'd. But solve me this Difficulty : Why is it that one understands quicker than another, and has a better Memory ; why is one more prone to Anger than another ; or is more moderate in his Resentment?

*Fa.* It proceeds from the Disposition of the Mind.

*Eu.* That won't do. Whence comes it that one who was formerly of a very ready Wit, and a retentive Memory, becomes afterwards stupid and forgetful, either by a Blow or a Fall, by Sickness or old Age?

*Fa.* Now you seem to play the Sophister with me.

*Eu.* Then do you play the Sophistress with me.

*Fa.* I suppose you would infer, that as the Mind sees and hears by the Eyes and Ears, so by some Organs it also understands, remembers, loves, hates, is provoked and appeas'd?

*Eu.* Right.

*Fa.* But pray what are those Organs, and where are they situated?

*Eu.* As to the Eyes, you see where they are.

*Fa.* I know well enough where the Ears, and the Nose and the Palate are ; and that the Body is all over

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sensible of the Touch, unless when some Member is seized with a Numbness.

*Eu.* When a Foot is cut off, yet the Mind understands.

*Fa.* It does so, and when a Hand is cut off too.

*Eu.* A Person that receives a violent Blow on the Temples, or hinder-Part of his Head, falls down like one that is dead, and is unsensible.

*Fa.* I have sometimes seen that myself.

*Eu.* Hence it is to be collected, that the Organs of the Will, Understanding, and Memory, are placed within the Skull, being not so crass as the Eyes and Ears, and yet are material, in as much as the most subtile Spirits that we have in the Body are corporeal.

*Fa.* And can they be vitiated with Meat and Drink too?

*Eu.* Yes.

*Fa.* The Brain is a great Way off from the Stomach.

*Eu.* And so is the Funnel of a Chimney from the Fire-Hearth, yet if you sit upon it you'll feel the Smoke.

*Fa.* I shan't try that Experiment.

*Eu.* Well, if you won't believe me, ask the Storks. And so it is of Moment what Spirits, and what Vapours ascend from the Stomach to the Brain, and the Organs of the Mind. For if these are crude or cold, they stay in the Stomach.

*Fa.* Pshaw! You're describing to me an Alembick<sup>o</sup> in which we distil Simple-Waters.

*Eu.* You don't guess much amiss. For the Liver, to which the Gall adheres, is the Fire-Place; the Stomach, the Pan; the Skull, the Top of the Still; and if you please, you may call the Nose the Pipe of it. And from this Flux or Reflux of Humours, almost all Manner of Diseases proceed, according as a different Humour falls down after a different Manner, sometimes into the Eyes, sometimes into the Stomach, sometimes into the Shoulders, and sometimes into the Neck, and elsewhere. And that you may understand me the better, why have

those that guzzle a great Deal of Wine bad Memories? Why are those that feed upon light Food, not of so heavy a Disposition? Why does Coriander help the Memory? Why does Hellebore purge the Memory?<sup>10</sup> Why does a great Expletion cause an Epilepsy, which at once brings a Stupor upon all the Senses, as in a profound Sleep? In the last Place, as violent Thirst or Want weaken the Strength of Wit or Memory in Boys, so Food eaten immoderately makes Boys dull-headed, if we believe Aristotle; in that the Fire of the Mind is extinguish'd by the heaping on too much Matter.

*Fa.* Why then, is the Mind corporeal, so as to be affected with corporeal Things?

*Eu.* Indeed the Nature itself of the rational Soul is not corrupted; but the Power and Action of it are impeded by the Organs being vitiated, as the Art of an Artist will stand him in no Stead, if he has not Instruments.

*Fa.* Of what Bulk, and in what Form is the Mind?

*Eu.* You ask a ridiculous Question, what Bulk and Form the Mind is of, when you have allow'd it to be incorporeal.

*Fa.* I mean the Body that is felt.

*Eu.* Nay, those Bodies that are not to be felt are the most perfect Bodies, as God and the Angels.

*Fa.* I have heard that God and Angels are Spirits, but we feel the Spirit.<sup>11</sup>

*Eu.* The Holy Scriptures condescend to those low Expressions, because of the Dullness of Men, to signify a Mind pure from all Commerce of sensible Things.

*Fa.* Then what is the Difference between an Angel and a Mind?

*Eu.* The same that is between a Snail and a Cockle, or, if you like the Comparison better, a Tortoise.

*Fa.* Then the Body is rather the Habitation of the Mind than the Instrument of it?

*Eu.* There is no Absurdity in calling an adjunct

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Instrument an Habitation. Philosophers are divided in their Opinions about this. Some call the Body the Garment of the Soul, some the House, some the Instrument, and some the Harmony ; call it by which of these you will, it will follow that the Actions of the Mind are impeded by the Affections of the Body. In the first Place, if the Body is to the Mind that which a Garment is to the Body, the Garment of Hercules informs us how much a Garment contributes to the Health of the Body,<sup>12</sup> not to take any Notice of Colours of Hairs or of Skins. But as to that Question, whether one and the same Soul is capable of wearing out many Bodies, it shall be left to Pythagoras.<sup>13</sup>

*Fa.* If, according to Pythagoras, we could make Use of Change of Bodies, as we do of Apparel, it would be convenient to take a fat Body, and of a thick Texture, in Winter Time, and a thinner and lighter Body in Summer Time.

*Eu.* But I am of the Opinion, that if we wore out our Body at last as we do our Cloaths, it would not be convenient ; for so having worn out many Bodies, the Soul itself would grow old and die.

*Fa.* It would not truly.

*Eu.* As the Sort of Garment that is worn hath an Influence on the Health and Agility of the Body, so it is of great Moment what Body the Soul wears.

*Fa.* If indeed the Body is the Garment of the Soul, I see a great many that are dress'd after a very different Manner.

*Eu.* Right, and yet some Part of this Matter is in our own Power, how conveniently our Souls shall be cloathed.

*Fa.* Come, have done with the Garment, and say something concerning the Habitation.

*Eu.* But, Fabulla, that what I say to you mayn't be thought a Fiction, the Lord Jesus calls his Body a Temple, and the Apostle Peter calls his a Tabernacle.

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And there have been some that have call'd the Body the Sepulchre of the Soul, supposing it was call'd *σῶμα*, as tho' it were *σῆμα*. Some call it the Prison of the Mind, and some the Fortress or fortify'd Castle. The Minds of Persons that are pure in every Part, dwell in the Temple. They whose Minds are not taken up with the Love of corporeal Things, dwell in a Tent, and are ready to come forth as soon as the Commander calls.<sup>14</sup> The Soul of those that are wholly blinded with Vice and Filthiness, so that they never breathe after the Air of Gospel Liberty, lies in a Sepulchre. But they that wrestle hard with their Vices, and can't yet be able to do what they would do, their Soul dwells in a Prison, whence they frequently cry out to the Deliverer of all, 'Bring my Soul out of Prison, that I may praise thy Name, O Lord.' They who fight strenuously with Satan, watching and guarding against his Snares, who goes about as 'a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour'; their Soul is as it were in a Garrison, out of which they must not go without the General's Leave.

*Fa.* If the Body be the Habitation or House of the Soul, I see a great many whose Mind is very illy seated.

*Eu.* It is so, that is to say, in Houses where it rains in, that are dark, exposed to all Winds, that are smoaky, damp, decay'd, and ruinous, and such as are filthy and infected: and yet Cato accounts it the principal Happiness of a Man, to dwell handsomly.

*Fa.* It were tolerable, if there was any passing out of one House into another.

*Eu.* There's no going out before the Landlord calls out.<sup>15</sup> But tho' we can't go out, yet we may by our Art and Care make the Habitation of our Mind commodious: as in a House the Windows are changed, the Floor taken up, the Walls are either plaistered or wainscoted, and the Situation may be purified with Fire or Perfume. But this is a very hard Matter, in an old Body that

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is near its Ruin. But it is of great Advantage to the Body of a Child, to take the Care of it that ought to be taken presently after its Birth.

*Fa.* You would have Mothers and Nurses to be Doctors.

*Eu.* So indeed I would, as to the Choice and moderate Use of Meat, Drink, Motion, Sleep, Baths, Unctions, Frictions, and Cloathings. How many are there, think you, who are expos'd to grievous Diseases and Vices, as Epilepsies, Leanness, Weakness, Deafness, broken Backs, crooked Limbs, a weak Brain, disturbed Minds, and for no other Reason than that their Nurses have not taken a due Care of them?

*Fa.* I wonder you are not rather a Franciscan than a Painter, who preach so finely.

*Eu.* When you are a Nun of the Order of St. Clare, then I'll be a Franciscan, and preach to you.

*Fa.* In Truth, I would fain know what the Soul is, about which we hear so much, and talk of so often, and no Body has seen.

*Eu.* Nay, every Body sees it that has Eyes.

*Fa.* I see Souls painted in the Shape of little Infants, but why do they put Wings to them as they do to Angels?

*Eu.* Why, because, if we can give any Credit to the Fables of Socrates, their Wings were broken by their falling from Heaven.<sup>10</sup>

*Fa.* How then are they said to fly up to Heaven?

*Eu.* Because Faith and Charity make their Wings grow again. He that was weary of this House of his Body, begg'd for these Wings, when he cry'd out, 'Who will give me the Wings of a Dove, that I may fly away and be at rest.' Nor has the Soul any other Wings, being incorporeal, nor any Form that can be beheld by the Eyes of the Body. But those Things that are perceiv'd by the mind, are more certain. Do you believe the Being of God?

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*Fa.* Yes, I do.

*Eu.* But nothing is more invisible than God.

*Fa.* He is seen in the Works of Creation.

*Eu.* In like Manner the Soul is seen in Action. If you would know how it acts in a living Body, consider a dead Body. When you see a Man Feel, See, Hear, Move, Understand, Remember and Reason, you see the Soul to be in him with more Certainty than you see this Tankard; for one Sense may be deceiv'd, but so many Proofs of the Senses cannot deceive you.

*Fa.* Well, then, if you can't shew me the Soul, paint it out to me, just as you would the King, whom I never did see.

*Eu.* I have Aristotle's Definition ready for you.

*Fa.* What is it? For they say he was a very good Decypherer of every Thing.

*Eu.* 'The Soul is the Act of an Organical, Physical Body, having Life in Potentia.'<sup>17</sup>

*Fa.* Why does he rather call it an 'Act' than a 'Journey' or 'Way'?

*Eu.* Here's no Regard either to Coachmen or Horsemen, but a bare Definition of the Soul. And he calls the Form 'Act,' the nature of which is to 'act,' when it is the Property of Matter to 'suffer.' For all natural Motion of the Body proceeds from the Soul. And the Motion of the Body is various.

*Fa.* I take that in; but why does he add 'of an Organical'?

*Eu.* Because the Soul does nothing but by the Help of Organs, that is, by the Instruments of the Body.

*Fa.* Why does he say 'Physical'?

*Eu.* Because Dædalus made such a Body to no Purpose; and therefore he adds, 'having Life in Potentia.' Form does not act upon every Thing; but upon a Body that is capable.

*Fa.* What if an Angel should pass into the Body of a Man?

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*Eu.* He would act indeed, but not by the natural Organs, nor would he give Life to the Body if the Soul was absent from it.

*Fa.* Have I had all the Account that is to be given of the Soul?

*Eu.* You have Aristotle's Account of it.

*Fa.* Indeed I have heard he was a very famous Philosopher, and I am afraid that the College of Sages<sup>18</sup> would prefer a Bill of Heresy against me, if I should say any Thing against him; but else all that he has said concerning the soul of a Man, is as applicable to the Soul of an Ass or an Ox.

*Eu.* Nay, that's true, or to a Beetle or a Snail.

*Fa.* What Difference then is there between the Soul of an Ox, and that of a Man?

*Eu.* They that say the Soul is nothing else but the Harmony of the Qualities of the Body, would confess that there was no great Difference; and that this Harmony being interrupted, the Souls of both of them do perish. The Soul of a Man and an Ox is not distinguished; but that of an Ox has less Knowledge than the Soul of a Man. And there are some Men to be seen that have less Understanding than an Ox.

*Fa.* In Truth, they have the Mind of an Ox.

*Eu.* This indeed concerns you, that according to the Quality of your Guittar, your Musick will be the sweeter.

*Fa.* I own it.

*Eu.* Nor is it of small Moment of what Wood, and in what Shape your Guittar is made.

*Fa.* Very true.

*Eu.* Nor are Fiddle-Strings made of the Guts of every Animal.

*Fa.* So I have heard.

*Eu.* They grow slack or tight by the Moisture and Dryness of the circumambient Air, and will sometimes break.

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*Fa.* I have seen that more than once.

*Eu.* On this Account you may do uncommon Service to your little Infant, that his Mind may have an Instrument well tempered, and not vitiated, nor relaxed by Sloth, nor squeaking with Wrath, nor hoarse with intemperate drinking. For Education and Diet oftentimes impress us with these Affections.

*Fa.* I'll take your Counsel ; but I want to hear how you can defend Aristotle.

*Eu.* He indeed in general describes the Soul, Animal, Vegetative, and Sensitive. The Soul gives Life, but every Thing that has Life is not an Animal. For Trees live, grow old, and die ; but they have no Sense ; tho' some attribute to them a stupid Sort of Sense. In Things that adhere one to another, there is no Sense to be perceived, but it is found in a Sponge by those that pull it off. Hewers discover a Sense in Timber-Trees,<sup>19</sup> if we may believe them : For they say, that if you strike the Trunk of a Tree that you design to hew down, with the Palm of your Hand, as Wood-Mongers use to do, it will be harder to cut that Tree down because it has contracted itself with Fear. But that which has Life and Feeling is an Animal. But nothing hinders that which does not feel, from being a Vegetable, as Mushrooms, Beets, and Coleworts.

*Fa.* If they have a Sort of Life, a Sort of Sense, and Motion in their growing, what hinders but that they may be honoured with the Title of Animals ?

*Eu.* Why, the Antients did not think fit to call them so, and we must not deviate from their Ordinances, nor does it signify much as to what we are upon.

*Fa.* But I can't bear the Thoughts on't, that the Soul of a Beetle and of a man should be the same.

*Eu.* Good Madam, it is not the same, saving in some Respects ; your Soul animates, vegetates, and renders your Body sensible ; the Soul of the Beetle animates his Body : For that some Things act one Way, and some

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another, that the Soul of a Man acts differently from the Soul of a Beetle, partly proceeds from the Matter ; a Beetle neither sings nor speaks, because it wants Organs fit for these Actions.

*Fa.* Why then, you say that if the Soul of a Beetle should pass into the Body of a Man, it would act as the human Soul does.

*Eu.* Nay, I say not, if it were an angelical Soul : And there is no Difference between an Angel and a human Soul, but that the Soul of a Man was formed to act a human Body compos'd of natural Organs ; and as the Soul of a Beetle will move nothing but the Body of a Beetle, an Angel was not made to animate a Body, but to be capable to understand without bodily Organs.

*Fa.* Can the Soul do the same Thing?

*Eu.* It can indeed, when it is separated from the Body.

*Fa.* Is it not at its own Disposal, while it is in the Body?

*Eu.* No indeed, except something happen beside the common Course of Nature.

*Fa.* In Truth, instead of one Soul you have given me a great many ; an animal, a vegetative, a sensitive, an intelligent, a remembring, a willing, an angry, and desiring : One was enough for me.

*Eu.* There are different Actions of the same Soul, and these have different Names.

*Fa.* I don't well understand you.

*Eu.* Well then, I'll make you understand me : You are a Wife in the Bed-Chamber, in your Work-Shop a Weaver of Hangings, in your Warehouse a Seller of them, in your Kitchen a Cook, among your Servants a Mistress, and among your Children a Mother ; and yet you are all these in the same House.

*Fa.* You philosophize very bluntly.<sup>20</sup> Is then the Soul so in the Body as I am in my House?

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*Eu.* It is.

*Fa.* But while I am weaving in my Work-Shop, I am not cooking in my Kitchen.

*Eu.* Nor are you all Soul, but a Soul carrying about a Body, and the Body can't be in many Places at the same Time; but the Soul being a simple Form, is so in the whole Body, tho' it does not act the same in all Parts of the Body, nor after the same Manner, how differently affected soever they are: For it understands and remembers in the Brain, it is angry in the Heart, it lusts in the Liver, it hears with the Ears, sees with the Eyes, smells with the Nose, it tastes in the Palate and Tongue, and feels in all Parts of the Body which are adjoined to any nervous Part: But it does not feel in the Hair, nor the Ends of the Nails; neither do the Lungs feel of themselves, nor the Liver, nor perhaps the Milt neither.

*Fa.* So that in certain Parts of the Body it only animates and vegetates.

*Eu.* It should seem so.

*Fa.* If one and the same Soul does all these Things in one and the same Man, it follows of Consequence, that the *Fœtus* in the Womb of the Mother, both feels and understands, as soon as it begins to grow; which is a Sign of Life, unless a Man in his Formation has more Souls than one, and afterwards the rest giving Place, one acts all. So that at first a Man is a Plant, then an Animal, and lastly a Man.

*Eu.* Perhaps Aristotle would not think what you say absurd: I think it is more probable, that the rational Soul is infus'd with the Life, and that like a little Fire that is buried as it were under too great a Quantity of green Wood, it cannot exert its Power.

*Fa.* Why then is the Soul bound to the Body that it acts and moves?

*Eu.* No otherwise than a Tortoise is bound or tied to the Shell that he carries about.

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*Fa.* He does move it indeed ; but so at the same Time that he moves himself too, as a Pilot steers a Ship, turning it which Way he will, and is at the same Time mov'd with it.

*Eu.* Ay, and as a Squirrel turns his Wheel-Cage about, and is himself carried about with it.

*Fa.* And so the Soul affects the Body, and is affected by the Body.

*Eu.* Yes, indeed, as to its Operations.

*Fa.* Why then, as to the Nature of it, the Soul of a Fool is equal to the Soul of Solomon ?

*Eu.* There's no Absurdity in that.

*Fa.* And so the Angels are equal, in as much as they are without Matter, which, you say, is that which makes the Inequality.

*Eu.* We have had Philosophy enough : Let Divines puzzle themselves about these Things ; let us discourse of those Matters that were first mentioned. If you would be a compleat Mother, take Care of the Body of your little Infant, so that after the little Fire of the Mind has disengaged itself from the Vapours, it may have sound and fit Organs to make Use of. As often as you hear your Child crying, think this with yourself, he calls for this from me. When you look upon your Breasts, those two little Fountains, turgid, and of their own Accord streaming out a milky Juice, remember Nature puts you in Mind of your Duty : Or else when your Infant shall begin to speak, and with his pretty Stammering shall call you Mammy, How can you hear it without blushing ? when you have refus'd to let him have it, and turn'd him off to a hireling Nipple, as if you had committed him to a Goat or a Sheep. When he is able to speak, what if, instead of calling you Mother, he should call you Half-Mother ? I suppose you would whip him : Altho' indeed she is scarce Half a Mother that refuses to feed what she has brought into the World. The nourishing of the tender Babe is the best Part of

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Geniture : For he is not only fed by the Milk, but with the Fragrancy or the Body of the Mother. He requires the same natural, familiar, accustomed Moisture, that he drew in when in her Body, and by which he received his Coalition. And I am of that Opinion, that the Genius of Children are vitiated by the Nature of the Milk they suck, as the Juices of the Earth change the Nature of those Plants and Fruits that it feeds. Do you think there is no Foundation in Reason for this Saying, 'He suck'd in this ill Humour with the Nurse's Milk'? Nor do I think the Greeks spoke without Reason, when they said 'like Nurses,' when they would intimate that any one was starved at Nurse : For they put a little of what they chew into the Child's Mouth, but the greatest Part goes down their own Throats. And indeed she can hardly properly be said to bear a Child, that throws it away as soon as she has brought it forth ; that is to miscarry, and the Greek Etymology of *Μήτηρ* from *μή τηρεῖν*, *i.e.* from not looking after,<sup>21</sup> seems very well to suit such Mothers. For it is a Sort of turning a little Infant out of Doors, to put it to a hireling Nurse, while it is yet warm from the Mother.

*Fa.* I would come over to your Opinion, unless such a Woman were chosen, against whom there is nothing to be objected.

*Eu.* Suppose it were of no Moment what Milk the little Infant suck'd, what Spittle it swallow'd with its chew'd Victuals ; and you had such a Nurse, that I question whether there is such an one to be found ; do you think there is any one in the World will go through all the Fatigue of Nursing as the Mother herself ; the Bewrayings, the Sitting up a-Nights, the Crying, the Sickness, and the diligent Care in looking after it, which can scarce be enough ? If there can be one that loves like the Mother, then she will take Care like a Mother. And besides, this will be the Effect of it, that your Son won't love you so heartily, that native Affection being as

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it were divided between two Mothers ; nor will you have the same Affection for your Son : So that when he is grown up, he will neither be so obedient to you, nor will you have the same Regard for him, perhaps perceiving in him the Disposition of his Nurse. The principal Step to Advancement in Learning, is the mutual Love between the Teacher and Scholar : So that if he does not lose any Thing of the Fragrancy of his native good Temper, you will with the greater Ease be able to instil into him the Precepts of a good Life. And a Mother can do much in this Matter, in that she has pliable Matter to work upon, that is easy to be carried any Way.

*Fa.* I find it is not so easy a Thing to be a Mother, as it is generally looked upon to be.

*Eu.* If you can't depend upon what I say, St. Paul, speaking very plainly of Women, says, 'She shall be saved in Child-bearing.'<sup>22</sup>

*Fa.* Are all the Women saved that bear Children ?

*Eu.* No, he adds, 'if she continue in the Faith.' You have not performed the Duty of a Mother before you have first formed the little tender Body of your Son, and after that his Mind, equally soft, by a good Education.

*Fa.* But it is not in the Power of the Mother that the Children should persevere in Piety.

*Eu.* Perhaps it may not be ; but a careful Admonition is of that Moment, that Paul accounts it imputable to Mothers, if the Children degenerate from Piety. But in the last Place, if you do what is in your Power, God will add his Assistance to your Diligence.

*Fa.* Indeed, Eutrapelus, your Discourse has persuaded me, if you can but persuade my Parents and my Husband.

*Eu.* Well, I'll take that upon me, if you will but lend your helping Hand.

*Fa.* I promise you I will.

*Eu.* But mayn't a Body see this little Boy ?

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*Fa.* Yes, that you may and welcome. Do you hear, Syrisca?—bid the Nurse bring the Child.

*Eu.* 'Tis a very pretty Boy. It is a common Saying, there ought to be Grains of Allowance given to the first Essay : But you upon the first Trial have shewn the very highest Pitch of Art.

*Fa.* Why, it is not a Piece of carved Work, that so much Art should be required.

*Eu.* That's true ; but it is a Piece of cast Work. Well, let that be how it will, it is well performed. I wish you could make as good Figures in the Hangings that you weave.

*Fa.* But you on the Contrary paint better than you beget.

*Eu.* It so seems meet to Nature, to act equally by all. How solicitous is Nature, that nothing should be lost ! It has represented two Persons in one ; here's the Nose and Eyes of the Father, the Forehead and Chin of the Mother. Can you find in your Heart to entrust this dear Pledge to the Fidelity of a Stranger ? I think those to be doubly cruel that can find in their Hearts so to do ; because in doing so, they do not only do this to the Hazard of the Child ; but also of themselves too ; because in the Child, the spoiling of the Milk oftentimes brings dangerous Diseases, and so it comes about that while Care is taken to preserve the Shape of one Body, the Lives of two Bodies are not regarded ; and while they provide against old Age coming on too early, they throw themselves into a too early Death. What's the Boy's Name ?

*Fa.* Cornelius.

*Eu.* That's the Name of his Grand-Father by the Father's Side. I wish he may imitate him in his unblemished Life and good Manners.

*Fa.* We will do our Endeavour what in us lies. But, hark ye, Eutrapelus, here is one Thing I would earnestly entreat of you,

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*Eu.* I am entirely at your Service ; command what you will, I will undertake it.

*Fa.* Well then, I won't discharge you till you have finished the good Service that you have begun.<sup>23</sup>

*Eu.* What's that?

*Fa.* First of all, to give me Instructions how I may manage my Infant, as to his Health, and when he is grown up, how I may form his Mind with pious Principles.

*Eu.* That I will readily do another Time, according to my Ability ; but that must be at our next Conversation : I will now go and prevail upon your Husband and Parents.

*Fa.* I wish you may succeed.

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# THE RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE

## THE ARGUMENT

Ogygius going a Pilgrimage for the Sake of Religion, returns Home full of Superstition. He had paid a Visit to St. James at Compostella, his Wife and Mother-in-Law having obliged him to make a Vow so to do. At that Time People began to be more cold, as to the Worshipping of Saints : For which Cause the Virgin Mary writes an Epistle full of Complaints, of their Worship being neglected. A Miracle of a Knight that was saved by the Help of the Virgin Mary, by opening a little Wicket through which he entred. Of the Virgin's Milk. St. Bernard is feign'd to have suck'd the same Pap of the Virgin Mary, that the Child Jesus did. A new Sort of Jewel call'd the Toad-Stone: The various Natures of Jewels. The Tomb of Thomas Becket at Canterbury. He falls foul on the prodigious Magnificence, Luxury and Wealth of Churches; and reprehends the Manners and Impieties of Sailors. The Absurdity of Kissing the Reliques of Saints, as Shoes, Slippers, etc. Saints are compared to Sheep

## MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS

*Men.* What Novelty is this? Don't I see my old Neighbour Ogygius, that no Body has set their Eyes on this six Months? There was a Report he was dead. It is he, or I'm mightily mistaken. I'll go up to him, and give him his Welcome. Welcome Ogygius.

*Ogy.* And well met, Menedemus.

*Men.* From what Part of the World came you? For here was a melancholy Report that you had taken a Voyage to the Stygian Shades.

*Ogy.* Nay, I thank God, I never was better in all my Life, than I have been ever since I saw you last.

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*Men.* And may you live always to confute such vain Reports : But what strange Dress is this?<sup>1</sup> It is all over set off with Shells scollop'd, full of Images of Lead and Tin, and Chains of Straw-Work, and the Cuffs are adorned with Snakes Eggs instead of Bracelets.

*Ogy.* I have been to pay a Visit to St. James at Compostella, and after that to the famous Virgin on the other Side the Water in England ;<sup>2</sup> and this was rather a Revisit ; for I had been to see her three Years before.

*Men.* What ! out of Curiosity, I suppose ?

*Ogy.* Nay, upon the Score of Religion.

*Men.* That Religion, I suppose, the Greek Tongue taught you.

*Ogy.* My Wife's Mother had bound herself by a Vow, that if her Daughter should be delivered of a live Male Child, I should go to present my Respects to St. James in Person, and thank him for it.

*Men.* And did you salute the Saint only in your own and your Mother-in-Law's Name ?

*Ogy.* Nay, in the Name of the whole Family.

*Men.* Truly I am persuaded your Family would have been every Whit as well, if you had never complimented him at all. But prithee, what Answer did he make you when you thanked him ?

*Ogy.* None at all ; but upon tendring my Present, he seemed to smile, and gave me a gentle Nod, with this same Scollop Shell.

*Men.* But why does he rather give those than any Thing else ?

*Ogy.* Because he has plenty of them, the neighbouring Sea furnishing him with them.

*Men.* O gracious Saint, that is both a Midwife to Women in Labour, and hospitable to Travellers too ! But what new Fashion of making Vows is this, that one who does nothing himself, shall make a Vow that another Man shall work ? Put the Case that you should tie yourself up by a Vow that I should fast twice a Week,

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if you should succeed in such and such an Affair, do you think I'd perform what you had vowed?

*Ogy.* I believe you would not, altho' you had made the Vow yourself: For you made a Joke of Fobbing the Saints off.<sup>3</sup> But it was my Mother-in-Law that made the Vow, and it was my Duty to be obedient: You know the Temper of Women, and also my own Interest lay at Stake.

*Men.* If you had not performed the Vow, what Risque had you run?

*Ogy.* I don't believe the Saint could have laid an Action at Law against me; but he might for the future have stopp'd his Ears at my Petitions, or silyly have brought some Mischief or other upon my Family: You know the Humour of great Persons.

*Men.* Prithce tell me, how does the good Man St. James do? and what was he doing?

*Ogy.* Why truly, not so well by far as he used to be.

*Men.* What's the Matter, is he grown old?

*Ogy.* Trifler! You know Saints never grow old. No, but it is this new Opinion that has been spread abroad thro' the World, is the Occasion, that he has not so many Visits made to him as he used to have; and those that do come, give him a bare Salute, and either nothing at all, or little or nothing else; they say they can bestow their Money to better Purpose upon those that want it.

*Men.* An impious Opinion.

*Ogy.* And this is the Cause, that this great Apostle, that used to glitter with Gold and Jewels, now is brought to the very Block that he is made of, and has scarce a Tallow Candle.

*Men.* If this be true, the rest of the Saints are in Danger of coming to the same Pass.

*Ogy.* Nay, I can assure you, that there is a Letter handed about, which the Virgin Mary herself has written about this Matter.

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*Men.* What Mary?

*Ogy.* She that is called Maria à Lapide.

*Men.* That's up towards Basil, if I am not mistaken?

*Ogy.* The very same.

*Men.* You talk of a very stony Saint. But who did she write it to?

*Ogy.* The Letter tells you the Name.

*Men.* Who did she send it by?

*Ogy.* An Angel, no Doubt, who laid it down in the Pulpit, where the Preacher, to whom it was sent, took it up. And to put the Matter out of all Doubt, you shall see the original Letter.

*Men.* Do you know the Angel's Hand, that is Secretary to the Virgin Mary?

*Ogy.* Well enough.

*Men.* By what Token?

*Ogy.* I have read St. Bede's Epitaph, that was engraven by the same Angel, and the Shape of the Letters are exactly the same; and I have read the Discharge sent to St. Ægidius,<sup>4</sup> and they agree exactly. Do not these prove the Matter plain enough?

*Men.* May a Body see it?

*Ogy.* You may, if you'll damn your Soul to the Pit of Hell, if ever you speak on't.

*Men.* 'Tis as safe as if you spoke it to a Stone.

*Ogy.* But there are some Stones that are infamous for this, that they can't keep a Secret.<sup>5</sup>

*Men.* If you can't trust to a Stone, speak to a Mute then.

*Ogy.* Upon that Condition I'll recite it to you; but prick up both your Ears.

*Men.* I have done so.

*Ogy.* 'Mary the Mother of Jesus to Glaucoptus sendeth Greeting. This is to let you know, that I take it in good Part, and you have much obliged me, in that you have so strenuously followed Luther, and convinced the World, that it is a Thing altogether needless to

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invoke Saints : For, before this Time, I was e'en wearied out of my Life with the wicked Importunities of Mortals. Every Thing was asked of me, as if my Son was always a Child, because he is painted so, and at my Breast, and therefore they take it for granted I have him still at my Beck, and that he dares not deny me any Thing I ask of him, for Fear I should deny him the Bubby<sup>6</sup> when he is thirsty. Nay, and they ask such Things from me a Virgin, that a modest young Man would scarce dare to ask of a Bawd, and which I am ashamed to commit to Writing. A Merchant that is going a Voyage to Spain to get Pelf, recommends to me the Chastity of his kept Mistress ; and a professed Nun, having thrown away her Veil, in Order to make her Escape, recommends to me the Care of her Reputation, which she at the same Time intends to prostitute. The wicked Soldier, who butchers Men for Money, bawls out to me with these Words, O Blessed Virgin, send me rich Plunder. The Gamester calls out to me to give him good Luck, and promises I shall go Snips with him<sup>7</sup> in what he shall win ; and if the Dice don't favour, I am rail'd at and curs'd, because I would not be a Confederate in his Wickedness. The Usurer prays, Help me to large Interest for my Money ; and if I deny 'em any Thing, they cry out, I am no Mother of Mercy. And there is another Sort of People, whose Prayers are not properly so wicked, as they are foolish : The Maid prays, Mary, give me a handsome, rich Husband ; the Wife cries, Give me fine Children ; and the Woman with Child, Give me a good Delivery ; the old Woman prays to live long without a Cough and Thirst ; and the doting old Man, Send that I may grow young again ; the Philosopher says, Give me the Faculty of starting Difficulties never to be resolv'd ; the Priest says, Give me a fat Benefice ; the Bishop cries out for the Saving of his Diocese ; and the Mariner for a prosperous Voyage ; the Magistrate cries out, Shew me thy Son before I die :

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the Courtier, That he may make an effectual Confession, when at the Point of Death ; the Husbandman calls on me for seasonable Rain ; and a Farmer's Wife, to preserve her Sheep and Cattle. If I refuse them any Thing, then presently I am hard-hearted. If I refer them to my Son, they cry, If you'll but say the Word, I'm sure he'll do it. How is it possible for me a lone Body, a Woman, and a Virgin, to assist Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gamesters, Brides and Bridegrooms, Women in Travail, Princes, Kings, and Peasants ? And what I have mentioned is the least Part of what I suffer. But I am much less troubled with these Concerns now than I have been, for which I would give you my hearty Thanks, if this Conveniency did not bring a greater Inconveniency along with it. I have indeed more Leisure, but less Honour, and less Money. Before, I was saluted Queen 'of the Heavens, and Lady of the World ; but now there are very few, from whom I hear an Ave-Mary. Formerly I was adorned with Jewels and Gold, and had Abundance of Changes of Apparel ; I had Presents made me of Gold and Jewels ; but now I have scarce Half a Vest to cover me, and that is Mouse-eaten too : And my yearly Revenue is scarce enough to keep alive my poor Sexton, who lights me up a little Wax or Tallow Candle. But all these Things might be born with, if you did not tell us, that there were greater Things going forward. They say, you aim at this, to strip the Altars and Temples of the Saints every where. I advise you again and again to have a Care what you do : For other Saints don't want Power to avenge themselves for the Wrong done to them. Peter, being turn'd out of his Church, can shut the Gate of the Kingdom of Heaven against you. Paul has a Sword. And St. Bartholomew a Knife. The Monk William has a Coat of Mail under his Habit, and a heavy Lance too. And how will you encounter St. George on Horseback, in his Cuirassiers Arms, his

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Sword, and his Whinyard? Nor is Anthony without his Weapon, he has his sacred Fire : And the rest of them have either their Arms, or their Mischiefs, that they can send out against whom they please : And as for myself, although I wear no Weapons, you shall not turn me out, unless you turn my Son out too, whom I hold in my Arms. I won't be pulled away from him : You shall either throw us both out, or leave us both, unless you have a Mind to have a Church without a Christ. These Things I would have you know, and consider what Answer to give me ; for I have the Matter much at Heart.

'From our Stone House, the Calends of August, the Year of my Son's Passion 1524. I the Stony Virgin have subscribed this with my own Hand.'

*Men.* In Truth this is a very terrible threatening Letter, and I believe Glaucoplutus will take Care what he does.

*Ogy.* He will, if he is wise.

*Men.* But why did not honest James write to him about this Matter?

*Ogy.* Truly I can't tell, except it is because he is a great Way off, and now-a-Days all Letters are intercepted.

*Men.* But what God carried you to England?

*Ogy.* A very favourable Wind ; and I had made half a Promise to the beyond-Sea She-Saint,<sup>8</sup> to pay her another Visit within two or three Years.

*Men.* What did you go to ask for of her?

*Ogy.* Nothing new ; but those common Matters, the Health of my Family, the Increase of my Fortune, a long and a happy Life in this World, and eternal Happiness in the next.

*Men.* But could not our Virgin Mary have done as much for you here? She has at Antwerp a Temple, much more magnificent than that beyond Sea.

*Ogy.* I won't deny that she is able, but one Thing is bestowed in one Place, and another Thing in another : whether this be her Pleasure merely, or whether she,

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being of a kind Disposition, accommodates herself in this to our Affections.

*Men.* I have often heard of James, but prithee give me some Account of that beyond-Sea Lady.

*Ogy.* I will do it as briefly as I can : Her Name is very famous all over England ; and you shall scarce find any Body in that Island, who thinks his Affairs can be prosperous, unless he every Year makes some Present to that Lady, greater or smaller, according as his Circumstances are in the World.

*Men.* Whereabouts does she dwell ?

*Ogy.* Near the Coast, upon the furthest Part between the West and the North, about three Miles from the Sea ; it is a Town that depends chiefly upon the Resort of Strangers : There is a College of Canons there, to which the Latins have added the Name of Regulars, which are of a middle Sort between Monks and those Canons that are called Seculars.

*Men.* You tell me of amphibious Creatures, such as the Beavers are.

*Ogy.* Nay, so are Crocodiles too. But Trifling apart, I'll tell you in three Words : In odious Cases they are Canons, in favourable Cases they are Monks.

*Men.* You have hitherto been telling me Riddles.

*Ogy.* Why, then I will give you a Mathematical Demonstration. If the Pope of Rome shall throw a Thunderbolt at all Monks, then they'll be all Canons ; and if he will allow all Monks to marry, then they'll be all Monks.

*Men.* These are new Favours, I wish they would take mine for one.

*Ogy.* But to return to the Matter in Hand. This College has little else to maintain it, but the Liberality of the Virgin ; for all Presents of Value are laid up ; but as for any Thing of Money, or lesser Value, that goes to the Support of the Flock and the Head of it, which they call the Prior.

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*Men.* Are they Men of good Lives?

*Ogy.* Not much amiss. They are richer in Piety than in Revenue : There is a clever neat Church, but the Virgin does not dwell in it herself ; but upon Point of Honour has given it to her Son.<sup>9</sup> Her Church is on the Right-Hand of her Son's.

*Men.* Upon his Right-Hand ! which Way then does her Son look ?

*Ogy.* That's well taken Notice of. When he looks toward the West he has his Mother on the Right, and when he looks toward the East, she is on his Left-Hand. And she does not dwell there neither, for the Building is not finish'd ; the Doors and Windows are all open, and the Wind blows thro' it ; and not far off is a Place, where Oceanus the Father of the Winds resides.

*Men.* That's a hard Case ; where does she dwell then ?

*Ogy.* In that unfinish'd Church, that I spoke of, there is a little boarded Chapel,<sup>9</sup> with a little Door on each Side to receive Visitors. There's but a little Light to it, but what comes from the Tapers ; but the Scent is very grateful.

*Men.* All these Things conduce to Religion.

*Ogy.* Nay, Menedemus, if you saw the Inside of it, you would say it was the Seat of the Saints, it is all so glittering with Jewels, Gold and Silver.

*Men.* You set me agog to go thither too.

*Ogy.* If you do, you will never repent of your Journey.

*Men.* Is there any holy Oil there ?

*Ogy.* Simpleton, that Oil is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres, as of Andrew, Catherine, etc. Mary was never buried.

*Men.* I confess I was under a Mistake ; but make an End of your Story.

*Ogy.* That Religion may spread itself the more widely, some Things are shewn at one Place, and some at another.

*Men.* And it may be, that the Donations may be

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larger, according to the old Saying, *Fit cito per multas  
praeda petita manus*. 'Many Hands will carry off much  
Plunder.'

*Ogy.* And there are always some at Hand, to shew  
you what you have a Mind to see.

*Men.* What, of the Canons?

*Ogy.* No, no, they are not permitted, lest under the  
Colour of Religion they should prove irreligious, and  
while they are serving the Virgin, lose their own  
Virginity. Only in the inner Chapel, which I call the  
Chamber of the holy Virgin, a certain Canon stands at  
the Altar.

*Men.* What does he stand there for?

*Ogy.* To receive and keep that which is given.

*Men.* Must People give whether they will or no?

*Ogy.* No: but a certain religious Modesty makes some  
give, when any Body stands by, which would not give a  
Farthing, if there were no Witness of it; or give more  
than otherwise they would give.

*Men.* You set forth human Nature, as I have experi-  
enc'd in myself.

*Ogy.* There are some so devoted to the Holy Virgin,  
that while they pretend to lay one Gift on the Altar, by  
a wonderful Sleight of Hand, they steal what another  
has laid down.

*Men.* But put the Case no Body were by, would the  
Virgin thunder at them?

*Ogy.* Why should the Virgin do that, any more than  
God himself does, whom they are not afraid to strip of  
his Ornaments, and to break thro' the Walls of the  
Church to come at them?

*Men.* I can't well tell which I admire at most, the  
impious Confidence of those Wretches, or God's Patience.

*Ogy.* At the north Side there is a certain Gate, not of  
a Church, don't mistake me, but of the Wall that incloses  
the Church-Yard, that has a very little Wicket, as in the  
great Gates of Noblemen, that he that has a Mind to

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get in, must first venture the breaking of his Shins, and afterwards stoop his Head too.

*Men.* In Truth, it would not be safe for a Man to enter in against an Enemy at such a little Door.

*Ogy.* You're in the Right on't. But yet the Verger told me, that some Time since a Knight on Horse-Back, having escaped out of the Hands of his Enemy, who follow'd him at the Heels, got in thro' this Wicket. The poor Man at the last Pinch, by a sudden Turn of Thought, recommended himself to the holy Virgin, that was the nearest to him. For he resolv'd to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if the Gate had been open. When behold, which is such a Thing as was never heard of, both Man and Horse were on a sudden taken into the Church-Yard, and his Enemy left on the out-Side of it, stark mad at his Disappointment.

*Men.* And did he give you Reason to believe so wonderful a Relation?

*Ogy.* Without Doubt.

*Men.* That was no easy Matter to a Man of your Philosophy.

*Ogy.* He shew'd me a Plate of Copper nail'd on the Door, that had the very Image of this Knight, that was thus sav'd; and in the very Habit, which was then in Fashion among the English, which is the same we see in old Pictures, which, if they are drawn truly, the Barbers, and Dyers, and Weavers in those Days, had but a bad Time on't.

*Men.* Why so?

*Ogy.* Why, he had a Beard like a Goat; and there was not a Wrinkle in any of his Cloaths, they were made so strait to his Body, that the very Straitness of them made his Body the more slender. There was also another Plate that was an exact Description of the Chapel, and the Size of it.

*Men.* Then there was no Doubt to be made on't.

*Ogy.* Under the little Wicket there was an iron Grate,

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no bigger than what a Man on Foot could just get in at. For it was not fit that any Horse afterwards should tread upon that Place, which the former Knight had consecrated to the Virgin.

*Men.* And very good Reason.

*Ogy.* From hence towards the East, there is another Chapel full of Wonders; thither I went. Another Verger received me. There we pray'd a little; and there was shewn us the middle Joint of a Man's Finger; I kiss'd it, and ask'd whose Relick it was. He told me it was St. Peter's; what, said I, the Apostle? He said it was. I then took Notice of the Bigness of the Joint, which was large enough to be taken for that of a Giant. Upon which, said I, Peter must Needs have been a very lusty Man. At this one of the Company fell a laughing; I was very much vext at it, for if he had held his Tongue, the Verger would have shewn us all the Relicks. However, we pacified him pretty well, by giving him a few Groats. Before this little Chapel stood a House, which he told us, in the Winter-Time when all Things were buried in Snow, was brought there on a sudden, from some Place a great Way off. Under this House there were two Pits Brim-full, that were fed by a Fountain consecrated to the holy Virgin.<sup>10</sup> The Water was wonderful cold, and of great Virtue in curing Pains in the Head and Stomach.

*Men.* If cold Water will cure Pains in the Head and Stomach, in Time Oil will quench Fire.

*Ogy.* But, my good Friend, you are hearing that which is miraculous; for what Miracle is there in cold Water quenching Thirst?

*Men.* That Shift goes a great Way in this Story.

*Ogy.* It was positively affirmed, that this Spring burst out of the Ground on a sudden, at the Command of the holy Virgin. I observing everything very diligently, ask'd him how many Years it was since that little House was brought thither? He said it had been there for

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some Ages. But, said I, methinks the Walls don't seem to carry any Marks of Antiquity in them : He did not much deny it. Nor these Pillars, said I : He did not deny but those had been set up lately ; and the Thing shew'd itself plainly. Then, said I, that Straw and Reeds, the whole Thatch of it seems not to have been so long laid. He allow'd it. Nor do these cross Beams and Rafters, that bear up the Roof, seem to have been laid many Years ago. He confest they were not. And there being no Part of that Cottage remaining, said I to him, how then does it appear, that this is the very Cottage that was brought so far thro' the Air ?

*Men.* Prithee, how did the Sexton extricate himself out of this Difficulty ?

*Ogy.* He presently shew'd us an old Bear's Skin, tackt there to a Piece of Timber, and almost laught at us to our very Faces, for not having Eyes to perceive a Thing that was so plain. Therefore seeming to be satisfied, and excusing our Dulness of Apprehension, we turned ourselves to the Heavenly Milk of the blessed Virgin.

*Men.* O Mother like her Son ! for as he has left us so much of his Blood upon Earth, so she has left us so much of her Milk, that it is scarce credible, that a Woman who never had but one Child, should have so much, altho' her Child had never suck'd a Drop.

*Ogy.* And they tell us the same Stories about our Lord's Cross, that is shewn up and down, both publickly and privately, in so many Places, that if all the Fragments were gathered together, they would seem to be sufficient Loading for a good large Ship ; and yet our Lord himself carried the whole Cross upon his Shoulders.

*Men.* And don't you think this is wonderful ?

*Ogy.* It may be said to be an extraordinary Thing, but not a wonderful one, since the Lord who encreases these Things according to his own Pleasure is Omnipotent.

*Men.* You put a very pious Construction upon it, but

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I am afraid that a great many such Things are forged for the Sake of getting Money.

*Ogy.* I cannot think God would suffer any one to put these Mockeries upon him.

*Men.* Nay, when both the Mother and Son, Father and Spirit are robb'd by sacrilegious Persons, they don't seem to be mov'd the least in the World, so as to deter wicked Persons, so much as by a Nod or a Stamp ; so great is the Lenity of the Divine Being.

*Ogy.* This is true, but hear me out : That Milk is kept upon the high Altar, in which Christ is in the Middle, and his Mother, for Respect Sake, at his right Hand ; for the Milk represents the Mother.

*Men.* Why, is it plain to be seen then ?

*Ogy.* It is preserv'd in a Crystal Glass.

*Men.* Is it liquid then ?

*Ogy.* What do you talk of being liquid, when it has been put in above 1500 Years ago ? It is so concreted, you would take it for beaten Chalk, temper'd with the White of an Egg.

*Men.* But why don't they shew it open ?

*Ogy.* Lest the Milk of the Virgin should be defil'd by the Kisses of Men.

*Men.* You say very well, for I believe there are some who put Lips to it, that are neither pure nor Virgin ones.

*Ogy.* As soon as the Officer sees us, he runs presently and puts on a Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, and falls down very devoutly and worships, and by and by gives us the holy Milk to kiss. Then we prostrated ourselves at the lowest Step of the Altar, and having first paid our Adoration to Christ, we apply'd ourselves to the Virgin in the following Prayer, which we had fram'd before-Hand for this very Purpose :

'Virgin Mother, who hast merited to give Suck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son Jesus, from thy Virgin Breasts ; we desire that being purified by his Blood, we may arrive at that happy Infant State of

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Dove-like Innocence, which being void of Malice, Fraud, and Deceit, we may continually desire the Milk of the Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to a perfect Man, and to the Measure of the Fulness of Christ, whose blessed Society thou wilt enjoy for evermore, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. Amen.'

*Men.* Truly, a devout Prayer. But what Answer did she make?

*Ogy.* If my Eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleased: For the holy Milk seem'd to give a Leap, and the Eucharist seem'd to look somewhat brighter than usual. In the mean Time the Shewer of the Relicks came to us, without speaking a Word, holding out such a Kind of Table, as they in Germany that take Toll on the Bridges hold out to you.

*Men.* In Truth, I have oftentimes cursed those craving Tables, when I travelled in Germany.

*Ogy.* We laid down some Pieces of Money, which he presented to the Virgin. After this, by our Interpreter (If I remember right), one Robert Aldridge, a well spoken young Man, and a great Master of the English Tongue, I enquired, as civilly as I could, what Assurance he had, that this was really the Virgin's Milk. And truly, I desired to be satisfied of this with a pious Intention, that I might stop the Mouths of some impious Persons, who are us'd to scoff at all these Things. The Officer first contracted his Brow without speaking a Word; thereupon I prest the Interpreter to put the same Question to him again, but in the fairest Manner that could be; and he did it in so obliging a Manner, that if he had address'd himself to the Mother herself in these Terms, when she had but newly lain in, she would not have taken it amiss. But the Officer, as if he had been inspired with some Enthusiasm, looking upon us with astonished Eyes, and with a Sort of Horror, cursing our blasphemous Expression, said, 'What Need is there for your putting this Question, when you have

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an Authentick Record?' And had turn'd us out of Doors for Hereticks, had not a few Pence pacified his Rage.

*Men.* But how did you behave yourselves in the Interim?

*Ogy.* Just as if we had been stunned with a Cudgel, or struck with Thunder; we sneak'd away, humbly begging his Pardon for our Boldness: For so a Man ought to do in holy Matters. Thence we went to the little Chapel, the Dwelling of the Virgin Saint. In our Way thither, an Expounder of sacred Things, one of the Minors, offers himself; he stares upon us as if he had a Mind to draw our Pictures; and having gone a little further, another meets us, staring upon us after the same Manner; and after him a third.

*Men.* It may be they had a Mind to have drawn your Picture.

*Ogy.* But I suspected far otherwise.

*Men.* What did you imagine then?

*Ogy.* That some sacrilegious Person had stolen some of the Virgin's Vestments, and that I was suspected as the Thief. Therefore, having entered the Chapel, I address'd myself to the Virgin-Mother with this short Prayer:

'O thou who only of all Women art a Mother and a Virgin, the most happy of Mothers, and the purest of Virgins, we that are impure do now come to visit and address ourselves to thee that are pure, and reverence thee with our poor Offerings, such as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to imitate thy most holy Life, that we may deserve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, to conceive the Lord Jesus in the most inward Bowels of our Minds, and having once conceiv'd him, never to lose him. Amen.'

So I kiss'd the Altar, laid down some Money, and withdrew.

*Men.* What, did the Virgin hear? Did she give

you no Nod as a Token that she had heard your Prayer?

*Ogy.* As I told you before, it was but an uncertain Light, and she stood in the Dark at the right Side of the Altar; And the Check of the former Officer had made me so dejected, that I did not dare to lift up my Eyes again.

*Men.* Then this Adventure had not a very happy Conclusion?

*Ogy.* Nay, the happiest of all.

*Men.* Nay, now you put me in Courage again; for, as your Homer says, 'my Heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches.'<sup>11</sup>

*Ogy.* After dinner we go to Church again.

*Men.* How did you dare to do that, being suspected of Sacrilege?

*Ogy.* It may be I was; but I did not suspect myself. A clear Conscience fears nothing. I had a great Mind to see the Record that the Shewer of the Reliques had referr'd us to. Having hunted a great While for it, we found it at last; but it was hung up so high, that he must have good Eyes that could read it: And mine are none of the best, nor none of the worst. Therefore, not being willing wholly to trust to him in a Matter of such Moment, I went along with Aldrisius as he read it.

*Men.* Well! and were all your Doubts remov'd?

*Ogy.* I was asham'd of myself, that I should doubt of a Matter, that there was made so plain before one's Eyes, the Name, the Place, the Order of the Proceeding, in one Word, there was nothing omitted. There was one William of Paris, a Man of general Piety, but more especially religious in getting together the Relicks of Saints all over the Earth. He having travelled over a great many Countries, and having every where diligently search'd Monasteries and Churches, at last arriv'd at Constantinople (for this William's Brother was a Bishop there). When he was preparing to return Home, the

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Bishop acquainted him, that there was a certain Nun that had the Virgin's Milk ; and that he would be the happiest Man in the World, if he could possibly get any of it, either for Love or Money, or by any other Means ; for that all the Relicks he had hitherto collected, were nothing, compared to that sacred Milk. Upon this, William never was at rest, till he had obtain'd one Half of this Milk ; and having gotten this Treasure, thought himself richer than Cræsus.

*Men.* And very well he might, 'twas a Thing so unexpected too.

*Ogy.* He goes straight homeward, but falls sick by the Way.

*Men.* O how little Trust is to be put in human Felicity, that it shall be either perfect or long-liv'd !

*Ogy.* Finding himself in Danger, he sends for a Frenchman, a faithful Fellow-Traveller, and makes him swear Secrecy ; and then delivers the Milk to him upon this Condition, That if he got Home safe, he should deposit that Treasure on the Altar of the holy Virgin that is worshipped at Paris, in that noble Church that has the River Sein on each Side of it, as if itself gave Place in Reverence to the Divinity of the Virgin. To sum up the Matter in few Words, William was buried ; the other rides Post, but he falls sick by the Way, and thinking himself past Recovery, he delivers the milk to an Englishman that was his Fellow-Traveller, making him take a solemn Oath that he would perform that which he himself was to have done. The one dies, the other takes it, and puts it upon the Altar, in the Presence of all the Canons of the Place, those that at that Time were call'd Regulars, as they are yet at St. Genoveve : He obtain'd Half this Milk of them, and carried it into England, and made a Present of it to this beyond-Sea Place, his Mind being moved thereunto by a Divine Impulse.

*Men.* Truly this Story hangs very handsomly together.

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*Ogy.* Nay farther, that there might not be left the least Room to doubt, the very Names of the Bishops were set down, that were authorized to grant Releases and Indulgences to such as should come to see the Milk, according to the Power to them given, but not without some Donation or another.

*Men.* And how far did that Power extend?

*Ogy.* To forty Days.

*Men.* But are there Days in Purgatory ? <sup>12</sup>

*Ogy.* For certain there is Time there.

*Men.* But when they have dispos'd of this Stock of forty Days, have they no more to bestow ?

*Ogy.* No : For there ever and anon arises something for them to bestow, and 'tis in this quite otherwise than it is with the Tub of the Danaides. For tho' that is continually filling, is always empty ; but in this, tho' you are continually drawing out, there is never the less in the Vessel.

*Men.* But if the Remission of forty Days were given to a hundred thousand Men, would every one have so much ?

*Ogy.* Yes, so much.

*Men.* And suppose that they that have received forty Days in the Morning, should ask for forty Days more at Night, Would they have wherewithal to give them ?

*Ogy.* Yes, ten Times over in an Hour.

*Men.* I wish I had such a Cabinet at Home ; I would not wish for above three Groats, if they might be doubled and tripled after that Manner.

*Ogy.* You might as well have wish'd to be all turn'd into Gold yourself, and as soon have had what you wish'd for. But to return to my Story, there was one Argument added, by a Man of great Piety and Candour, which is, that tho' the Virgin's Milk, which is shewn in many other Places, is indeed venerable enough, in that it was scrap'd off from Stones, yet this was more

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venerable than all the rest, because this was sav'd as it flowed from the Virgin's Breast, without touching the Ground.

*Men.* But how does that appear?

*Ogy.* O! the Nun at Constantinople that gave it, said so.

*Men.* It may be she had it of St. Bernard.

*Ogy.* I believe she had.

*Men.* He, when he was very old, had the Happiness to taste Milk from the same Nipple which the Child Jesus sucked. Whence I wonder he was not rather called Lactifluous than Mellifluous. But how is that called the Virgin's Milk that did not flow from her Breasts?

*Ogy.* That did flow from her Breasts, but dropping upon the Stone she sat upon, while she was giving suck, it concreted, and was afterwards, by Providence, so multiplied.

*Men.* Right. Go on.

*Ogy.* These Things being over, we were just upon the Point of going away; but walking about, and looking round us to see if there was any Thing worth taking Notice of, the Chapel-Officers<sup>13</sup> come to us again, leering at us, pointing at us with their Fingers, they advance to us, retreat, run backward and forward, nod, as if they would fain have said something to us, if they had had Courage enough to have done it.

*Men.* And was not you afraid then?

*Ogy.* No, not at all; but I looked them full in the Face very chearfully, as who should say, Speak and welcome. At length one of them comes up to me, and asked my Name. I told it him. He asked me if I was the Person that a Matter of two Years ago set up a Votive Table in Hebrew Letters? I told him I was.

*Men.* Can you write Hebrew, then?

*Ogy.* No, but they call every Thing Hebrew that they can't understand. But by and by (upon calling, as I suppose) came the *πρῶτος ὑστέρος* of the College.

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*Men.* What title of Dignity is that? Have they not an Abbot?

*Ogy.* No.

*Men.* Why so?

*Ogy.* Because they don't understand Hebrew.

*Men.* Have they no Bishop?

*Ogy.* None at all.

*Men.* Why so?

*Ogy.* Because the Virgin is so poor, that she has not wherewith to buy a Staff and a Mitre.

*Men.* Ha'n't they so much as a President?

*Ogy.* No, nor that neither.

*Men.* What hinders?

*Ogy.* Because a President is a Name of Dignity, and not of Holiness, and therefore the Colleges of Canons reject the Name of an Abbot, but they willingly allow the Name of a President.

*Men.* But this *πρώτος ὑστέρος* is what I never heard of before.

*Ogy.* In Truth you are but an indifferent Grammarian then.

*Men.* I know what *ὑστέρόπρωτον* is in Rhetoric.

*Ogy.* Why, that's it. He that is next the Prior is Posterior Prior.

*Men.* You mean a Sub-Prior.

*Ogy.* He saluted me very courteously. He told me what great Pains had been taken to read those Verses; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no Purpose; how often one grave Doctor of Divinity, and another of Law, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One said the Letters were Arabick, another said they were fictitious ones; but at last they found one that made a Shift to read the Title. It was written in Latin Words, and Latin Capitals. The Verses were Greek, in Greek Capitals, which at first Sight look'd like Roman Capitals. Being requested, I turned the Verses into Latin, Word for Word. They would have given me :

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the Ring and the Ring  
Reward for this small Service, but I positively refused it, affirming that there was nothing so difficult that I would not, with all the Readiness in the World, undertake for the Sake of the Holy Virgin, even if she should command me to carry a Letter for her from thence to Jerusalem.

*Men.* What Occasion can she have for you to be her Letter-Carrier, that has so many Angels for her Secretaries and Pages?

*Ogy.* He pulled out of his Pouch a little Piece of Wood, cut off from the Beam on which the Virgin-Mother stood. The admirable Fragrancy of it, shewed it to be a Thing that was highly sacred. I having received this Present in the lowest Posture of Humility, and bare-headed, and having kiss'd it over and over, put it in my Pocket.

*Men.* May a Body see it?

*Ogy.* I'll let you see it if you will. But if you have eaten or drunk to Day, or have had to do with your Wife last Night, I would not advise you to look upon it.

*Men.* Let me see it, there is no Danger.

*Ogy.* Here 'tis for you.

*Men.* O happy Man art thou that hast such a Present!

*Ogy.* Whether you know it or no, I would not exchange this little Fragment for all the Gold in Tagus.<sup>14</sup> I'll set it in Gold, and put it in a Crystal Case, so that it may be seen through it. When this Hysteroprotos saw me so religiously transported with that small Present, thinking I deserved to have Things of greater Moment imparted to me, he asked me, if I had seen the Virgin's Secrets. That Word startled me a little, but I durst not ask him what he meant by the Virgin's Secrets; for in Matters so sacred there is Danger in a Slip of the Tongue. I told him I had not seen them; but I had a very great Desire to see them. Then I am conducted in as one in an Ecstasy. A Wax Taper or two was lighted, and a little Image was shewn me, that made no

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extraordinary Figure, neither for Magnitude, Matter, nor Workmanship, but of extraordinary Virtue.

*Men.* Bulk has no great Matter in it, as to the doing of Miracles. I have seen St. Christopher at Paris,<sup>15</sup> not him of a Cart-Load,<sup>16</sup> or of the Size of a Colossus, but rather of a large Mountain; but I never heard he was famous for doing Miracles.

*Ogy.* At the Feet of the Virgin there is a Jewel, that neither the Latins nor Greeks have yet given a Name to. The French have given it a Name from a Toad,<sup>17</sup> because it has the Resemblance of a Toad in it so lively, that no Art can match it. And that which is the more miraculous, is, that it is a very small Stone; and the Image does not stand out of it, but is included in the very Body of the Stone, and may be seen thro' it.

*Men.* Perhaps they may fancy they see the Likeness of a Toad cut in it, as some fancy they see that of an Eagle in the Stalk of a Brake or Fern; and as Boys, who see every Thing in the Clouds, as Dragons breathing out Fire, burning Mountains and armed Men fighting.

*Ogy.* Nay, that you may be thoroughly satisfied in the Matter, no living Toad ever shewed itself more plainly, than that is expressed there.

*Men.* I have been hearing your Stories all this While; but I would have you find out some Body else to give Credit to your Story of the Toad.

*Ogy.* I don't at all wonder, Menedemus, that you are so incredulous; I should not have believ'd it myself, if the whole Tribe of Divines had asserted it, unless I had seen it with these Eyes, I say, beheld with these very Eyes, and had experienced the Truth of it. But, methinks you seem not to be curious enough upon these natural Rarities.

*Men.* Why so? what, because I won't believe that Asses fly?

*Ogy.* But do you not observe how Nature sports her-

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self in imitating the Shapes and Colours of every Thing, in other Things, but especially in precious Stones? And also, what admirable Virtues it has planted in them, which are altogether incredible, if common Experience did not force us to a Belief of them? Prithee tell me, would you ever have believed without seeing it with your Eyes, that Steel could have been drawn by the Load-Stone without touching it, or be driven away from it without being touch'd by it?

*Men.* No, indeed I never should, although ten Aristotles had taken their Oaths of the Truth of it.

*Ogy.* Well then, don't say every Thing's a Fable that has not fallen within the Compass of your Experience. We find the Figure of a Bolt in a Thunder-Stone; Fire in the Carbuncle; the Figure of Hail, and the Coldness of it in the Hail-Stone, nay, even tho' you throw it into the Midst of the Fire; the deep and transparent Waves of the Sea in the Emerald; the Carcinias imitates the Figure of a Sea-Crab; the Echites of a Viper; the Scarites of a Gilt-Head; the Theracites of a Hawk; the Geranites shews you the figur'd Neck of a Crane; the Ægophthalmus shews the Eye of a Goat; and some shew that of a Hog, and another three Human Eyes together; The Lycophthalmus paints you out the Eye of a Wolf in four Colours, fiery and bloody, and in the Middle, black encompassed with white; if you open the black Cyamea, you will find a Bean in the Middle; the Dryites represents the Trunk of a Tree, and burns like Wood; The Cissites and Narcissites represent Ivy; the Astrapias darts forth Rays of Lightning out of the Midst of white or blue; the Phlegontites shews a Flame within, that does not come out; in the Anthracitis you may see certain Sparks running to and fro; the Crocias represents the Colour of Saffron; the Rhodites that of a Rose; the Chalcites of Brass; the Aetites the figure of an Eagle, with a white Tail; the Taos represents a Peacock; the

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Chelidonia an Asp ; the Mermecites has the Image of a creeping Pismire growing within it ; the Cantharias shews a perfect Beetle ; and the Scorpites admirably decyphers a Scorpion. But why should I proceed to recount that which is innumerable, where there is no Part of Nature, either in Elements, Animals, or Plants, which Nature, as it were to sport herself, does not give us some Resemblance of in Stones ? And do you then admire that the Form of a Toad is represented in the Bufonites ?

*Men.* I wonder that Nature has so much spare Time, as to divert herself in drawing the Pictures of every Thing.

*Ogy.* It has a Mind to exercise the Curiosity of Mankind, and by that Means to keep us from being idle. And yet as tho' we were at a Loss to know how to pass away our Time, we run a-madding after Buffoons, Dice, and Jugglers.

*Men.* You say true.

*Ogy.* And some Persons of Credit add, that if you put this Toad-Stone into Vinegar, it will move its Legs and swim.

*Men.* But why is this dedicated to the Virgin ?

*Ogy.* Because she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all Uncleaness, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and all Manner of earthly Desires.

*Men.* Woe to us then who carry so much of the Toad still in our Hearts !

*Ogy.* But we shall be pure if we worship the Virgin as we ought.

*Men.* How would she have us worship her ?

*Ogy.* You will perform most acceptable Service to her if you imitate her.

*Men.* That's soon said, but not so easily performed.

*Ogy.* It is hard, indeed ; but then it is very well worth the Pains.

*Men.* Come on, go forwards in what you have begun.

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*Ogy.* Afterwards he shewed me Statues of Gold and Silver : This, says he, is solid Gold ; and this is only Silver gilt ; he told me the Weight of every one, the Price, and the Name of the Donor. I being full of Admiration at every Thing, and congratulating the Virgin being Mistress of so much Wealth, says the Officer to me, Inasmuch as I perceive you are so pious a Spectator, I think I should not do fairly by you, if I should conceal any Thing from you ; therefore you shall see the greatest Privacies the Virgin has : And presently he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar a World of admirable Things, the Particulars of which, if I should proceed to mention, the Day would not be long enough ; so that thus far the Journey succeeded to my Wish. I satisfied my Curiosity abundantly with fine Sights, and brought Home with me this inestimable Present a Pledge of the Virgin's Love, given me by herself.

*Men.* Did you ever make Trial of the Virtues of this Piece of Wood ?

*Ogy.* I have. Three or four Days ago, I being in an House of Entertainment, found a Man stark mad, whom they were just going to put into Chains ; I put this Piece of Wood privately under his Bolster, and he fell into a sound Sleep, and slept a long Time, and when he rose in the Morning he was as sober as ever.

*Men.* Perhaps he was not distracted but drunk, and Sleep commonly cures that Distemper.

*Ogy.* Menedemus, since you love to use Raillery, take another Subject. It is neither pious nor safe to make Sport with Saints. Nay, the Man himself told me, That there was a Woman appeared to him in his Sleep of an incomparable Beauty, that held forth a Cup to him to drink.

*Men.* Hellebore, I believe.

*Ogy.* That's uncertain ; but this is certain, that the Man recover'd his Reason.

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*Men.* Did you pass by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury?

*Ogy.* No, I think I did not. It is one of the most religious Pilgrimages in the World.

*Men.* I long to hear it, if it won't be too much Trouble to you.

*Ogy.* It is so far from that, that you will oblige me in hearing of it. That Part of England that looks towards Flanders and France is called Kent : The Metropolis of it is Canterbury. There are two Monasteries in it, that are almost contiguous ; and they are both of Benedictines. That which bears the name of Augustine, is the antienter of the two ; that which is now called by the Name of St. Thomas, seems to have been the Seat of St. Thomas the Archbishop, where he had led his Life with a few Monks, whom he chose for his Companions, as now-a-Days Deans have their Palaces near the Church, tho' separate from the Houses of other Canons. For, in old Time, both Bishops and Canons were Monks, as appears by the manifest Vestigia of Things. But the Church, that is dedicated to St. Thomas, raises itself up towards Heaven with that Majesty, that it strikes those that behold it at a great Distance, with an Awe of Religion, and now, with its Splendor, makes the Light of the neighbouring Palaces look dim, and as it were obscures the Place that was antiently the most celebrated for Religion. There are two lofty Turrets, which stand, as it were, bidding Visitants welcome from afar off ; and a Ring of Bells that make the adjacent Country echo far and wide with their rolling Sound. In the south Porch of the Church stand three Stone Statues of Men in Armour,<sup>18</sup> who with wicked hands murdered the holy Man, with the Names of their Countries, Tusci, Fusci, and Berti.

*Men.* Why have such wicked Men so much Honour done them ?

*Ogy.* They have the same Honour done to them, that

is done to Judas, Pilate, Caiaphas, and the Band of wicked Soldiers whose Images you may see carv'd upon stately Altars: And their Names are added, that none after them might arrogate to themselves the Glory of the Fact. They are set there in open Sight, to be a Warning to wicked Courtiers, that no one may hereafter presume to lay his Hand on either Bishops or the Possessions of the Church. For these three Ruffians ran mad with Horror of the Fact they had committed; nor had they come to themselves again, had not holy Thomas been implored in Favour of them.

*Men.* O the perpetual Clemency of Martyrs!

*Ogy.* When you are entered in, a certain spacious Majesty of Place opens itself to you, which is free to every one.

*Men.* Is there nothing to be seen there?

*Ogy.* Nothing but the Bulk of the Structure, and some Books chained to the Pillars, containing the Gospel of Nicodemus, and the Sepulchre of—I can't tell who.

*Men.* And what else?

*Ogy.* Iron Grates inclose the Place called the Choir, so that there's no Entrance; but so that the View is still open from one End of the Church to the other. You ascend to this by a great many Steps, under which there is a certain Vault that opens a Passage to the North Side. There they shew a wooden Altar, consecrated to the holy Virgin; it is a very small one, and remarkable for nothing, except as a Monument of Antiquity, reproaching the Luxury of the present Times. In that Place the good Man is reported to have taken his last Leave of the Virgin, when he was at the Point of Death. Upon the Altar is the Point of the Sword, with which the Top of the Head of that good Prelate was wounded, and some of his Brains that were beaten out, to make sure Work on't. We most religiously kiss'd the sacred Rust of this Weapon, out of Love to the Martyr. Leaving this Place, we went down into a Vault under

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Ground ; to that there belong two Shewers of Relicks. The first Thing they shew you, is the Skull of the Martyr, as it was bored through ; the upper Part is left open to be kiss'd, all the rest is cover'd over with Silver. There also is shewn you a leaden Plate with this Inscription, Thomas Acrensis. And there hang up in a great Place, the Shirts of Hair-Cloth, the Girdles, and Breeches, with which this Prelate used to mortify his Flesh, the very Sight of which is enough to strike one with Horrour, and to reproach the Effeminacy and Delicacy of our Age.

*Men.* Nay, perhaps of the Monks themselves.

*Ogy.* That I can neither affirm nor deny, nor does it signify much to me.

*Men.* You say right.

*Ogy.* From hence we return to the Choir. On the north Side they open a private Place. It is incredible what a World of Bones they brought out of it, Skulls, Chins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers, whole Arms, all which we having first adored, kiss'd ; nor had there been any End of it, had it not been for one of my Fellow-Travellers, who indiscreetly interrupted the Officer that was shewing them.

*Men.* Who was he ?

*Ogy.* He was an Englishman, his Name was Gratian Pullus, a Man of Learning and Piety, but not so well affected to this Part of Religion as I could wish he were.

*Men.* I fancy he was a Wickliffite.

*Ogy.* No, I believe he was not, tho' he had read his Books ; but I don't know where he had them.

*Men.* Did he make the Officer angry ?

*Ogy.* He took out an Arm having yet some bloody Flesh upon it ; he shew'd a Reluctance to the Kissing it, and a Sort of Uneasiness in his Countenance : And presently the Officer shut up all his Relicks again. After this we view'd the Table of the Altar, and the Ornaments ; and after that those Things that were laid

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up under the Altar ; all was very rich ; you would have said Midas and Cræsus were Beggars compar'd to them, if you beheld the great Quantities of Gold and Silver.

*Men.* And was there no Kissing here ?

*Ogy.* No, but my Mind was touch'd with other Sorts of Wishes.

*Men.* What were they ?

*Ogy.* It made me sigh to think I had no such Relicks in my own House.

*Men.* A sacrilegious Wish !

*Ogy.* I confess it, and I humbly begg'd Pardon of the Saint, before I set my Foot out of the Church. After this we were carry'd into the Vestry. Good God ! What a Pomp of Silk Vestments was there, of Golden Candlesticks ! There we saw also St. Thomas's Pastoral Staff : It look'd like a Reed plated over with Silver ; it had but little of Weight, and nothing of Workmanship, and was no longer than up to one's Girdle.

*Men.* Was there never a Cross ?

*Ogy.* I saw none : There was a Gown shewn, it was Silk indeed, but coarse, and without Embroidery of Jewels ; and a Handkerchief, still having plain Marks of Sweat and Blood from the Saint's Neck. We readily kiss'd these Monuments of antient Frugality.

*Men.* Are these shewn to every Body ?

*Ogy.* No certainly, my good Friend.

*Men.* How then did you come to have such Credit with them, that none of their Secrets were conceal'd from you ?

*Ogy.* I had some Acquaintance with the Reverend Prelate William Warham the Archbishop,<sup>19</sup> and he recommended me.

*Men.* I have heard he was a Man of great Humanity.

*Ogy.* Nay, if you knew the Man, you would take him for Humanity itself. He was a Man of that Learning, that Candour of Manners, and that Piety of Life, that

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there was nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplish'd Prelate. From hence we were conducted up higher ; for, behind the high Altar, there is another Ascent, as into another Church. In a certain Chapel there was shewn to us the whole Face of the good Man set in Gold, and adorned with Jewels ; and here a certain unexpected Chance had near interrupted all our Felicity.

*Men.* I want sadly to hear what mischievous Matter this was.

*Ogy.* My Friend Gratian lost himself here extremely. After a short Prayer, he says to the Assistant of him that shew'd us the Reliques, Good Father, is it true, as I have heard, that Thomas, while he liv'd, was very charitable to the Poor ? Very true, replies he, and began to relate a great many Instances of his Charity. Then, answers Gratian, I don't believe that good Inclination in him is changed, unless it be for the better. The Officer assented. Then, says he again, if this holy Man was so liberal to the Poor, when he was a poor Man himself, and stood in Need of Charity for the Support of his own Body, don't you think he would take it well now, when he is grown so rich, and wants nothing, if some poor Woman having a Family of Children at Home ready to starve, or Daughters in Danger of being under a necessity to prostitute themselves for want of Portions, or a Husband sick in Bed, and destitute of all Comforts ; if such a Woman should ask him Leave to make bold with some small Portion of these vast Riches, for the Relief of her Family, taking it either as by Consent, or by Gift, or by Way of Borrowing ? The Assistant making no Answer to this, Gratian being a warm Man, I am fully persuaded, says he, that the good Man would be glad at his Heart, that when he is dead he could be able to relieve the Necessities of the Poor with his Wealth. Upon this the Shewer of the Relicks began to frown, and to pout out his Lips, and to look upon us as if he

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would have eaten us up; and I don't doubt but he would have spit in our Faces, and have turn'd us out of the Church by the Neck and Shoulders, but that we had the Archbishop's Recommendation. Indeed I did in some Measure pacify him with good Words, telling him, that Gratian did not speak this from his Heart, but had a drolling Way with him; and also laid down a little Money.

*Men.* Indeed I exceedingly approve of your Piety. But I sometimes seriously think on't, how they can possibly excuse themselves from being guilty of a Fault, who consume such vast Sums in building, beautifying, and enriching Churches, setting no Bound to their Expences. I allow that there ought to be a Dignity in the sacred Vestments, the Vessels of a Church, agreeable to the solemn Service; and would have the Structure of it to have a certain Air of Majesty. But to what Purpose are so many golden Fonts, so many Candlesticks, and so many Images? To what Purpose is such a Profusion of Expence upon Organs, as they call them? Nor are we indeed content with one Pair. What signify those Concerts of Musick, hired at so great an Expence; when in the mean Time our Brothers and Sisters, Christ's living Temples, are ready to perish for Hunger and Thirst?

*Ogy.* There is no Man, either of Piety or Wisdom, but would wish for a Moderation in these Matters; but since this Error proceeds from a certain Extreme of Piety, it deserves some Favour, especially when we reflect on the other hand, on the contrary Error of others, who rob Churches rather than build them up. They are commonly endow'd by great Men and Monarchs, who would employ the Money worse in Gaming, or War. And moreover, if you take any Thing away from the Church, in the first Place it is accounted Sacrilege; and in the second Place, it shuts up the Hands of those who had an Inclination to give,

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and besides, it is a Temptation to Rapine. The Churchmen are rather Guardians of these Things than Masters of them. And lastly, I had rather see a Church luxuriant with sacred Furniture, than as some of them are, naked and sordid, more like Stables than Churches.

*Men.* But we read, that the Bishops of old were commended for selling the sacred Vessels, and relieving the Poor with the Money.

*Ogy.* And so they are commended at this Day; but they are only commended; for I am of the Mind they neither have the Power, nor the Will, to follow the Example.

*Men.* But I hinder your Narration, I now expect to hear the Conclusion of your Story.

*Ogy.* Well! you shall have it, and I'll be very brief. Upon this, out comes the head of the College.

*Men.* Who was he? the Abbot of the Place?

*Ogy.* He wears a Mitre, and has the Revenue of an Abbot, he wants nothing but the Name; he is call'd the Prior, because the Archbishop is in the Place of an Abbot. For in old Time, every one that was an Archbishop of that Diocese was a Monk.

*Men.* It did not Matter if I was call'd a Camel, if I had but the Revenue of an Abbot.

*Ogy.* He seem'd to me to be a godly and prudent Man, and not unacquainted with the Scotch Divinity.<sup>20</sup> He open'd us the Box, in which the Remainder of the Holy Man's Body is said to rest.

*Men.* Did you see the Bones?

*Ogy.* That is not permitted, nor can it be done without a Ladder. But a wooden Box covers a golden one, and that being craned up with Ropes, discovers an inestimable Treasure.

*Men.* What say you?

*Ogy.* Gold was the basest Part. Every Thing sparkled and shined with very large and scarce Jewels, some of them bigger than a Goose's Egg. There some Monks

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stood about with the greatest Veneration. The cover being taken off, we all worshipp'd. The Prior, with a white Wand, touch'd every Stone one by one, telling us the Name in French, the Value of it, and who was the Donor of it. The Principal of them were the Presents of Kings.

*Men.* He had Need to have a good Memory.

*Ogy.* You guess right, and yet Practice goes a great Way, for he does this frequently. Hence he carried us back into a Vault. There the Virgin Mary has her Residence ; it is something dark, it is doubly rail'd in and encompassed about with iron Bars.

*Men.* What is she afraid of?

*Ogy.* Nothing, I suppose, but Thieves. And I never in my Life saw any Thing more laden with Riches.

*Men.* You tell me of Riches in the Dark.

*Ogy.* Candles being brought in, we saw more than a Royal Sight.

*Men.* What, does it go beyond the Parathalassian Virgin<sup>21</sup> in Wealth?

*Ogy.* It goes far beyond in Appearance. What is concealed she knows best. These Things are shewn to none but great Persons, or peculiar Friends. In the End, we were carried back into the Vestry : There was pulled out a Chest covered with black Leather ; it was set upon the Table, and opened. They all fell down on their Knees, and worshipped.

*Men.* What was in it?

*Ogy.* Pieces of Linen Rags, a great many of them retaining still the Marks of the Snot. These were those, they say, that the holy Man used to wipe the Sweat off from his Face and Neck with, the Snot out of his Nose, or any other such Sort of Filth which human Bodies are not free from. Here again my Gratian behaved himself in none of the most obliging Manners. For the gentle Prior offered to him, being an Englishman, an Acquaintance, and a Man of considerable Authority, one of the Rags for a Present,

thinking he had presented him with a very acceptable Gift ; but Gratian unthankfully took it squeamishly in his Fingers, and laid it down with an Air of Contempt, making up his Mouth at it, as if he would have smack'd it. For this was his Custom, if any Thing came in his Way that he would express his Contempt to. I was both ashamed and afraid. Nevertheless the good Prior, tho' not insensible of the Affront, seemed to take no Notice of it; and after he had civilly entertained us with a Glass of Wine, dismissed us, and we went back to London.

*Men.* What Need was there for that, when you were not far from your own Shore?

*Ogy.* I was not, but I industriously shunned that Shore, it being more infamous for Cheats and Rapines than any Rocks are for Shipwrecks. I'll tell you what I saw in my last Passage that Way. There were a pretty many of us upon the Shore of Calais, who were carried thence in a Chaloupe<sup>22</sup> to a large Ship. Among the rest there was a young Frenchman that was poor and ragged, and they demanded two Pence for his Passage ; for so much they will have if they carry you but a Boat's Length : He pleaded Poverty. They in a Frolick would needs search him, and having pulled off his Shoes, they find ten or twelve Pieces of Silver between the Soles. They took the Money, laugh'd at him to his Face, and banter'd the Frenchman as a Cheat into the Bargain.

*Men.* What did the Fellow do then?

*Ogy.* What should he do but lament his Misfortune?

*Men.* Do they do these Things by Authority?

*Ogy.* By the same Authority that they steal the Baggage of a Guest in his Inn, or take his Purse upon the Road, if they find an Opportunity.

*Men.* It is very strange that they dare to commit such Villainy before so many Witnesses.

*Ogy.* They are so used to it, that they think they do well in it. There were many in the great Ship who

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looked on, and some English Merchants in the Boat, who grumbled at it ; but to no Purpose. They boasted of it as a Piece of Wit in catching the Frenchman in his Roguery.

*Men.* I would hang up those Coast Thieves, and laugh at them, and banter them at the Gallows.

*Ogy.* Nay, both Shores abound with such Fellows. Hence I make this Improvement : If the little Thieves dare to do thus, what will their Masters do ? So that I had rather, for the future, go ever so far about than that shortest Way. And besides, as the Descent to Hell is easy, but the Return is difficult ; so the Entrance of this Shore is not very easy, and the getting out of it very difficult. There were at London some Skippers belonging to Antwerp ; so I determined to take Passage with them.

*Men.* Are the Skippers of that Country any better than others ?

*Ogy.* I confess, as an Ape will always be an Ape, so a Skipper will always be a Skipper : but if you compare them to those that live upon the Catch, they are Angels.

*Men.* I shall remember it, if I ever have a Mind to visit that Island. But go on again, I have led you out of the Way.

*Ogy.* In our Journey to London, not far from Canterbury, there's a narrow, hollow, steep Way, and a cragged, steep Bank on either Side, so that you can't escape it ; for there is no other Way to go. Upon the left Hand of that Way, there is a little Cottage of old Mendicants. As soon as they espy a Man on Horseback coming, one of them runs out, and sprinkles him with holy Water, and then offers him the upper Leather of a Shoe, with a Brass Ring to it, in which is a Glass, as if it were some Gem. Having kiss'd it, you give a small Piece of Money.

*Men.* In such a Way, I had rather meet with a Cottage of old Mendicants, than a Gang of lusty Foot Pads.

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*Ogy.* Gratian rode on my left Hand, next to this Cottage ; he was sprinkled with holy Water, and took it pretty well ; but upon presenting the Shoe, he ask'd what was meant by that ? This, says the poor Man, was St. Thomas's Shoe. Gratian fell into a Passion, and turning to me, said, What would these Brutes have ? Will they make us kiss the Shoes of all that have been good Men ? Why do they not as well give us their Spittle, and the other Excrements of their Bodies, to kiss ? I pitied the poor old Man, and Comforted him, being sorrowful, by giving him a little Money.

*Men.* In my Opinion, Gratian was not angry altogether without a cause. If these Shoes and Slippers were preserved as an Argument of Moderation in living I should not dislike it : But I think it a Piece of Impudence, to thrust Slippers, and Shoes, and Stockings, upon any one to be kissed. If any one shall do it of their own free Choice, from a great Affection to Piety, I think they deserve to be left to their own Liberty.

*Ogy.* Not to dissemble, I think those Things had better be let alone ; but in those Matters that cannot be mended on a sudden, it is my Way to make the best of them. In the mean Time my Mind was delighted with this Contemplation, that a good Man was like a Sheep, and a wicked Man like a hurtful Beast. A Viper indeed cannot bite when it is dead, yet it is infectious by its Stink and Corruption. A Sheep, while it lives, nourishes us with its Milk, cloaths us with its Wool, and enriches us by its Increase ; when it is dead, it supplies us with Leather, and is every Part of it fit to be eaten. In like Manner, Men that are furious and devoted to this World, while they live are troublesome to all Persons, and when they are dead, are a Disturbance to those that are alive, with the Noise of the Bells and a pompous Funeral ; and sometimes to their Successors at their entring upon their Possessions, by

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causing new Exactions. But good Men make themselves profitable, in all Respects, to the whole World. As this Saint, while he was alive, by his Example, his Doctrine, and Admonitions, invited to Piety, comforted the Friendless, succoured the Needy; so now he is dead, he is in some Sort more useful. He built this magnificent Church, and advanced the Authority of the Priesthood all over England: And now, after all, this Fragment of his Shoe maintains a Conventicle of poor Men.<sup>23</sup>

*Men.* That indeed is a very pious Contemplation: But I admire, since you are of this Mind, that you never went to see St. Patrick's Den, of which the People say so many prodigious Things, that I can scarce think likely to be true.

*Ogy.* Nay, there is no Report of it can be so prodigious, but that the Thing itself exceeds it.

*Men.* Why, then, did you ever enter into it?

*Ogy.* Yes, I have ferried over a Lake truly Stygian, and descended into the very Jaws of Avernus, and seen all that is done in Hell.

*Men.* You'll bless me, if you shall not think much to relate it.

*Ogy.* I think this Preface of our Discourse has been prolix enough. I am going Home to give Order to get Supper ready; for I have not dined yet.

*Men.* Why have you had no Dinner? Is it upon a religious Account?

*Ogy.* No, but out of Spite.

*Men.* What, do you spite your Belly?

*Ogy.* No, but unconscionable Victuallers, who, altho' they serve you with what is not fit to be eaten, make no Scruple of demanding for it an unreasonable Price. This is the Way that I revenge myself on them: If I am in Hope of a good Supper, either at an Acquaintance's, or at an Eating-House, that is any Thing tolerable, my Stomach fails me at Dinner. If Fortune

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throws in my Way a Dinner, such as I like, then my Stomach fails me at Supper-Time.

*Men.* And are you not ashamed to be so stingy and sneaking?

*Ogy.* Believe me, Menedemus, in such Cases as this, those that make Use of their Modesty, employ it to a wrong Use. I have learned to keep my Bashfulness for other Purposes.

*Men.* I do e'en long for the Remainder of your Story, and therefore expect me at Supper, and there you may tell it more at Leisure.

*Ogy.* In Truth, I give you Thanks for taking the Freedom to invite yourself, when many who are invited with Earnestness, won't accept of it: But I will thank you over and over, if you shall sup at Home to-Night; for my Time will be taken up in congratulating my Family. But I have Advice to give you that will be more commodious for us both. Do you provide a Dinner at your House for me and my Wife to-Morrow, and I'll proceed in my Story till Supper-Time, till you shall say, you have your Belly-full; and if you are contented so, we won't leave you at Supper neither. What, do you scratch your Head? Do you but make Provision, and I'll give you my Word we will come without fail.

*Men.* I like Stories best gratis. However, come, I'll provide a Dinner for you, but it shall be an unsavoury one, if you don't make it relishing with your Stories.

*Ogy.* But hark ye, han't I set you a-gog to go on Pilgrimages?

*Men.* Perhaps you may, by that Time you have finish'd your Relation; but as I find myself at present, I have enough to do to travel my Roman Stations.<sup>24</sup>

*Ogy.* Roman ones, you who never saw Rome?

*Men.* I'll tell you: After that Manner I walk about my House, I go to my Study, and take Care of my Daughter's Chastity; thence I go into my Shop, and

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see what my Servants are doing ; then into the Kitchen, and see if any Thing be amiss there ; and so from one Place to another, to observe what my Wife, and what my Children are doing, taking Care that every one be at his Business. These are my Roman Stations.

*Ogy.* But St. James would take Care of these Things for you.

*Men.* The Holy Scriptures enjoin me to look after them myself, but I do not find any Text to leave them to the Saints.

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THE ARGUMENT

This Colloquy contains an ingenious Discourse concerning human Constitutions, which, tho' not altogether to be rejected, yet are not to be so much set by as some Persons do, who in a Manner prefer them before the divine Law itself. Others again, abuse both divine and human Constitutions, making them serve their own Profit and tyrannical Disposition. What Persons, and how far human Constitutions are binding, what they conduce to, and how much they differ from divine. The preposterous Judgment of Women concerning them is blamed. Many Incommodities proceed from eating of Fish, not only to Bodies, but also to Minds. The barbarous Cruelty of them that forbid the Use of Flesh to sickly Persons. Why the Ceremonial Law was abolished. The Pontifical Laws require Things more burdensome than the Ceremonial Laws of the Jews. The Custom of baptizing new-born Infants is reprehended. The Popish Ceremonies are a great Obstacle to many from embracing the Christian Religion. That there might be a general Peace in the Christian World, if the Emperor would remit something of his Right, and the Pope something of his. The God Terminus, what he is. Human Laws are not binding of themselves. God commands nothing injurious to the Health either of Soul or Body, not so much as Fasting. The common Custom of Mankind is to fear and reverence God and his Worship,  
less than Man

*A BUTCHER and a SALT-FISHMONGER*

*But.* Tell me, silly Seller of Salt-Fish, han't you bought a Halter yet?

*Fish.* A Halter, Butcher?

*But.* Yes, I say an Halter.

*Fish.* For what?

*But.* To hang yourself with.

*Fish.* Let them buy Halters that want them, I'm not weary of my Life yet.

*But.* But you will be weary of it quickly.

*Fish.* God send that may rather be your Case than mine. What's the Matter?

*But.* I'll tell you, if you don't know. Here's a Time coming upon you, that you and your Brother Tradesmen will be all starv'd to Death, and ready to hang yourselves out of the Way.

*Fish.* Easy, easy, Butcher, God send this may be our Enemies Case, and not ours. But prithee, Butcher, how came you to be a Fortune-Teller all on a sudden, to divine such a Calamity?

*But.* 'Tis no Guess-Work, I promise you; do not flatter yourself, 'tis Matter of Fact.

*Fish.* You fright me out of my Wits; if you have any Thing to say, let us have it out.

*But.* I'll tell you to your Cost. Here's a Dispensation of the College of Cardinals coming out,<sup>2</sup> for every Body to eat what he lists. Then what will you and your Fraternity do, but be starved to Death in the Midst of your Heaps of stinking Salt-Fish?

*Fish.* They that have a Mind to it may feed upon Snails or Nettles, with all my Heart. But is there a Prohibition that no Body shall eat Fish?

*But.* No. But every Body is at Liberty to eat Flesh, that has a Mind to it.

*Fish.* If what you predict be true, you rather deserve to be hang'd than I; and if it be false, you have more Need to buy a Halter. For I hope for a better Trade for the future.

*But.* You may have Stock enough by you, but your Belly's full of Fasting. But if you'll hear the best of the Story, you may live a little cleaner than you used to do, and not have Occasion to wipe your snotty, scabby Nose upon your Elbow.

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*Fish.* Ha, ha, now it is come out at last : 'The Kettle calls the Pot Black-Arse.'<sup>3</sup> Is there any Part of a Butcher cleaner and sweeter than his Backside? I wish what you say were true, but I'm afraid you only feed me with Fancies.

*But.* What I tell you is too true to make a Jest on. But, prithee, how do you promise yourself a better Trade upon this Consideration?

*Fish.* Because People are of that Humour, that they are most desirous of that which is forbidden.

*But.* What then?

*Fish.* When they are at Liberty to eat Flesh, they will eat least of it; and then no Entertainment will be accounted noble, but what has Fish at it, as it used to be in old Time: So I shall be glad if there be a Licence to eat Flesh. And I wish heartily that the eating Fish were forbidden too, then People would covet it more earnestly.

*But.* Well wish'd indeed.

*Fish.* I should wish so too if I were like you, and aim'd at nothing but getting Money, for the Sake of which thou sendest that lumpish, Flesh-fed Soul of thine to the Devil.

*But.* You are very smart upon me, but what you say is very silly.<sup>4</sup>

*Fish.* What is it puts the See of Rome upon the relaxing the Law for prohibiting eating of Flesh, that has been observed for so many Ages?

*But.* Why, indeed, they have had a Mind to do it a great While ago, and for this Reason, That they think, as it really is, that the City is defiled by Salt-Fishmongers; the Lands, the Waters, Rivers, Air, and Fire are infected, and all the other Elements, if there be any more; Men's Bodies corrupted, and filled with putrid Humours by the Eating of Fish; from whence proceed Fevers, Consumptions, Gouts, Falling-Sicknesses, Leprosies, and what not of Diseases.

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*Fish.* But prithee tell me, Hippocrates, how it comes to pass, that in well-govern'd Cities it is forbid to kill Oxen and Hogs within the Walls of the City? For it would tend more to the Healthfulness of the City, if they were restrain'd from killing Sheep in it too. Why is there a certain Place appointed for Butchers apart from others, but lest if they had Liberty to rove about, and settle any where, they should infect the whole City? Is there any Kind of Stink so pestilential as that of the corrupted Blood and Gore of Beasts?

*But.* They are mere Perfumes compared to stinking Fish.

*Fish.* You, perhaps, may think them Perfumes, but it is a Sign the Magistrates thought otherwise that expell'd you the City. Besides that, how fragrant your Slaughter-Houses smell is very plainly seen, by Peoples stopping their Noses when they pass by them, and that they had rather have ten Bawds for their Neighbours, than one Butcher.

*But.* Whole Ponds and Rivers are little enough for you to wash your stinking Salt-Fish in; for as the old Saying is, 'You do but attempt to wash the Blackmoor white'; for a Fish will always smell like a Fish, tho' you perfume it. Nor is it to be wonder'd at, that they smell so strong when they are dead, when many stink alive, and as soon as they are taken. Flesh, pickled up, is so far from stinking, that it may be preserved many Years, and smell as sweet as a Violet at last. Nay, being but salted up with common Salt, will never stink; and being hung up a drying in Smoke, or Wind, will have no ill Scent. But do what you will to a Fish it will smell like a Fish still. It is evident, there is no Stink to be compared to that of Fish; that Fish corrupts even Salt itself, which was given for the very End of preserving Things from Putrefaction, by shutting, binding up, and also forcing out that which should produce any Thing nauseous, and drying up the Humours within,

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from whence Putrefaction might come : Fish is the only Thing on which Salt loses its Efficacy. It may be some nice Beau or other may stop his Nose as he passes by a Butcher's Shop, but no Body can bear to be in the Boat where your Salt-Fish is. If a Traveller chance to meet a Cart loaden with Salt-Fish on the Road, how does he run away, stop his Nose, hawk and spit, and curse the stinking Cargo? And if it were possible that Salt-Fish could be carried sweet into the City, as we do our Beef, when killed and dressed, the Law would be laid aside. But besides, what can you say as to them that stink while they are eaten? And besides, how often do we see your condemn'd Ware thrown into the Rivers by the Clerks of the Markets, and a Fine put upon you for selling it? And we should see that oftner, but that they, corrupted by you, don't so much regard the City's Good, as their own Profit. Nor is this the only Thing that you are notorious for ; but besides that, there is a wicked Combination among you, to hinder fresh from coming to Town.

*Fish.* Pray, did no Body ever know a Butcher fined for killing measled Pork, or selling Mutton drowned in a Ditch, or maggoty Shoulders of Mutton dawb'd over with fresh Blood, to make 'em look as if new killed?

*But.* But no Body ever knew such an Instance of us as has been known by you lately, that nine Persons were poisoned by one Eel baked in a Pie : And this is what you furnish Citizens Tables with.

*Fish.* What you speak of was an Accident, and no Body can help that, when it pleases God it shall fall out so. But 'tis a daily Practice with you to sell young Cats for Rabbits, and Puppies for Hares, if People don't know 'em by their Ears, and rough Feet ; not to speak of your Meat-Pies made of dead Men's Flesh.

*But.* That which you charge me with is the Failings of Men in common ; and let them defend themselves that are guilty of the Fault : I make my Comparison

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between Gain and Gain. By the same Reason you may condemn Gardeners, who, by mistake, sell Henbane for Coleworts; or Apothecaries, who administer Poison instead of Antidotes. There is no Trade, or Calling, that is not liable to these Mistakes. But you, when you act the most faithfully in your Calling, sell that which is Poison. If indeed you sold a Cramp-Fish, a Water-Snake, or a Sea-Hare, catch'd among other Fish, it would be an Accident rather than a Fault. Nor do I think it any more to be imputed to you, than to a Physician, that sometimes kills the Patient he undertakes to cure. And this might be excusable, if you only put off your stinking Wares in the Winter Season; then the Cold might mitigate the Contagiousness of Infection: But you add putrid Matter to the Fire of the Summer Season, and render Autumn, which is of itself a sickly Season, more sickly. And in the Spring of the Year, when the Humours that have been lock'd up begin to flow, to the Hazard of the Body, then for two whole Months you exercise your Tyranny, and corrupt the Infancy of the springing Year, by bringing an Old Age upon it: And when Nature is busied to purge the Body from unwholesome Juices, and make it fresh and blooming with new, you throw into it mere Stinks and Corruption; so that if there be any vitious Humours in the Body, you increase 'em, adding worse to bad, and not only so, but corrupting the good Juices of the Body. But this might be borne with too, if you only injured the Body; but inasmuch as by different Foods the Organs of the Mind are vitiated, you vitiate the very Minds themselves. So that do but mind your Fish-Eaters, how like Fishes do they look, pale, stinking, stupid and mute?

*Fish.* O rare Thales! But prithee, how wise are they that live upon Beets? just as much as the Beets themselves. What Sort of Fellows are they that feed upon Beef, Mutton, and Goats Flesh? truly, like Oxen, Sheep,

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and Goats themselves. You sell Kids for a mighty Delicacy, and yet this Creature is very bad for the Falling-Sickness,<sup>5</sup> and brings that Distemper upon the Flesh-Eaters. Were it not better to satisfy a craving Appetite with Salt-Fish?

*But.* Do you think then that all that your Naturalists write is true? But were what they say ever so true, it is certain, that to some Persons that are inclinable to Diseases, those Things that are good of themselves, prove hurtful. We sell Kids for those that are troubled with the Hectick, or Phthisick, but not for those that have the Vapours.

*Fish.* If the eating of Fish be so prejudicial, as you would insinuate, how comes it about, that our Superiors permit us to sell our Ware the whole Year, and make you keep Holy-Day for a good Part of it?

*But.* That's none of my Business to answer. But it may be, this was the Contrivance of wicked Doctors, that they might get the more Money.

*Fish.* I don't know what Doctors they are that you speak of; for I am sure none are greater Enemies to Fish than they are.

*But.* Goodman Coxcomb, to set you right in this Matter, it is not for your Sake, nor the Love of Fish; for none are more averse than they to the eating it, but 'tis their own Game they play. The more People are troubled with Coughs, Consumptions, and Chronick Distempers, the more they get by it.

*Fish.* I won't advocate for Doctors in this Matter; let them avenge their own Quarrel, when they get thee into their Clutches. The antient Sanctimony of Life, the Authority of the most Approved, the Majesty of Bishops, and the publick Usage of Christian Nations, are enough for my Purpose: All which, if you tax of Madness, I had rather be mad with them than be sober with Butchers.

*But.* You decline being an Advocate for Doctors, and so do I to be an Accuser or Censurer of the Antients, or

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common Custom. Those it is my Custom to revere, but not revile.

*Fish.* You're more cautious than pious in this Point, or I'm mistaken in you, Butcher.

*But.* In my Opinion, they are the wisest, that have least to do with those that carry Thunderbolts in their Hands. But however, I won't conceal what I understand from my Bible, translated into my Mother Tongue, that I sometimes read in.

*Fish.* What now, the Butcher's turn'd Parson too.

*But.* I am of the Opinion, that Mankind, in the first Ages, being newly form'd out of primitive Clay, were of more healthful Constitutions. This appears by their Vivacity. More than that, I believe, Paradise was a Place commodiously situated, and in a very healthy Climate. Such Bodies, in such a Situation, might be sustained without Food, by breathing the very Air, and Fragrance of Herbs, Trees and Flowers, that exhaled every where, and especially the Earth, spontaneously producing all Things in Abundance, without Man's Sweating or Toiling, who was neither infected with Distempers, nor Old Age. The Dressing of such a Garden was not a Toil, but rather a Pleasure.

*Fish.* Hitherto you seem to be right.

*But.* Of the various Increase of so fertile a Garden nothing was prohibited, but the Use of one single Tree.

*Fish.* That 's true too.

*But.* And that for this Reason only. That they might pay their Acknowledgment to their Lord and Creator by Obedience.

*Fish.* All this is very right.

*But.* Moreover, I verily believe, that the new Earth produced every Thing better in its Kind, and of a more nutritive Juice, than it does now, grown old, and almost past Bearing.

*Fish.* Well, I grant it. Take that for granted.

*But.* And that especially in Paradise.

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*Fish.* It is very probable.

*But.* If so, then Eating was rather for the Sake of Pleasure, than Necessity.

*Fish.* I have heard so.

*But.* At that Time to abstain from eating Flesh, was rather Humanity than Sanctity.

*Fish.* I don't know. I read that the Eating of Flesh was permitted after the Flood, but I don't read it was forbidden before: But to what Purpose were it, to permit it, if it were permitted before?

*But.* Why don't we eat Frogs? Not because they are forbidden, but because we have an Aversion to them. How can you tell, whether God might not instruct Man what Food human Nature required, and not what he permitted?

*Fish.* I can't divine.

*But.* But presently after Man's Creation, we read, 'Rule ye over the Fish of the Sea, the Fowls of the Air, and every living Creature that moveth upon the Face of the Earth.' What Use was there of the Government of 'em, if it were not lawful to eat them?

*Fish.* O cruel Master! Do you eat your Men and Maid-Servants, your Wife and Children? Why don't you, at the same Time, eat your Chamber-Pot? for you are Master of that too.

*But.* But, prithee, hear me again, thou silly Salt-Fishmonger. There is a real Use of other Things, and not a bare Name of Dominion only. A Horse carries me upon his Back, and a Camel my Baggage. But what Use are Fish of, but to be eaten?

*Fish.* As if there were not Abundance of Fish that are good for Physick. And besides, there are a great many that were created merely for the Sake of Contemplation, and to carry us forth to admire their Creator. It may be, you don't believe that Dolphins carry Men on their Backs.<sup>6</sup> In the last Place, there are some

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Fish that are useful to foretell a Tempest, as the *Echinus*, or Sea-Urchin; and would you not wish to have such a Servant in your own House?

*But.* Suppose that be granted, that before the Flood it was not lawful to eat any Food, but the Fruits of the Earth; it was no great Matter to abstain from those Things the Necessity of the Body did not require, and in the Killing of which was Cruelty; yet you will allow, that in the Beginning, the Eating of living Creatures was permitted, by Reason of the Weakness of human Bodies. The Deluge has brought in a cold Temperament; and at this Time we see, those that live in cold Climates, are greater eaters than others in hotter, and the Flood had either quite destroy'd, or at least spoiled, the Products of the Earth.

*Fish.* That is granted.

*But.* And yet, after the Deluge, they lived above 200 Years.

*Fish.* I believe they did.

*But.* Why then did God afterwards, as Moses commanded, tie up Persons of a weaker Constitution, and shorter-liv'd, to some particular Kinds of living Creatures, which he permitted to those of a stronger, without Exception?

*Fish.* Just as if it were my Province to give a Reason for what God did! But I believe, that God did then, as Masters do now, who contract their Indulgence towards their Servants, when they see them abuse their Lenity. So we forbear to feed a Horse with Oats and Beans, when he grows pamper'd, and too mettlesome, give him Hay more sparingly, and ride him with a curb Bridle, and a sharper Spur. Mankind had thrown off all Reverence of the Deity, and lived as licentiously as if there was no God at all. Upon this Account, the Lattices of the Law, and Bars of Ceremonies, the Bridles of Threatnings and Precepts, were made Use of, to bring them to know themselves.

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*But.* What then, do those Bars of the Law hold us in at this Day too?

*Fish.* Inasmuch as the Asperity of carnal Servitude is removed, we being by the Gospel adopted Sons of God : there being an Augmentation of Grace, there is a Diminution of the Number of Precepts.

*But.* How comes it to pass, that when God calls his Covenant everlasting, and Christ denies that he dissolved the Law, but fulfilled it; by what Confidence, I say, do Men of After-Ages dare to abrogate good Part of it?

*Fish.* That Law was not given to the Gentiles; and therefore it seemed meet to the Apostles, not to burden them with the Load of Circumcision, lest, as the Jews, even at this Day, do, they should rather place the Hope of their Salvation in corporal Observances, than in Faith and Love towards God.

*But.* I forbear to speak of the Gentiles; what Scripture is there, that says plainly of the Jews, that if they did embrace the Gospel, they should be freed from the Servitude of the Mosaical Law?

*Fish.* That was prophesied by the Prophets, who promise a new Covenant and a new Heart, and introduce God, as abhorring the Festival Days of the Jews, aversating their Meat-Offerings, abhorring their Fasts, rejecting their Gifts, and desiring a People of circumcised Hearts; and the Lord himself confirmed what they had promised, who, holding forth to his Disciples his Body and Blood, calls it the new testament. If nothing be abolished of the old, why is this called a new one? The Lord did not only abrogate the Jewish Choice of Meats by his Example, but by his Doctrine; when he denies that Man is defiled by Meats which go into the Stomach, and pass thence into the Draught. He teaches Peter the same by a Vision: And Peter himself shews the same, in that he, with Paul and others, eat of common Meats, from which the Law commanded them to abstain. Paul treats in this Manner every

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where in his Epistles, nor is there any Doubt, but what Christians now practise, was handed down to us by Tradition from the Apostles themselves. So that the Jews were not so properly set at Liberty, as weaned from Superstition, as from the Milk to which they had been accustomed and made familiar; but now was grown out of Season. Neither is the Law abrogated, but it is but requisite, that that Part of it should give Way, which was not essential. Leaves and Flowers bespeak Fruit coming; and when a Tree is loaded with that, no Body covets the Flowers. Nor is any Body sorry that his Son's Puerility is gone, when Maturity of Age is come: Nor does any Body call for Candles and Torches, when the Sun is gotten above the Horizon: Nor does a School-Master complain, if a Son, being come to Man's Estate, puts in his Claim for Freedom, and, in his Turn, has the Master under his Tuition. A Pledge ceases to be a Pledge, when the Thing promised is produced. The Spouse comforts herself with the Bridegroom's Letters, till she is married; she kisses his Presents, embraces his Picture; but when she comes to enjoy his Company, she disregards those Things she before admired for the Sake of it. The Jews, at first, were very hardly brought off from those Things they had been accustomed to; which is just as if a Child that had been used to suck, being grown a lusty Fellow, should cry for the Breast, and slight more solid Food. So they were forced, as it were, from those Figures, Shadows, and temporary Comforts, that they might entirely turn themselves to him, whom that Law had promised and shadowed out.

*But.* Who would have expected so much Divinity from a Seller of Salt-fish?

*Fish.* I used to serve the Dominican College in our City with Fish; and, by that Means they often dine with me, and I sometimes with them; and I gather'd these Things from their Discourses.

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*But.* In Truth, instead of a Seller of Salt-Fish, you deserve to be a Seller of fresh Fish. But prithee tell me, If you were a Jew, (for I cannot very well tell, whether you are one or not,) and you were like to be starved with Hunger, would you eat Swine's Flesh or rather die?

*Fish.* I can't very well tell what I should do; for I do not yet well understand what I ought to do.

*But.* God has forbid both: 'Thou shalt not kill,' and thou shalt not eat Swine's Flesh.' In such a Case as this, which Precept must give Way to the other?

*Fish.* In the first Place it does not appear, that God has forbidden the eating Swine's Flesh, meaning, that a Man should rather be accessory to his own Death, than eat it. For the Lord excuses David, in that he ate Shew-Bread contrary to the Letter of the Law: And in the Babylonish Captivity, many Things were omitted by the Jews, which were required by the Law. Secondly, I am of Opinion, that the Law which Nature has dictated, and therefore is perpetual and inviolable, ought to be accounted the more obligatory, which never was, nor ever will be abrogated.

*But.* But why then were the Maccabees so much commended, that chose rather to die than eat Swine's Flesh?

*Fish.* I suppose, because this Eating being required by the King, did comprise in itself a Denial in the general of the Law of the Country; as Circumcision, which the Jews endeavoured to obtrude on the Gentiles, carried in it a Profession of the whole Law; just as Money given in Earnest, obliges to the Performance of the whole Contract.

*But.* Well, then, if this more gross Part of the Law is justly taken away, after the Exhibition of the Gospel, by what Authority are either the same, or like Things, imposed upon us, especially when our Lord calls his Yoke an easy one, and Peter, in the Acts of the Apostles, calls

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the Law of the Jews a hard one, which neither they, nor their Fathers, were able to bear? Circumcision is taken away, but Baptism came in the Room of it, and indeed, I was about to say, with a harder Condition. That was deferr'd till the eighth Day, and if any Thing happen'd to the Child in that Time, the Vow of Circumcision was taken for Circumcision itself. But we dip Children, scarce well got out of the dark Caverns of the Mother's Womb, all over in cold Water,<sup>7</sup> which has stood a long Time in a stony Font, (not to say while it stinks) and if it chance to die upon the first Day, or in its very Ingress into the World, tho' there be no Fault neither in its Parents nor Friends, the poor Babe is doom'd to eternal Damnation.

*Fish.* They do say so indeed.

*But.* The Sabbath is abrogated; nay, indeed, not abrogated, but translated to the Sunday. What does it signify? The Mosaick Law enjoin'd a few Fast-Days; but what a Number have we added to them? And as to the Choice of Meats, how much freer were the Jews than we are, who were at Liberty to eat Sheep, Capons, Partridges, and Kids, all the Year round? They were forbid the Use of no Garment, but what was mix'd with Linen and Woollen: But now, besides the appointed and forbidden Forms and Colours of a great Number of Garments, the Head must be shaven too, some after one Manner, and some another. Not to mention that heavy Burden of Confession, the Wallets of human Constitutions, Tythes, and those not single ones neither; Matrimony skrew'd up into too narrow a Compass, the new Laws of Affinity, and Abundance of other Things, which render the Jews Circumstances much more easy than ours.

*Fish.* Indeed, Butcher, you are much out of the Way, the Yoke of Christ is not to be accounted for by that Rule you imagine. A Christian is tyed up in many Points, and to harder Circumstances, and liable to a greater Punishment: But to make Amends for this,

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the greater Strength of Faith and Love that is added, makes those Things pleasant which by Nature are burdensome.

*But.* Pray tell me, why, when the Holy Spirit descended from Heaven of old, in the Shape of fiery Tongues, and enrich'd the Hearts of Believers with a more copious Gift of Faith and Charity, why was the Burden of the Law taken away from them, as from Persons weak, and in Danger under an unequal Yoke? Why did Peter, by the Inspiration of the Spirit, call it 'an intolerable Burden'?

*Fish.* It was taken away on one Part, lest Judaism, as it had begun, should overwhelm the Glory of the Gospel; and lest the Gentiles, by the Stumbling-Block of the Law, should be alienated from Christ, among whom there were many weak persons, who were in a double Danger: On the one Hand, lest they should believe there was no Salvation to be had without the Observation of the Law; and on the other Hand, lest they should rather chuse to remain in Paganism, than take upon them the Yoke of the Mosaick Law. It was necessary to allure these weak Minds, as it were, with a Bait of Liberty. Secondly, That they might heal them who deny'd there was any Hope of Salvation by the Profession of the Gospel, without the Observation of the Law, Circumcision, Sabbaths, the Choice of Meats, and other Things of that Kind, they either wholly took away, or changed into something else. And, besides, whereas Peter denies that he was able to bear the Burden of the Law, it is not to be understood of him as to the Person he then bare, when there was nothing unbearable to him, but of the stupid and weak Jews, who, tho' they were cloy'd with it, fed upon the Husk, not having any Relish of the Spirit.

*But.* You argue indeed very smartly. But for all that, in my Opinion, even at this Day, there is no less Reason why those carnal Obligations that are arbitrary, and not obligatory, should be taken away.

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*Fish.* Why so?

*But.* I lately saw the whole World described in a large Map; from thence I learn't how small a Part of the World it was, that truly and sincerely professed the Christian Religion: One small Part of Europe to the East, and another towards the North; the third inclining towards the South, but reaching but a little Way; and the fourth Part, which is Poland, inclining towards the East. All the Rest of the World is either possess'd by Barbarians, or such as differ but very little from brute Beasts; or Schismatics, or Hereticks, or both.

*Fish.* But did you not mind the Southern Shore, and the Christian Islands that lay scatter'd about it?

*But.* I saw them, and learn'd that there were great Spoils brought out of them, but no Christianity carry'd into them. When indeed, when there is so plentiful a Harvest, it seems most adviseable for the Propagation of the Christian Religion, to do as the Apostle did, who took away the Burden of the Mosaic Law, lest the Gentiles should fall back; so now we allure the weak, the Obligations to some Ceremonies should be removed; without which the World was saved in the Beginning, and may now, if it has Faith and Gospel Charity. Again, I both hear and see many who place Religion in Places, Garments, Meats, Fasts, Gestures and Songs, and for the Sake of these Things judge their Neighbour contrary to the Precept of the Gospel. From whence it comes to pass, that whereas Faith and Charity constitute the Christian Religion, they are both extinguished by those Superstitions. For he is far from the Faith of the Gospel who depends upon these Acts; and he is far from Christian Charity, who for the Sake of Meat or Drink, which a Person may lawfully use, exasperates his Brother, for whose Liberty Christ died. What bitter Contentions do we see among Christians! What spiteful Calumnies upon Account of a Garment

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differently tied, or of different Colours than what is customary, and about that Sort of Food which the Water produces, and that which the Land produces ! And if this Evil had reach'd but a few, it might have been slighted. But now we see the whole World in a Flame, on Account of these deadly Contentions. These and such like Things, were they removed, we should both live in greater Concord, not minding Ceremonies, but pressing after those Things which Christ hath taught us ; and the Nations of the World would the more readily embrace Religion, were it accompanied with Liberty.

*Fish.* But there is no Salvation out of the Pale of the Church.

*But.* I confess it.

*Fish.* Whosoever does not own the Authority of the Pope, is out of the Pale of the Church.

*But.* I don't deny that neither.

*Fish.* But he that neglects his Injunctions does not own him.

*But.* But I hope a Time will come, that the Pope, who is Clement<sup>8</sup> by Name, and most of all so by Nature, will mitigate all these Things, which hitherto seem to have alienated some People from the Roman Church ; that he may bring all Nations to the Communion of it, and will rather pursue those Things that are for the Good of the Church than his own private Interest. I hear daily Complaints of yearly Offerings, Pardons, Dispensations, and other Exactions and Church Grievances ; but I believe he will so moderate all Things, that in Time to come it would be impudent to complain.

*Fish.* I wish all Monarchs would do the like, and then I would not doubt but Christianity, which is now confined to a narrow Compass, would extend itself, when the barbarous Nations did perceive that they were called not to human Servitude, but to Gospel Liberty ; and that they were not sought after to made a Prey of,

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but to a Fellow-Enjoyment of Happiness and Holiness. If once they came to be united with us, and found in us Manners truly Christian, they would of their own Accord offer us more than the utmost Violence can extort from them.

*But.* I should soon hope to see that accomplish'd, if that mischievous Ate<sup>9</sup> that has engaged the two most mighty Monarchs in the World in a bloody War, were sent to her Place (*i.e.* to the Dogs).

*Fish.* I admire that that is not done already, when nothing can be imagined more humane than Francis, and I look upon it, that Charles<sup>10</sup> has had Principles instilled into him by his Masters, that by how much the more Fortune enlarges the Bounds of his Empire, by so much the more he encreases in Clemency and Bounty ; besides that good Humour and Lenity is peculiar to his Age.

*But.* You won't find that they will be wanting in any Thing.

*Fish.* What then is it, that hinders the Accomplishment of that which all the World wishes for?

*But.* Why, the Lawyers have not yet come to an Agreement about Bounds and Limits, and you know that the Storm of a Comedy always ends in the Calm of a Matrimony ; and the Tragedies of Princes commonly end in the like Manner. But in Comedies Matches are quickly made up, but among great Men, Matters move but slowly ; and it is better to have a Wound long in healing, than presently to break out again in an Ulcer.

*Fish.* But do you think Marriages to be firm Bonds of Amity?

*But.* I would have them so indeed ; but I see sometimes the sharpest Contentions rise from them ; and when once a War arises between near Kindred, it not only is more extensive, but harder to be made up.

*Fish.* I confess it, and acknowledge it to be true.

*But.* But do you think it fit, that because of the Con-

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tentions and Delays of Lawyers, in Relation to Contracts, the whole World should be kept in Pain? For as Matters are now, there is no Safety any where, and the worst of Men take Advantage of the Opportunity, while there is neither Peace nor War.

*Fish.* It is not my Business to determine concerning the Counsels of Princes. But if I were Cæsar, I know what I would do.

*But.* Well, come on then, you shall be Cæsar and the Pope too, if you please. What is it you would do?

*Fish.* I had rather be Emperor, and King of France.

*But.* Well, let it be so, you shall be both of them then.

*Fish.* I would immediately take upon me a Vow of Peace, and publish a Truce throughout my Dominions, disband my Forces, and make it a capital Crime for any to touch so much as a Hen that was not their own. So having settled Affairs to my Conveniency, or rather that of the Publick, I would treat concerning the Limits of my Dominion, or the Conditions of a Match.

*But.* Have you projected any firmer Ties than those of Matrimony?

*Fish.* I think I have.

*But.* Let's hear them.

*Fish.* Were I Emperor, I would without Delay, thus treat with the King of France: 'My Brother, some  
'evil Spirit has set this War on Foot between you and  
'me; nor do we fight for our Lives, but our Dominions.  
'You, as to your Part, have behaved yourself as a stout  
'and valiant Warrior. But Fortune has been on my  
'Side, and of a King made you a Captive. What has  
'been your Lot, may be mine, and your Mishap  
'admonishes all our human Condition. We have ex-  
'perienced that this Way of Contention has been  
'detrimental to both of us; let us engage one another  
'after a different manner. I give you your Life, and  
'restore you your Liberty, and instead of an Enemy  
'take you for my Friend. Let all past Animosities be

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forgotten, you are at free Liberty to return into your own Dominions, enjoy what is your own, be a good Neighbour, and for the future let this be the only Contention, which shall out-do the other in Offices of Fidelity and Friendship; nor let us vie one with another, which shall govern the largest Dominions, but who shall govern his own with the greatest Justice and Goodness. In the former Conflict I have bore away the Prize of Fortune, but in this he that gets the better, shall gain far more Glory. As for me, the Fame of this Clemency will get me more true Glory than if I had added all France to my Dominion. And in you a grateful Mind will be more to your Praise than if you had drove me quite out of Italy. Don't you envy me the Praise that I am ambitious of, and I'll on the other Hand carry myself toward you, that you shall willingly owe an Obligation to so good a Friend.'

*But.* In Truth, not only all France, but all the World might be attach'd by this Method. For if this Ulcer should happen to be skin'd over, rather than throughly heal'd, by unequal Terms, I am afraid that upon the first Opportunity the Skin being broken, Abundance of corrupt Matter would issue out, and that with more dangerous Consequences.

*Fish.* How great and glorious would this Act of Humanity render Charles all over the World? What Nation would not readily submit to so generous and kind a Prince?

*But.* You have acted the Part of the Emperor very well. Now act the Pope too.

*Fish.* It would be too long to go thro' every Thing. I will tell you in brief. I would so demean myself that the whole World should see that there was a Prince of the Church that aspired after nothing but the Glory of Christ, and Salvation of Mankind. That would infallibly take away all Invidiousness from the Name of Pope, and gain him solid and lasting Glory. But by

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the Way, from worse to better. We have digress'd from our first Proposition.

*But.* Well, I'll bring you to Rights again, by and by. But do you say then, that the Pope's Laws are binding to the whole Church?

*Fish.* I do say so.

*But.* What, to the Punishment of Hell?

*Fish.* They say so.

*But.* And are the Bishops Laws obligatory in like Manner?

*Fish.* I think they are, every one in his own Diocese.

*But.* And those of Abbots too?

*Fish.* I am in Doubt as to that. For they receive their Administration upon certain Conditions, nor have any Power to burden their Inferiors with Constitutions without the Concurrence of the whole Order.

*But.* But what if a Bishop receive his Function upon the same Conditions?

*Fish.* I doubt as to that.

*But.* Can the Pope annul what a Bishop has constituted?

*Fish.* I believe he can.

*But.* Can no Body annul what the Pope decrees?

*Fish.* No, no Body.

*But.* How comes it about that we hear of the Resuming of Popes Constitutions, under this Title, that they have not been rightly instructed; and that the Constitutions of former Popes have been antiquated by later, as deviating from Piety?

*Fish.* Those were surreptitious and temporary Things. For the Pope considered as a Man, may be ignorant of Person and Fact. But that which proceeds from the Authority of an universal Council, is a heavenly Oracle, and is of equal Authority with the Gospel itself, or at least very near it.

*But.* Is it lawful to doubt concerning the Gospels?

*Fish.* By no Means; no, nor the Councils neither,

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rightly assembled by the holy Spirit, carried on, published and received.

*But.* What if any one should doubt whether there is any Council<sup>11</sup> so constituted? as I hear concerning the Council at Basil, which has been rejected by some; nor do all approve of that of Constance. I speak of those that are accounted Orthodox, not to mention the late Lateran Council.

*Fish.* Let them that will doubt at their own Peril. I will not doubt for my Part.

*But.* Had Peter then the Authority of making new Laws?

*Fish.* He had.

*But.* And had Paul too, and the rest of the Apostles?

*Fish.* Yes, they had every one in their own Churches, committed to them by Peter or Christ.

*But.* And have the Successors of Peter a like Authority with Peter himself?

*Fish.* Why not?

*But.* And is there the same Regard to be had to the Pope of Rome's Letter, as to the Epistle of St. Peter himself, and as much to the Constitutions of Bishops, as to the Epistles of Paul?

*Fish.* Nay, I think and more too, if they command and make it a Law by Authority.

*But.* Is it lawful to doubt, whether Peter and Paul wrote by the Inspiration of the holy Spirit?

*Fish.* Nay, let him be accounted an Heretick that doubts of that.

*But.* And do you think the same of the Ordinances and Constitutions of the Popes and Bishops?

*Fish.* I do as to the Popes, but I should make some Question as to the Bishops; but that it seems a Part of Piety not to be suspicious of any Person unless there be very good Grounds for it.

*But.* But why will the holy Spirit suffer a Bishop to err rather than a Pope?

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*Fish.* Because that Error is the most dangerous that proceeds from the Head.

*But.* If the Constitutions of Prelates are of such Force, what does the Lord mean in Deuteronomy, who uses so severe a Commination ; That none add to or diminish from the Law ?

*Fish.* He does not add to the Law, that more largely explains what lay couch'd in it, and who suggests those Things that have Relation to the Observation of the Law ; nor does he diminish, who preaches the Law according to the Capacity of the Hearers, declaring some Things, and concealing others, according to the Circumstances of the Time.

*But.* Were the Constitutions of the Pharisees and Scribes obligatory ?

*Fish.* I don't think they were.

*But.* Why so ?

*Fish.* Because, tho' they had Authority to teach, yet not to make Laws.

*But.* Which Power is the greatest, that of making human Laws, or that of interpreting divine ?

*Fish.* That of making human Laws.

*But.* I am of another Mind : For he that has the Right of interpreting his Opinion, has the Force of a divine Law.

*Fish.* I don't well take you in.

*But.* I'll explain it to you. The divine Law commands us to assist our Parents. The Pharisee interprets it thus : That which is offer'd to the Church is given to the Father ; because God is the Father of all. Does not the divine Law then give Place to this Interpretation ?

*Fish.* But that's a false Interpretation.

*But.* But when once they have receiv'd an Authority of interpreting, how can I tell which Interpretation is true, and especially if they differ among themselves ?

*Fish.* If you cannot be satisfied, as to the Sense of

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the Commonalty, follow the Authority of the Prelates that is the safest.

*But.* Is then the Authority of the Scribes and Pharisees devolv'd upon Divines and Preachers?

*Fish.* It is.

*But.* I hear none more ready to inculcate, Hear, I say unto you, than those that never made Divinity much their Study.

*Fish.* You must hear all candidly, but with Judgment unless they are quite mad. Then People ought to rise and hiss them out of the Pulpit, to make them sensible of their Madness. But you ought to believe those that have arrived to the Degree of a Doctor in Divinity.

*But.* But among them I find a great many that are much more ignorant and foolish, than those that are altogether illiterate; and I see much Controversy among the Learned themselves.

*Fish.* Single out the best Things, and leave those Things that are difficult to others; always receiving those Things that the Consent of the Rulers, and Majority, has approv'd.

*But.* I know that is the safest Way. But then there are false Constitutions as well as false Interpretations.

*Fish.* Whether there be or no, let others look to that. I believe there may be.

*But.* Had Annas and Caiaphas Authority to make Laws?

*Fish.* Yes, they had.

*But.* Did these Men's Constitutions in all Things oblige to the Punishment of Hell?

*Fish.* I can't tell.

*But.* Suppose Annas had made an Order, that no Body coming from a Market should touch a Bit of Meat before he had washed his Body: If any one eat Meat unwashed, did he incur the Pain of Damnation?

*Fish.* I think not, unless the Contempt of the publick Authority aggravated the Crime.

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*But.* Did all the Laws of God oblige to the Punishment of eternal Damnation?

*Fish.* I believe not; for God forbids all Sin, how venial soever, if we may believe Divines.

*But.* But perhaps a venial Sin might send to Hell, unless God by his Mercy assisted our Infirmary.

*Fish.* It is no Absurdity to say so, but I dare not affirm it.

*But.* When the Israelites were in Captivity in Babylon, besides a great many other Things which the Law requires, many of them omitted Circumcision; did all these perish?

*Fish.* God knows that.

*But.* If a Jew should privately, for Fear of being starved, eat Swine's Flesh, would he be guilty of a Crime?

*Fish.* In my Opinion, the Necessity would excuse the Fact; inasmuch as David was excused by the Mouth of God himself, that he had eat holy Bread, which is called Shew-Bread, contrary to the Precept of the Law; and did not only eat it himself, but also fed his profane Companions with it too.

*But.* If any one lay under that Necessity that he must either steal or starve, which ought he to chuse, to steal or be starv'd to Death?

*Fish.* Perhaps, in that Case, Theft would not be Theft.

*But.* How's that? What, is not an Egg an Egg?

*Fish.* Especially, if he took it with an Intention of making a Return, and pacifying the Owner, as soon as he should be in a Capacity to do it.

*But.* What if a Man must either lose his own Life, or swear falsely against his Neighbour? which must he chuse?

*Fish.* Death.

*But.* What if he could save his Life by committing Adultery?

*Fish.* He ought rather to chuse Death.  
*But.* What if he could save his Life by committing Fornication?

*Fish.* They say he ought rather to die.  
*But.* Why does not an Egg cease to be an Egg here; especially if there be no Force offered or Injury done?

*Fish.* There is wrong done to the Maiden's Body.

*But.* What if by Perjury?

*Fish.* He ought to die.

*But.* What say you as to a simple harmless Lye?

*Fish.* They say a Man must rather die. But I am of Opinion, that upon an urgent Necessity, or a great Advantage, such a Sort of a Lye rather is no Fault, or a very small one; unless it be that having once opened the Way, there is Danger of our growing into a Habit of lying injuriously. Put the Case that by a harmless Lye, a Man might save the Bodies and Souls of his own Country; which would a pious Man chuse? Would he refuse to tell the Lye?

*But.* What others would do, I can't tell, but as for me, I would make no Scruple of telling fifteen as notorious Lyes<sup>12</sup> as ever Homer told in his Life, and presently wash away my Guilt with Holy Water.

*Fish.* I would do the same.

*But.* Well then, it is not what God has commanded, nor what he has forbid, that obliges to eternal Damnation.

*Fish.* It seems otherwise.

*But.* Then the *Modus* of the Obligation is not so much from the Author of the Law, as from the Matter of it. For some Things give Way to Necessity, and some do not.

*Fish.* It seems so.

*But.* What if a Priest should be in Danger of his Life, and should save it by marrying? Whether should he chuse?

*Fish.* Death.

*But.* When a Divine Law can give Way to Necessity, why does not this Human Law give Way to it? <sup>13</sup>

*Fish.* It is not the Law that hinders, but the Vow.

*But.* What if any one should make a Vow of going to Jerusalem, but could not do it without being sure to lose his Life, shall he go, or shall he die?

*Fish.* Why, he ought to die, unless he can get his Vow dispensed with by the Pope.

*But.* But why may one Vow be dispensed with, and not another?

*Fish.* Because one is a solemn Vow, and the other a private one.

*But.* What do you mean by a solemn one?

*Fish.* That which is usual.

*But.* Why then, is not the other a solemn one which is a daily one?

*Fish.* Yes, but then it is a private one.

*But.* Well then, if a Monk should profess privately before an Abbot, would not this be a solemn one?

*Fish.* You trifle. A private Vow is the easier discharged, because it is dispensed with the least Offence; he that makes a private Vow, does it with this Intention, that if it be convenient he may alter his Mind.

*But.* Then might they Vow with this Intention, that vow perpetual Chastity?

*Fish.* They ought so to do.

*But.* Then it would be perpetual, and not perpetual. What if it were the case of a Carthusian Monk, that he must either eat Meat or die? Whether ought he to chuse?

*Fish.* Physicians tell us, that there is no Flesh so efficacious but *Aurum potabile*, and Jewels would answer the End.

*But.* Which is the more useful, to succour a Person in Danger of Life with Gold and Jewels, or with the Price of them to succour a great many, whose

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Lives are in Danger, and to let the sick man have a Chicken?

*Fish.* I can't say as to that.

*But.* But the eating of Fish or Flesh is not of the number of Things that are called Substantials.

*Fish.* Let us leave the Carthusians to be their own Judge.

*But.* Let us then talk in the general. Sabbath-Keeping has been diligently, frequently, and largely inculcated in the Law of Moses.

*Fish.* True.

*But.* Whether then ought I to relieve a City in Danger, neglecting the Sabbath, or not?

*Fish.* Do you think me a Jew, then?

*But.* I wish you were, and a circumcised one too.

*Fish.* The Lord himself hath solved that Difficulty; saying, 'The Sabbath was made for Man, and not Man for the Sabbath.'

*But.* Well then, is that Law of Force in all human Constitutions?

*Fish.* Yes, except any Thing obstruct.

*But.* What if a Law-Maker make a Law, not with this Design, that it should be obligatory upon the Pain of eternal Damnation, nor indeed unto any Guilt, and to have no other force but an Exhortation?

*Fish.* Good Man, is it not in the Law-Maker's Power how far the Law shall be binding? He uses his Authority in making the Law, but as to what it shall oblige to, and what not, that is in the Hand of God.

*But.* Why then do we hear our Parish Priests out of the Pulpit crying, To-morrow you must fast under Pain of eternal Damnation, if it does not appear to us how far a human Law is binding?

*Fish.* They do this, that they may in an especial Manner strike Terror into the Contumacious, for I presume those Words do properly belong to them. But whether they are a Terror to the Contumacious,

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I know not, they throw weak Persons into Scruples and Danger. It is a hard Matter to suit both.

*But.* The Power of the Law and Custom are much the same.

*Fish.* Sometimes Custom is the more powerful.

*But.* They that introduce a Custom, whether they do it with design of bringing any one into a Snare or not, they oftentimes bring 'em into an Obligation, whether they will or no.

*Fish.* I am of your Mind.

*But.* Custom may lay a Burden upon a Man when it cannot take it off again.

*Fish.* It may so.

*But.* Well then, now I hope you are sensible how dangerous a Thing it is to impose new Laws upon Men without any Necessity, or a very great Utility.

*Fish.* I confess it.

*But.* When the Lord says, 'Swear not at all,' does he render every one that swears obnoxious to the Pains of Hell.

*Fish.* I think not, I take it to be a Counsel, and not a Command.

*But.* But how can that be made clear to my Understanding, when he has scarce forbid any thing with greater Strictness and Severity, than that we 'Swear not'?

*Fish.* You must learn of your Teachers.

*But.* When Paul gives Advice, does he oblige to the Pain of Damnation?

*Fish.* By no Means.

*But.* Why so?

*Fish.* Because he will not cast a Stumbling-Block before the Weak.

*But.* So then it is in the Breast of the Maker of the Law, to lay liable to Damnation or not. And it is a sacred Thing to beware, lest we lay a Stumbling-Block before the weak by any Constitutions.

*Fish.* It is.

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*But.* And if Paul made Use of this Caution, much more ought Priests to use it, of whom it is uncertain, whether they have the Spirit or not.

*Fish.* I confess so.

*But.* But a little While ago you deny'd that it was at the Lawgiver's Pleasure, how far the Law should oblige a Person.

*Fish.* But here it is a Counsel, and not a Law.

*But.* Nothing is easier than to change the Word. 'Swear not,' is it a Command?

*Fish.* It is.

*But.* 'Resist not Evil'?

*Fish.* It is a Counsel.

*But.* But this last carries in it the Face of a Command more than the former; at least is it in the Breasts of Bishops whether they will have their Constitutions, Commands, or Counsels?

*Fish.* It is.

*But.* You deny'd that strenuously but now. For he who will not have his Constitution render any one guilty of a Crime, he makes it Advice, and not Command.

*Fish.* True: But it is not expedient the Vulgar should know this, lest they should presently cry out, that what they han't a Mind to observe is Counsel.

*But.* But then what will you do as to those weak Consciences, that are so miserably perplexed by thy Silence? But come on, pray tell me, can learned Men know by any certain Tokens, whether a Constitution has the Force of a Counsel or a Command?

*Fish.* As I have heard, they can.

*But.* Mayn't a Body know the Mystery?

*Fish.* You may, if you won't blab it out.

*But.* Pshaw, I'll be as mute as a Fish.

*Fish.* When you hear nothing but, 'We exhort, we ordain, we command,' it is a Counsel; when you hear, 'We command, we require,' especially if Threatnings of Excommunication be added, it is a Command.

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*But.* Suppose I owe Money to my Baker, and can't pay him, and had rather run away than be cast into Prison, am I guilty of a capital Offence?

*Fish.* I think not, unless a Will be wanting as well as Ability.

*But.* Why am I excommunicated then?

*Fish.* That Thunderbolt affrights the Wicked, but does not hurt the Innocent. For you know amongst the antient Romans, there were certain dreadful threatening Laws, made for this very Purpose; as that which is fetch'd from the twelve Tables, concerning the cutting the Body of the Debtor asunder, of which there is no Example extant, because it was not made for Use but Terror. And now as Lightning has no Effect upon Wax or Flax, but upon Brass, so such Excommunications don't operate upon Persons in Misery, but upon the Contumacious. To speak ingenuously, to make Use of Christ's Thunderbolt on such frivolous Occasions as these are, seems in a Manner to be as the Antients said, *in lente unguentum*.<sup>14</sup>

*But.* Has a Master of a House the same Power in his own House, as a Bishop has in his Diocese?

*Fish.* It is my Opinion he has, proportionably.

*But.* And do his Prescriptions equally oblige?

*Fish.* Why not?

*But.* I command that no Body eat Onions: How is he that does not obey, a Sinner before God?

*Fish.* Let him see to that.

*But.* Then for the future, I'll say I admonish you, not I command you.

*Fish.* That will be wisely done.

*But.* But suppose I see my Neighbour in Danger, and therefore I take him aside and Admonish him privately to withdraw himself from the Society of Drunkards and Gamesters, but he slighting my Admonition, lives more profligately than before; does my Admonition lay him under an Obligation?

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*Fish.* In my Opinion it does.

*But.* Then neither by Counsel nor Exhortation we avoid the Snare.

*Fish.* Nay, it is not Admonition, but the Argument of Admonition that brings into the Snare. For if I admonish my Brother to make Use of Slippers, and he does not do it, he is not guilty of a Crime.

*But.* I will not put the Question at this Time, how far the Prescriptions of Physicians are obligatory. Does a Vow lay liable to the Pain of eternal Damnation?

*Fish.* Yes.

*But.* What, all Kind of Vows?

*Fish.* Ay, all universally, if they be possible, lawful and voluntary.

*But.* What do you mean by voluntary?

*Fish.* That which is extorted by no Necessity.

*But.* What is Necessity?

*Fish.* Fear falling upon a Man of Constancy.

*But.* What, upon a Stoick, such a one as Horace says,<sup>15</sup> 'if the World fall to Pieces about his Ears, would not be afraid'?

*Fish.* Shew me such a Stoick, and then I'll give you an Answer.

*But.* But, without Jestings, can the Fear of Famine or Infamy fall upon a Man of Constancy?

*Fish.* Why not?

*But.* Suppose a Daughter that is not at her own Disposal, should marry privately, without the Consent of her Parents, who would not give their Consent if they knew it; will the Vow be lawful?

*Fish.* It will.

*But.* I can't tell whether it be or no; but this I am sure of, if there be any such, this is one of the Number of those which, altho' they be true, yet lest they be a Scandal to the weak, are to be kept secret. Again, suppose a Virgin who, by her Parents Consent, has engaged herself in Marriage to her Lover, should enter

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herself in the Cloister of St. Clare ; will this Vow be allowable and lawful ?

*Fish.* Yes, if it be a solemn one.

*But.* Can that be solemn that is done in a Field, and a dark Monastery ?

*Fish.* It is accounted so.

*But.* Suppose the same Person at Home, a few Witnesses being present, should make a Vow of perpetual Virginity, will it not be a lawful Vow ?

*Fish.* No.

*But.* Why so ?

*Fish.* Because a more holy Vow is in the Way.

*But.* If the same Maid sell a Field, will the Contract be good ?

*Fish.* I think not.

*But.* And will it be valid if she give herself into the Power of another ?

*Fish.* If she devote herself to God.

*But.* And does not a private Vow devote a Person to God ? And does not he that receives the holy Sacrament of Matrimony, devote himself to God ? And can they whom God has joined together, devote themselves to the Devil ? when only of married Persons God has said, 'Whom God has joined, let no Man put asunder.' And besides this, when a young Man not come of Age, and a simple Maid, by the Threats of Parents, Severity of Tutors, the wicked Instigation of Monks, fair Promises, and Terrifyings, is thrust into a Nunnery ; is the Vow a free Vow ?

*Fish.* Yes, if they are at Years of Discretion.

*But.* A Virgin of that Age is emphatically *doli capax*,<sup>10</sup> being easy to be imposed upon. What if I should purpose in my Mind to drink no Wine on a Friday ? would my Purpose bind me as strongly as a Vow ?

*Fish.* I don't think it would.

*But.* What Difference is there then between a determinate Purpose, and a Vow conceiv'd in the Mind ?

*Fish.* The Mind of binding.

*But.* You deny'd but just now, that the Mind signified any Thing in this Matter. Do I purpose if I am able, and vow whether I am able or not?

*Fish.* You have it.

*But.* Have it? I have Clouds painted upon the Wall that is just nothing at all. What then, is the Ratio of the Matter to be disregarded in a Purpose?

*Fish.* I think so.

*But.* And must we take Care of that on Account of the Law, and this on Account of the Vow?

*Fish.* Yes.

*But.* Suppose the Pope should make a Law, that no Body should marry any one within the seventh Degree of Affinity, would he be guilty of a Sin that should marry a Cousin in the sixth Degree?

*Fish.* In my Opinion he would.

*But.* What if a Bishop should put forth an Edict, that no Body should have to do with his Wife except on a Monday, Thursday, and Saturday? would he be guilty of a Sin that should have to do with her upon other Days?

*Fish.* I think he would.

*But.* What if he should enjoin, that no Body should eat bulbous Roots?

*Fish.* What does that signify to Piety?

*But.* Because bulbous Roots are Provocatives, but what I say of Bulbs, I say even of the Herb Rocket?<sup>17</sup>

*Fish.* I can't well tell.

*But.* Why, can't you tell where lies the Force of Obligation in human Laws?

*Fish.* In the Words of St. Paul, 'Be obedient to those that are set over you.'

*But.* Upon this Foot the Constitution of a Bishop and Magistrate binds all Persons.

*Fish.* Yes, if it be just, and lawfully made.

*But.* But who shall be Judge of that?

*Fish.* He that made it : For he that makes the Law ought to interpret it.

*But.* What then, must we be obedient to all Constitutions, without Distinction?

*Fish.* I think we should.

*But.* What if a Fool or a wicked Person be set over us, and he make a foolish and wicked Law? must we abide by his Judgment? and must the People obey, as having no Right to judge?

*Fish.* What signifies it to suppose what is not?

*But.* He that succours his Father, and would not succour him, unless the Law oblig'd him to it, does he fulfil the Law or not?

*Fish.* No, I think he does not.

*But.* Why not?

*Fish.* In the first Place, because he does not fulfil the Will of the Law-Giver : Secondly, he adds Hypocrisy to his wicked Will.

*But.* If he fasts, that would not fast unless the Church requir'd him, does he satisfy the Law?

*Fish.* You change both the Author of the Law, and the Matter of it.

*But.* Well then, compare a Jew, if he fasting upon Days appointed, would not fast unless the Law requir'd him, with a Christian, who keeping a Fast appointed by Men, would not keep it if there were no Law for it ; or if you had rather, a Jew abstaining from Swine's Flesh, and a Christian abstaining from Flesh and Milk-Meats on Friday.

*Fish.* I believe there ought to be some Grains of Allowance made to Infirmary, tho' the Law be against it ; but not so to him that on purpose acts and murmurs against a Law.

*But.* But you do allow, that the divine Laws do not always oblige to eternal Damnation.

*Fish.* Why should I not?

*But.* But you not dare to own, that there is any

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human Law which does not bind to the same Penalty, but leave a Man in Suspense? Then you seem to attribute something more to the Laws of Men than to the Laws of God. Lying and Backbiting are evil in their own Nature, and forbidden by God himself; and yet you acknowledge that some Kind of Lyes and Backbitings do not bind a Person to the Punishment of Hell: And yet you don't dare to exempt a Person from the same Punishment, that upon any Condition whatsoever eats Flesh on a Friday?

*Fish.* It is none of my Business to acquit or condemn any one.

*But.* If divine and human Laws bind equally alike, what Difference is there between one and the other?

*Fish.* This Difference, that he that transgresses a human Law, sins immediately against Man, (if you will allow me to use School-Terms) but mediately against God; he that transgresses a Divine Law, *è contra*.

*But.* Where's the Difference, in mingling Vinegar and Wormwood, which is put in first, if I must drink 'em both? Or, what Matter is it, whether a Stone that has given me a Wound, rebounds from me to a Friend directly or sideways?

*Fish.* I have learn'd that.

*But.* And if the *Modus* of a Law's binding, in Laws of both Kinds, is to be taken from the Matter and Circumstances, what Difference is there between the Authority of God, and that of Man?

*Fish.* Indeed a very wicked Question!

*But.* There are, for all that, a great many that don't think there is much Difference. God gave a Law by Moses, and it is not lawful to violate it: And he also gives Laws by a Pope, or a Council; What Difference is there between the one and the other? Moses's Law was given by a Man, and our Laws were given by Men. And it should seem that those Laws which God gave by one Moses, should be of less Moment than those which

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the Holy Spirit gives by a full Council of Bishops and learned Men.

*Fish.* It is unlawful to doubt concerning the Spirit of Moses.

*But.* Paul comes in the Place of a Bishop; what Difference is there then betwixt the Precepts of Paul and of any other Bishop?

*Fish.* Because, without Controversy, Paul wrote by the Inspiration of the Spirit.

*But.* How far extends this Authority of Writers?

*Fish.* I think no farther than the Apostles themselves, unless that the Authority of Councils ought to be look'd upon inviolable.

*But.* Why may we not doubt of Paul's Spirit?

*Fish.* Because the Consent of the Church is against it.

*But.* May we doubt concerning that of Bishops?

*Fish.* We ought not rashly to be suspicious of those, unless the Matter manifestly savours of Gain or Impiety.

*But.* But what think you of the Councils?

*Fish.* We ought not to doubt of them, if they are rightly constituted and managed by the Holy Spirit.

*But.* Is there then any Council that is not so?

*Fish.* It is possible there may be such, otherwise Divines would never have made this Exception.

*But.* Then it seems that it is lawful to doubt concerning Councils themselves.

*Fish.* I don't think we may, if they be received and approved by the Judgment and Consent of Christian Nations.

*But.* But since we have exceeded the Bound that God has set, and within which he would have the sacred and inviolable Authority of the Scripture circumscribed, it seems to me, that there is some other Difference between Laws divine and human.

*Fish.* What is that?

*But.* Divine Laws are immutable, unless such as are of that Kind, that they seem to be given only for a Time,

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for the Sake of Signification and Coercion, which the Prophets foretold should end, as to the carnal Sense of them, and the Apostles have taught us are to be omitted. And then again, as to human Laws ; there are sometimes unjust, foolish, and hurtful Laws made, and therefore either abrogated by the Authority of Superiors, or by the universal Neglect of the People : But there is no thing such in the divine Laws. Again, a human Law ceases of itself, when the Causes for which it was made cease ; as for Instance, suppose a Constitution should enjoin all Persons yearly to contribute something towards building a Church, the Requirement of the Law ceases when the Church is built. Add to this, that a human Law is no Law, unless it be approved by the Consent of those who are to use it. A divine Law can't be dispensed with nor abrogated ; altho' indeed, Moses being about to make a Law, required the Consent of the People ; but this was not done because it was necessary, but that he might render them the more criminal in not keeping it. For, indeed, it is an impudent Thing to break a Law that you gave your Approbation to the making of. And in the last Place, inasmuch as human Laws commonly concern corporal Matters, and are School-Masters to Piety, they seem to cease, when a Person has arrived to that Strength in Grace, that he does not stand in Need of any such Restraints, but only should endeavour to avoid giving an Offence to weak Persons, who are conscientiously scrupulous. As for Instance, suppose a Father enjoins a Daughter that is under Age, not to drink Wine, that she may with the greater Safety preserve her Virginity till she is married ; when she comes of Age, and is delivered up to a Husband, she is not bound to her Father's Injunction. There are many Laws that are like Medicaments, that are alter'd and give Place according to the Circumstances, and that with the Approbation of the Physicians themselves, who, if they should at all Times make Use

of the Remedies the Antients prescribed, would kill more than they cure.

*Fish.* You indeed heap a great many Things together, some of which I like, and others I do not, and some I don't understand.

*But.* If a Bishop's Law manifestly savours of Gain, that is, if he makes an Order, that every Parish-Priest every Year purchase,<sup>18</sup> at a Guinea apiece, a Right of Absolution in those Cases that are called Episcopals, that he might extort the more Money from those in his Jurisdiction; do you think it ought to be obey'd?

*Fish.* Yes, I think it ought; but at the same Time we ought to exclaim against this unjust Law, but always avoiding Sedition. But how comes it about that you turn Catechiser at this Rate, Butcher? Every one should keep to his own Trade.

*But.* We are often perplexed with these Questions at Table, and sometimes the Contest proceeds to Blows and Bloodshed.

*Fish.* Well, let them fight that love fighting; I think we ought with Reverence to receive the Laws of our Superiors, and religiously observe them, as coming from God; nor is it either safe or religious either to conceive in Mind, or sow among others, any sinister Suspicion concerning them. And if there be any Tyranny in them, that does not compel us to Impiety, it is better to bear it, than seditiously to resist it.

*But.* I confess this is a very good Way to maintain the Authority of Persons in Power; I am pretty much of your Mind, and as for them, I do not envy them. But I should be glad to hear any Thing wherein the Liberty and Advantage of the People is aimed at.

*Fish.* God will not be wanting to his People.

*But.* But where all this While is that Liberty of the Spirit that the Apostles promise by the Gospel, and which Paul so often inculcates, saying, 'The Kingdom of God consists not in Meat and Drink'; and that 'we

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are not Children under a School-Master'; and that 'we do no longer serve the Elements of this World'; and Abundance of other Expressions: if Christians are tied to the Observance of so many more Ceremonies than the Jews were; and if the Laws of Man bind more closely than a great many Commands of God?

*Fish.* Well, Butcher, I'll tell you, the Liberty of Christians does not consist in its being lawful for 'em to do what they will, being set free from human Ordinances, but in that they do those Things that are enjoined them with a Fervour of Spirit and Readiness of Mind, willingly and chearfully, and so are Sons rather than Servants.

*But.* Very cleverly answer'd indeed! But there were Sons under the Mosaic Law, and there are now Servants under the Gospel; and I am afraid the greatest Part of Mankind are so, if they are Servants who do their Duty by Compulsion. What Difference is there then between the new Dispensation and the old?

*Fish.* A great Deal, in my Opinion: Because the old taught under a Veil, and the new is laid open to View; that which the old foretold by Parables and Riddles, the new explains clearly; what that promised darkly, this exhibits for the most Part manifestly: that was given to one Nation singly, this equally teaches all the Way of Salvation; that imparted that notable and spiritual Grace to a few Prophets and famous Men, but this largely sheds abroad every Kind of Gifts, as Tongues, healing Diseases, Prophecies and Miracles, into Persons of all Ages, Sexes, and Nations whatsoever.

*But.* Where are those Gifts now?

*Fish.* They are ceased, but not lost, either because there is no Need of them, now the Doctrine of Christ is spread abroad, or else because many are only Christians in Name, and we want Faith, which is the Worker of Miracles.

*But.* If Miracles are necessary on Account of

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Unbelievers, I'm sure the World is full of them now.

*Fish.* This is an Unbelief simply erring, such as that of the Jews murmuring against Peter, because he had received Cornelius's Family into the Grace of the Gospel; and such as was that of the Gentiles, who thought the Religion they had received from their Ancestors was sufficient to Salvation; and the Apostles Doctrine to be a strange Superstition: These were converted by seeing Miracles. But now those that believe not the Gospel when it shines so gloriously thro' the whole World, do not err simply, but being blinded by their evil Affections, will not understand that they may do what is good; such as these no Miracles would reduce to a better Mind. And now is the Time of healing, but the Time of punishing will come.

*But.* Indeed you have said many Things that have a Probability in them: however, I am resolved not to depend upon the Judgment of a Salt-Fishmonger; but I will go to some Divine, eminent for Learning, and what he says concerning all these Things, I'll believe.

*Fish.* Who? Pharetrius?

*But.* He dotes before he is old, and is fit to preach to none but doting old Women.

*Fish.* Well then, what? Bliteus?

*But.* Do you think I'll give any Credit to a prating Sophister?

*Fish.* Well then, Amphicholus?

*But.* I'll never trust him to answer Questions, that never answer'd my Demands for the Meat I trusted him. Can he resolve hard Questions, that was always insolvent as to his Debts?

*Fish.* Who then? Lemantius?

*But.* I shan't chuse a blind Man to shew me the Way.

*Fish.* Who then?

*But.* If you have a Mind to know, it is Cephalus, a Man very well versed in three Languages, and accom-

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plish'd with all good Literature, familiarly acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, and antient Fathers.

*Fish.* I'll advise you better: Go to the Elysian Shades, and there you'll find Rabin Druin,<sup>19</sup> he'll cut all your knotty Questions in two with a Pair of Sheers.<sup>20</sup>

*But.* Do you go before and clear the Way.

*Fish.* But, setting aside Jestings, is that true you told me, of a Dispensation for Flesh-eating?

*But.* No, I did but joke with you to teaze you. And if the Pope had ever so much Mind to do it, you Fishmongers would raise Mobs about it. And besides, the World is full of a Sort of Pharisees, who have no other Way of appearing religious but by such Superstitions, who would neither be deprived of their ostentatious Sanctity, nor suffer their Successors to have more Liberty than they had themselves. Nor, indeed, would it be for the Interest of Butchers, to have a free Toleration to eat every Thing; for then our Trade would be very uncertain, for now our Profit is more certain, and we run less Hazards, as well as have less Trouble.

*Fish.* What you say is very true, and we should be in the same Condition.

*But.* I am glad here is something found out at last, that a Fishmonger and Butcher can agree in. But to begin to talk seriously, as perhaps it would be convenient for Christians not to be ty'd up to so many Ceremonies, especially to such as make but very little to true Religion, not to say that make against it; so I have no Mind to vindicate those Persons, who reject and set light by all human Ordinances; nay, such as often do many Things, because they are forbid to do them. Yet I can't but admire at the absurd Notions of Mankind in many Things.

*Fish.* Nor can I help wondring at them neither.

*But.* We are for confounding Heaven and Earth together, if we do but suspect any Danger of lessening the Authority of Priests, as to their Impositions; and

are all asleep when we are under imminent Danger of attributing so much to the Authority of Man, that the Authority of God suffers by it. So we avoid one Evil, and fall into another far more pernicious. That there is Honour due to Bishops no Body denies, especially if they act agreeably to what they talk. But it is a wicked Thing to transfer the Honour due to God alone, upon Men; and in doing too much Honour to Men, to do too little to God. God is to be honoured and revered in our Neighbour; but, however, we ought to take Care at the same Time that God, by this Means, be not robbed of his Honour.

*Fish.* We see a great many Men lay so much Stress upon corporal Ceremonies, that relying upon them they neglect Matters of real Religion, arrogating that to their own Merits, which ought to be attributed to the divine Bounty; and there taking up their Station, where they should begin to ascend to greater Perfection, and reviling their Neighbour for those Things that in themselves are neither good nor bad.

*But.* And when in the same Matter there are two Things, one better than the other, we commonly chuse the worst of them. The Body, and those Things that belong to the Body, are every where made more Account of than those of the Mind. And it is accounted a great Crime to kill a Man, and indeed it is so; but to corrupt Mens Minds with poisonous Doctrine and pernicious Principles, is made a Jest on. If a Priest lets his Hair grow, or wears a Lay Habit, he is thrown into Prison and severely punished; but if he sits tippling in a Bawdy-House with Whores, games, or debauches other Mens Wives, and never takes a Bible in his Hand, he is still a Pillar of the Church. Not that I excuse the wearing a Lay Habit, but I accuse the Absurdity of Mens Notions.

*Fish.* Nay, if he shall neglect to say his Prayers at stated Hours, he must be excommunicated; but if

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he be an Usurer, or guilty of Simony, he goes Scot-free.

*But.* If any Body sees a Carthusian in a Dress not of the Order, or eating Flesh, how does he curse him, tremble at the Sight, and fall into a Fright, lest the Earth should open and swallow up him for wearing, and himself for beholding it? But let the same Person see him drunk as a Lord,<sup>21</sup> reviling his Neighbour with notorious Lyes, imposing upon his poor Neighbour with manifest Frauds, he is not at all shock'd at that.

*Fish.* So if any one sees a Franciscan with a Girdle without Knots, or an Augustin girt with a Woollen one instead of a Leather one, or a Carmelite without one, or a Rhodian with one, or a Franciscan with whole Shoes on his Feet, or a Cruciferian with Half-Shoes on; will he not set the whole Town into an Uproar?<sup>22</sup>

*But.* There were lately in our Neighbourhood two Women, whom one would take for Persons of Prudence, and the one miscarried, and the other fell into a Fit on seeing a Canon, who was a President of the Nuns in a Cloister not far distant, appear out of Doors, without a Surplice under his Gown:<sup>23</sup> But the same Women have frequently seen these Sort of Cattle junketting, singing and dancing, to say no more; and their Stomachs never so much as heav'd at it.

*Fish.* Perhaps some Allowance ought to be made for the Sex. But I suppose you know Polythrescus: He was dangerously ill, his Distemper was a Consumption: The Physicians for a long Time had persuaded him to eat Eggs and Milk-Meats, but to no Purpose: The Bishop exhorted him to do the like; but he being a Man of Learning, and a Batchelor in Divinity, seem'd to resolve rather to die, than to take the Advice of either of these Physicians. At last the Doctors, and his Friends together, contriv'd to put the Cheat upon him, making him a Potion of Eggs and Goats Milk, telling him it was Juice of Almonds. This he took very freely, and for

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several Days together mended upon it, till a certain Maid told him the Trick, upon which he fell to vomiting of it up again. But the very same Man that was so superstitious in relation to Milk, had so little Religion in him, that he forswore a Sum of Money that he owed me. Having gotten before an Opportunity to tear the Note of his Hand that he had given me, he forswore it, and I was obliged to sit down with the Loss. But he took not the Oath with so much Difficulty, but that he seem'd to wish he had such Complaints made against him every Day. What can be more perverse than such a Spirit? He sinned against the Mind of the Church, in not obeying the Priest and the Doctors: But he whose Stomach was so weak in relation to Milk, had a Conscience strong enough as to Perjury.

*But.* This Story brings to my Mind what I heard from a Dominican in a full Auditory, who upon Easter-Eve was setting out the Death of Christ, that he might temper the Melancholiness of his Subject, by the Pleasantness of the Story. A certain young Man had got a Nun with Child, and her great Belly discover'd her Fault: A Jury of Nuns were impannell'd, and the Lady Abbess sat Judge of the Court. Evidence was given against her; the Fact was too plain to admit of a Denial; she was obliged to plead the Unavoidableness of the Crime, and defended the Fact upon that Consideration; also transferring the Blame to another, having Recourse to the *Status Qualitatis*,<sup>24</sup> or if you will rather have it so, the *Status Translationis*. I was overcome, says she, by one that was too strong for me. Says the Abbess, then you should have cry'd out. So I would, says the Prisoner, had it not been a Crime to make a Noise in the Dormitory. Whether this be a Fable or not, it must be confest, there are a great many foolisher Things than this done. But now I will tell you what I have seen with my own Eyes. The Man's Name, and Place where he lives, shall be concealed.

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There was a Cousin of mine, a Prior that was next in Degree to the Abbot of the Benedictine Order, but of that Sort that don't eat Flesh, unless it were out of the Place they call the great Refectory; he was accounted a learned Man, and he was desirous to be so accounted, about fifty Years of Age: it was his daily Practice to drink freely, and live merrily; and once every twelve Days to go to the Hot-Houses, to sweat out the Diseases of his Reins.

*Fish.* Had he wherewithal to live at that Rate?

*But.* About six hundred Florins a Year.

*Fish.* Such a Poverty I myself would wish for.

*But.* In short, with drinking and whoring he had brought himself into a Consumption. The Doctors had given him over; the Abbot order'd him to eat Flesh, adding that terrible Sentence, 'Upon Pain of Disobedience'; but he, tho' at the Point of Death, could scarce be brought to taste Flesh, tho' for many Years he had had no Aversion to Flesh.

*Fish.* A Prior and an Abbot well match'd! I guess who they are, for I remember I have heard the same Story from their own Mouths.

*But.* Guess.

*Fish.* Is not the Abbot a lusty fat Man, that has a stammering in his Speech; and the Prior a little Man, but strait-bodied and long-visag'd?

*But.* You have guess'd right.

*Fish.* Well, now I'll make you Amends; I'll tell you what I saw with my own Eyes but t'other Day; and what I was not only present at, but was in a Manner the chief Actor. There were two Nuns that went to pay a Visit to some of their Kinsfolks; and when they came to the Place, their Man-Servant had left behind him their Prayer-Book, which was according to the Custom of the Order and Place where they liv'd. Good God! What a vexatious Thing that was! They did not dare to go to Supper before they had said their

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Vespers, nor could they read in any Book but their own ; and at the same Time all the Company was in great Haste to go to Supper : the Servant runs back, and late at Night brings the Book ; and by that Time they had said their Prayers, and got to Supper, 'twas ten o'Clock at Night.

*But.* That is not much to be found Fault with hitherto.

*Fish.* You have heard but one Part of the Story yet. At Supper the Nuns begin to grow merry with Wine ; they laugh'd, and jok'd, and kiss'd, and not over-modestly neither, till you could hardly hear what was said for the Noise they made ; but no Body used more Freedom than those two Virgins that would not go to Supper before they had said their Prayers. After Supper there was dancing, singing of lascivious Songs, and such Doings I am ashamed to speak of ; insomuch that I am much afraid that Night hardly pass'd very honestly ; if it did, the wanton Plays, Nods and Kisses deceived me.

*But.* I don't blame the Nuns for this, so much as the Priests that look after them ; but, come on, I'll give you Story for Story, or rather a History that I myself was an Eye-Witness of. A little While since there were some Persons sent to Prison for baking Bread on a Sunday, tho' at the same Time they wanted it. Indeed, I do not blame the Deed, but I do the Punishment. A little after, being Palm Sunday, I had Occasion to go to the next Street, and being there about four o'Clock in the Afternoon, I saw a Sight, I can't tell whether I shall call it ridiculous or wretched : I scarce believe any Bacchanals ever had so much Lewdness in them ; some were so drunk they reel'd to and fro, like a Ship toss'd by the Waves, being without a Rudder ; others were supporting one so drunk he could not go, and hardly able to stand themselves ; others fell down, and could scarce get up again ; some were crowned with Leaves of Oak.

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*Fish.* Vine-Leaves and Wands<sup>25</sup> would have befitted them better.

*But.* The Senior of them, acting the Part of Silenus, was carried like a Pack upon Mens Shoulders, after the Manner they carry a dead Corps, with his Feet foremost, but with his Face downwards, lest he should be chok'd with his own Vomit, vomiting plentifully down the Heels of those that carry'd hindmost and as to the Bearers, there was not a sober Man amongst 'em ; they went along laughing, but after such a Manner, that you might perceive they had lost their Senses. In short, they were all mad ; and in this Pickle they made a Cavalcade into the City in the Day-Time.

*Fish.* How came they to be all so mad ?

*But.* You must know, in the next Town, there was Wine sold something cheaper than in the City, so a Parcel of boon Companions went thither, that they might attain the greater Degree of Madness for the lesser Sum of Money ? but tho', indeed, they did spend the less Money, they got the more Madness. If these Men had but tasted an Egg, they would have been haul'd to Prison as if they had committed Paricide ; when, besides their neglecting divine Service, and Evening Prayers upon so sacred a Day, so much Intemperance was not only committed with Impunity, but no Body seem'd to be so much as displeas'd at it.

*Fish.* But that you may not wonder so much at that, in the Midst of the Cities, and in Alehouses next to the Churches, upon the most solemn Holidays, there was drinking, singing, dancing, fighting, with such a Noise and Tumult, that divine Service could not be perform'd, nor one Word heard that the Parson said. But if the same Men had set a Stitch in a Shoe, or eat Pork on a Friday, they would have been severely handled ; tho' the Lord's Day was instituted chiefly for this End, that they might be at Leisure to attend to the Doctrine of

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the Gospel ; and therefore it was forbid to mend Shoes, that they might have Leisure to trim their Souls. But is not this a strange perverting of Judgment ?

*But.* A prodigious one. Whereas there are two Things in the ordering a Fast, the one Abstinence from Meat, and the other the Choice of it ; there is scarce any Body ignorant, that the first is either a divine Command, or very near it ; but the other not only human, but also in a Manner opposite to the Apostles real Doctrine ; however we excuse it, nevertheless by a preposterous Judgment in common, it is no Crime to eat a Supper, but to taste a Bit of Meat that is forbidden by Man, but permitted by God, and also by the Apostles, this is a capital Crime. Fasts, tho' it is not certain they were commanded by the Apostles, yet they are recommended in their Examples and Epistles. But the forbidding the eating of Meats, that God has made to be eaten with Thanksgiving, if we were to defend that before St. Paul, as a Judge, to what Shifts should we be driven ?<sup>26</sup> And yet, almost all the World over, Men eat plentifully, and no Body is offended at it ; but if a sick Man taste a Bit of a Chicken, the whole Christian Religion is in Danger. In England the common People have a Supper every other Day, in Lent Time, and no Body wonders at it ; but if a Man, at Death's Door in a Fever, should sup a little Chicken Broth, it is accounted a Crime worse than Sacrilege. Among the same Persons at Lent Time, than which there is nothing of greater Antiquity, nor more religiously observ'd among Christians, as I have said before, they sup without any Penalty ; but if you shall attempt to do the same, after Lent is over, on a Friday, no Body will bear it ; if you ask the Reason of it, they'll tell you 'tis the Custom of the Country. They curse a Man who does not observe the Custom of the Country, and yet they forgive themselves the Neglect of the antient Custom of the universal Church.

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*But.* No more do I blame them that divide Lent between God and their Bellies; but I find Fault with preposterous Censuring in Matters.

*Fish.* Tho' the Lord's Day was instituted in an especial Manner, that Persons might meet together to hear the Gospel preach'd; he that does not hear Mass, is look'd upon as an abominable Sinner; but he that neglects to hear a Sermon, and plays at Ball in the Time, is innocent.

*But.* What a mighty Crime is it accounted for any one to receive the Sacrament, not having first wash'd his Mouth! when, at the same Time, they do not stick to take it with an unpurified Mind, defiled with vile Affections.

*Fish.* How many Priests are there, that would die before they would participate the Sacrament in a Chalice and Charger, that has not been consecrated by a Bishop, or in their every-Day Clothes? But among them all that are thus nice, how many do we see that are not at all afraid to come to the Lord's Table, drunk with the last Night's Debauch? How fearful are they, lest they should touch the Wafer with that Part of the Hand that has not been dippt'd in consecrated Oil? Why are they not as religious in taking Care that an unhallow'd Mind does not offend the Lord himself?

*But.* We won't so much as touch a consecrated Vessel, and think we have been guilty of a heinous Offence, if we shall chance so to do; and yet in the mean Time, how unconcern'd are we, while we violate the living Temples of the Holy Spirit?

*Fish.* Human Constitutions require that no Bastard, lame, or one that hath but one Eye, be admitted to any sacred Function; how nice are we as to this Point? But in the mean Time, Unlearned, Gamesters, Drunkards, Soldiers, and Murderers, are admitted every where.

They tell us, that the Diseases of the Mind lie not open to our View : I don't speak of those Things that are hidden, but of such as are more plain to be seen than the Deformity of the Body.

*But.* There are Bishops likewise, that have nothing, as to their Function to value themselves upon, but some sordid Accomplishments. The Gift of Preaching, which is the chief Dignity of a Bishop, this they make to give Place to every sordid Thing ; which they would never do, unless they were possess'd with a preposterous Judgment.

*Fish.* He that shall profane a Holy-Day instituted by a Bishop, is hurried away to Punishment : but some great Men setting at Nought the Constitution of Popes and Councils, and all their Thunderbolts, who hinder Canonical Elections, ravage the Church-Lands, not sparing Alms-Houses and Hospitals, erected by the Alms of pious Persons for the Succour of the Old, Sick, and Needy, think themselves Christians good enough, if they do but wreak their ill Temper upon Persons that offend in trivial Matters.

*But.* But we had better let great Men alone, and talk about Salt-Fish and Flesh.

*Fish.* I agree with you : Let us return to Fasts and Fish. I have heard say that the Pope's Laws do by Name except Boys, old Men, and sick and weak Persons, such as work hard, Women with Child, sucking Children, and very poor People.

*But.* I have often heard the same.

*Fish.* I have also heard a very great Divine, I think his name is Gerson,<sup>27</sup> say further, if there be any other Case of equal Weight with those which the Pope's Laws except by Name, the Force of the Precept gives Way in like Manner. For there are peculiar Habits of Body which render the Want of some Things more material than an evident Disease ; and there are Distempers that do not appear that are more dangerous than those

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that do : therefore he that is acquainted with his own Constitution, has no Need to consult a Priest ; even as Infants do not, because their Circumstances exempt them from the Law. And therefore they that oblige Boys, or very old Men, or Persons otherwise weak, to fast, or to eat Fish, commit a double Sin : First, against Brotherly Charity : And secondly, against the very Intention of the Pope, who would not involve them in a Law, the Observation of which would be pernicious to them. Whatsoever Christ has ordered, he has ordained for the Health of Body and Mind both ; neither does any Pope claim to himself such a Power, as by any Constitution of his, to bring any Person into Danger of Life : As, suppose that any Person by not eating in the Evening, should not rest at Night, and so for Want of Sleep be in Danger of growing light-headed, he is a Murderer, both against the Sense of the Church, and the Will of God. Princes, as oft as it suits with their Conveniency, publish an Edict threatning with a capital Punishment : How far their Power extends I will not determine ; but this I will venture to say, they would act more safely, if they did not inflict Death for any other Causes, than such as are express'd in the Holy Scriptures. In Things Blame-worthy, the Lord dehorts from going to the Extremity of the Limits, as in the Case of Perjury, forbidding to swear at all ; in Murder, forbidding to be angry ; we by a human Constitution force Persons upon the extreme Crime of Homicide, which we call Necessity. Nay, as oft as a probable Cause appears, it is a Duty of Charity, of our own Accord, to exhort our Neighbour to those Things that the Weakness of his Body requires : And if there be no apparent Cause, yet it is the Duty of Christian Charity kindly to suppose it may be done with a good Intention, unless it carries along with it a manifest Contempt of the Church. A profane Magistrate very justly punishes those that eat contumaciously and seditiously ; but what every one

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shall eat in his own House, is rather the Business of a Physician than a Magistrate : Upon which Account, if any Person shall be so wicked as to cause any Disorder ; they are guilty of Sedition, and not the Person that consults his own Health, and breaks no Law, neither of God nor Man. In this the Authority of the Pope is misapplied ; 'tis absurd to pretend the Authority of Popes in this Case, who are persons of so much Humanity, that if they did but know a good Reason for it, they would of their own Accord invite them to those Things that are for their Health, and defend them by Dispensations against the Slanders of all Persons. And besides, throughout Italy, they permit Flesh to be sold in certain Markets, for the Sake of the Health of such Persons as are not comprehended in that Law. Besides, I have heard Divines that have not been precise in their Sermons, say, Don't be afraid at Supper-Time to eat a Piece of Bread, or drink a Pint of Wine or Ale, to support the Weakness of the Body. If they take upon them the Authority of indulging, so that they will indulge a small Supper to those that are in Health, and that contrary to the Ordinance of the Church, which requires Fasting ; may they not permit not only a small Supper, but a pretty hearty one, to such Persons whose Weakness requires it, and the Popes themselves expressly declare that they approve it ? If any one treats his Body with Severity, it may be called Zeal, for every one knows his own Constitution best ; but where is the Piety and the Charity of those Persons that reduce a weak Brother, wherein the Spirit is willing, but the Flesh weak, even to Death's Door, or bringing him into a Disease worse than Death itself, against the Law of Nature, the Law of God, and the Sense and Meaning of the Law of the Pope himself ?

*But.* What you mention brings to my Mind what I saw myself about two Years since : I believe you know Eros an old Man, about sixty Years of Age, a Man of a

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very weakly Constitution, who by a lingering Illness, acute Diseases, and hard Studies, even enough to kill a Horse, was brought to Death's Door. This Man by some occult Quality in Nature, had, from a Child, a great Aversion to eating Fish, and an Inability to endure Fasting, so that he never attempted them without imminent Hazard of his Life, at last obtain'd a Dispensation from the Pope to defend him against the malevolent Tongues of some Pharisaical Spirits. He not long ago, upon the Invitation of Friends, goes to the City Eleutheropolis, a City not at all like its Name : it was then Lent-Time, and a Day or two were devoted to the Enjoyment of his Friends, in the mean Time Fish was the common Diet ; but he, lest he gave Offence to any Person, tho' he had his Necessity to justify him, as well as the Pope's Dispensation to bear him out, eat Fish. He perceived his old Distemper coming upon him, which was worse than Death itself ; so he prepares to take his Leave of his Friends, and go Home ; being necessitated so to do, unless he would lie sick there. Some there suspecting that he was in such Haste to go, because he could not bear to eat Fish, got Glaucoplutus, a very learned Man, and a chief Magistrate in that Province, to invite him to Breakfast. Eros being quite tir'd with Company, which he could not avoid in a publick Inn, consented to go, but upon this Condition, that he should make no Provision, but a Couple of Eggs, which he would eat standing, and immediately take Horse and be gone. He was promis'd it should be as he desir'd ; but when he comes, there was a Fowl provided : Eros taking it ill, tasted nothing but the Eggs, and rising from Table, took Horse, some learned Men bearing him Company Part of the Way. But however it came about the Smell of the Fowl got into the Noses of some Sycophants, and there was as great a Noise in the City, as if ten Men had been murder'd ; nor was the Noise confin'd there, but was carried to other Places two Days

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Journey off, and, as is usual, still gain'd by carrying ; adding, that if Eros had not got away, he had been carried before the Justice, which tho' that was false, yet true it was, that Glaucoplutus was obliged to give the Magistrate Satisfaction. But now considering the Circumstances of Eros, had he eat Flesh in publick, who could justly have been offended at it ? And yet in the same City all Lent-Time, but especially on Holidays, they drink till they are mad, baul, dance, fight, play at Dice at the Church-Door, so that you can't hear what the Parson says when he is preaching ; and this is no Offence.

*Fish.* A wonderful Perversity of Judgment !

*But.* I'll tell you another Story not much unlike this : It is now almost two Years since the same Eros went for the Sake of his Health to Ferventia, and I out of Civility bore him Company. He went to an old Friend's House, who had given him frequent Invitations by Letters : He was a great Man, and one of the Pillars of the Church. When they came to eating of Fish, Eros began to be in his old Condition ; a whole Troop of Distempers were coming upon him, a Fever, severe Head-Ache, Vomiting, and the Stone. His Landlord tho' he saw his Friend in this Danger, did not dare to give him a Bit of Flesh-Meat ; but why ? he saw a great many Reasons that he might do it ; he saw likewise the Pope's Licence : but he was afraid of publick Censure ; and the Disease had grown so far upon him, that then it was in Vain to give it him.

*Fish.* What did Eros do ? I know the Man's Temper he'd sooner die than be injurious to his Friend.

*But.* He shut himself up in a Chamber, and lived three Days after his own Manner ; his Dinner was one Egg, and his Drink Water and Sugar boil'd. As soon as his Fever was abated he took Horse, carrying Provision along with him.

*Fish.* What was it ?

*But.* Almond-Milk in a Bottle, and dry'd Grapes in his Portmanteau. When he came Home, the Stone seiz'd him, and he lay by for a whole Month. But for all this, after he was gone, there was a very hot, but a false Report of eating Flesh follow'd him, which reach'd as far as Paris; and a great many notorious Lyes told about it. What Remedy do you think proper for such Offences?

*Fish.* I would have every Body empty their Chamber-Pots upon their Heads, and if they happen to meet them in the Street, to stop their Noses while they go by them, that they may be brought to a Sense of their Madness.

*But.* I think truly the Divines ought to write sharply against such Pharisaical Impiety. But what is your Opinion of his Landlord?

*Fish.* He seems to me a very prudent Man, who knows from what frivolous Causes the People excite such dismal Tragedies.

*But.* This may indeed be the Effect of Prudence, and we may interpret the good Man's Timorousness as favourably as may be; but how many are there, who in the like Case suffer their Brother to die, and pretend a Cautiousness to act against the Usage of the Church, and to the Offence of the People; but have no Fear upon them of acting to the Offence of the People, in living a Life publicly scandalous, in Rioting, Whoring, Luxury, and Idleness, in the highest Contempt of Religion, in Rapine, Simony, and Cheating?

*Fish.* There are too many such; that which they call Piety, is nothing but a barbarous and impious Cruelty. But yet methinks they seem to be more cruel, who do not leave a Man in Danger occasionally, but invent Dangers for him, and force many into them as into a Trap, into manifest Danger of both Body and Soul, especially having no Authority for it.

*But.* I wait to hear what you have to say.

314      Continuity of Evidence  
*Fish.* About thirty Years ago I liv'd at Paris, in the College call'd Vinegar-College.<sup>28</sup>

*But.* That's a Name of Wisdom : But what say you ? Did a Salt-Fishmonger dwell in that sour College ? No wonder then, he is so acute a Disputant in Questions in Divinity ; for, as I hear, the very Walls there teach Divinity.

*Fish.* You say very right ; but as for me, I brought nothing out of it but my Body full of gross Humours, and my Clothes full of Lice. But to go on as I began : At that Time one John Standoneus was President, a Man whose Temper you would not mislike, and whose Qualifications you would covet ; for as I remember, in his Youth, when he was very poor himself, he was very charitable, and that is much to be commended ; and if he had still supply'd the Necessities of young Persons, as he found them Materials for going on with their Studies, he would not have had so much Money to have spent lavishly, but would have done Praise-worthily : But what with lying hard, by bad and spare Diet, late and hard Studies, within one Year's Space, of many young Men of a good Genius, and very hopeful, some he kill'd, others he blinded, others he made run distracted, and others he brought into the Leprosy, some of whom I know very well ; and in short, not one of them but what was in Danger by him. Was not this Cruelty against one's Neighbour ? Neither did this content him, but adding a Cloke and Cowl, he took away the eating of Flesh altogether, and transplanted such Plants as those into far distant Countries : So that if every one should give themselves such a Liberty as he did himself, their Followers would over-spread the whole Face of the Earth. If Monasteries had their Rise from such Beginnings as these, what Danger are not only Popes, but Kings themselves in ? It is a pious Thing to glory in the Conversion of a Neighbour to Piety ; but to seek for Glory in a Dress or Diet, is

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Pharisaical. To supply the Want of a Neighbour is a Part of Piety ; to take Care that the Liberality of good Men be not converted to Luxury, is Discipline ; but to drive a Brother into Distempers, Madness, and Death, is Cruelty, is murdering him. The Intention of Murder may, indeed, be wanting, but Murder it is. Perhaps some will say, no Body forces them into this Kind of Life ; they come into it voluntary, they beg to be admitted, and they are at Liberty to go away when they are weary of it ; but this is a cruel Answer. Is it to be thought, that young Men can tell better what is good for them, than Men of Learning, Experience and Age ? A Man might thus excuse himself to a Wolf, that had drawn him into a Trap, when he was almost famished with Hunger. But can he that sets unwholesome and poisonous Food before a Man that is ready to gnaw his Flesh for Hunger, so excuse himself to him when he is perishing, by saying, No Body forc'd you to eat it, you devour'd what was set before you willingly and eagerly ? May he not justly answer him, You have not given me Food, but Poison ? Necessity is very prevalent, Hunger is very sharp ; therefore let them forbear to use these plausible Excuses, that they were, indeed, at Liberty to let it alone. But whosoever uses such Engines, uses Force. Neither did this Cruelty only destroy mean Persons, but many Gentlemens Sons too, and spoil'd many a hopeful Genius. It is, indeed, the Part of a Father, to hold in Youth that is apt to grow lascivious, by Restraint. But in the very Depth of Winter, here's a Morsel of Bread given them when they ask for their Commons ; and as for their Drink, they must draw that out of a Well that gives bad Water, unwholesome of itself, if it were not made the worse by the Coldness of the Morning : I have known many that were brought to such an ill State of Health, that they have never got over it to this Day. There were Chambers on a Ground-Floor, and rotten Plaister, they stood near

a stinking House of Office, in which none ever dwelt, but he either got his Death, or some grievous Distemper. I shall say nothing of the unmerciful Whippings, even of innocent Persons. This they say is to break their Fierceness, for so they call a sprightly Genius ; and therefore, they thus cow their Spirits, to make them more humble in the Monasteries : Nor shall I take Notice how many rotten Eggs were eaten ; nor how much sour Wine was drank. Perhaps these Things may be mended now ; but however, 'tis too late for those that are dead already, or carry about an infected Carcass. Nor do I mention these Things because I have any ill Will to the College, but I thought it worth While to give this Monition, lest human Severity should mar inexperience'd and tender Age, under the Pretence of Religion. How much Civility, or true Piety, may be taught there at present, I don't determine. If I could but see that those that put on a Cowl, put off Naughtiness, I should exhort every Body to wear one. But besides, the Spirit of a vigorous Age is not to be cow'd for this Sort of Life ; but the Mind is to be form'd for Piety. I can scarce enter into a Carthusian Monastery, but I find some Fools and some Madmen among them. But it is Time now, after so long a Digression, to return to our first Proposition.

*But.* We lose nothing by the Digression, as long as we have talked to the Purpose ; but, perhaps, you have something further to add concerning human Constitutions.

*Fish.* In my Mind, he does by no Means observe a human Constitution, who neglects to do what he aim'd at that ordain'd it. He that upon Holy-Days forbears working, and does not employ them in divine Duties, profanes the Day, by neglecting to do that for which End it was appointed ; therefore is one good Work forbidden that a better may be done. But now, as for those that leave their secular Employ, to go to Junket-

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ting, Whoring, and Drinking, Fighting and Gaming, they are Guilty of a double Profanation of it.

*But.* It is my Opinion, that the Task of saying Prayers was imposed upon Priests and Monks for this Purpose, that by this Exercise they might accustom themselves to lift up their Hearts to God : and yet he that neglects saying his Prayers, is in Danger to be punished ; but he that only mumbles over the Words with his Mouth, and does not regard the Meaning of 'em, nay, nor take Pains so much as to learn the Language they are written in, without which he can't tell what the Sound meaneth, is accounted a good Man by others, and he thinks himself such.

*Fish.* I know a great many Priests that look upon it a heinous Sin to omit any Part of their Prayers, or by Mistake to have said concerning the Virgin Mary, when they should have said concerning St. Paul. But the same Persons count it no Crime to game, whore, and drink, tho' these Things are forbidden both by the Law of God and Man.

*But.* Nay, I myself have known a great many, that would sooner die than be persuaded to take the Sacrament after they had chanc'd to taste a Bit of Food, or let a Drop of Water go down their Throat while they were washing their Mouths ; yet the same Persons will own, that they have so much Malice against some, that, if they had an Opportunity, they would kill them ; nor are they afraid with this Temper of Mind to approach the Lord's Table.

*Fish.* That they take the Sacrament fasting, is a human ordinance ; but that they lay aside Wrath before they come to the Lord's Table, is a Command of the Lord himself.

*But.* But then again, how preposterously do we judge concerning Perjury ! He is accounted an infamous Person, who swears he has paid a Debt, when it is proved he has not. But Perjury is not charged upon a

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Priest, who publickly lives unchastly, tho' he publickly profess a Life of Chastity.

*Fish.* Why don't you tell this to the Bishops Vicars, who swear before the Altar, that they have found all that they present to be entred into holy Orders, to be fit Persons in Age, Learning and Manners ; when for the most Part there are scarce two or three that are tolerable, and most of them scarce fit to follow the Plow ?

*But.* He is punish'd that being provok'd, swears in a Passion ; but they that forswear themselves every three Words they speak, escape Scot-free.

*Fish.* But they don't swear from their Hearts.

*But.* By the same colourable Pretence you may vindicate a Man that kills another, saying, he did not do it in his Heart. Perjury is not lawful either in Jest or Earnest ; and it would make the Crime the greater to kill a Man in Jest.

*Fish.* What if we should weigh the Oaths Princes take at their Coronation in the same Scale ?

*But.* These Things, tho' indeed they are very serious Matters, being done customarily, are not accounted Perjuries. There is the same Complaint concerning Vows. The Vow of Matrimony is without Doubt of divine Right ; yet it is dissolved by entring into a monastick Life of Man's Invention. And tho' there is no Vow more religious than that of Baptism, yet he that changes his Habit, or his Place, is sought after, apprehended, confin'd, and sometimes put to Death for the Honour of the Order, as tho' he had murder'd his Father ; but those whose Lives are diametrically repugnant to their Baptismal Vows, in that they serve Mammon, their Bellies, and the Poms of this World, are in mighty Esteem, are never charged with breaking their Vow, nor upbraided, nor call'd Apostates ; but are reckon'd good Christians.

*But.* The common People have the like Esteem of good and bad Deeds, and the Safeguard of Virtue.

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What a scandal is it for a Maid to be overcome? But a lying, slanderous Tongue, and a malicious, envious Mind, are greater Crimes; and where is it that a small Theft is not punish'd more severely than Adultery? No Body will willingly keep him Company that has been accused of Theft; But it is accounted a Piece of Honour, to hold a Familiarity with such as are drench'd in Adultery. No Body will deign to marry a Daughter to a Hangman who executes the Law for a Livelihood, and a Judge does the same; but they have no Aversion at all to the affinity of a Soldier, who has run away from his Parents, and list'd himself a Soldier for Hire, and is defil'd with all the Rapes, Thefts, Sacrileges, Murders, and other Crimes, that used to be committed in their Marches, Camps, and Retreats; this may be taken for a Son in Law, and tho' he be worse than any Hangman, a Maid may love him dearly, and account him a noble Personage. He that steals a little Money must be hang'd; but they that cheat the Publick of their Money, and impoverish Thousands by Monopolies, Extortions, and Tricking and Cheating, are held in great Esteem.

*Fish.* They that poison one Person, are hang'd for it; but they that poison a whole Nation with infectious Provisions go unpunish'd.

*But.* I know some Monks so superstitious, that they think themselves in the Jaws of the Devil, if by chance they are without their sacred Vestments; but they are not at all afraid of his Claws, while they are lying, slandering, drunkening, and acting maliciously.

*Fish.* There are a great many such to be seen among private Persons, that can't think their House safe from evil Spirits, unless they have holy Water, holy Leaves, and Wax Tapers; but they are not afraid of 'em because God is so often offended in them, and the Devil served in them.

*But.* How many are there, who put more trust in the Safeguard of the Virgin Mary, or St. Christopher, than of Christ himself? They worship the Mother with

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Images, Candles, and Songs ; and offend Christ heinously by their impious Living. A Mariner when in a Storm is more ready to invoke the Mother of Christ or St. Christopher, or some one or other of the Saints, than Christ himself. And they think they have made the Virgin their Friend, by singing her in the Evening the little Song, *Salve Regina*, tho' they don't know what it is they do sing ; when they have more Reason to be afraid, that the Virgin should think they jeer her by their so singing, when the whole Day, and great Part of the Night is spent in obscene Discourses, Drunkenness, and such Doings as are not fit to be mentioned.

*Fish.* Ay ; and so a Soldier, when he's about any dangerous Enterprise, is more ready to remember George, or Barbara, than Christ. And tho' there is no Reverence more acceptable to the Saints, than the Imitation of their Deeds, by which they have approv'd themselves to Christ, that is despis'd as much as can be ; and we fancy that St. Anthony is mightily attach'd to us, if we keep some Hogs consecrated to him, and have him painted upon Doors and Walls with his Hog, his Fire, and his Bell ; and never fear that which is more to be dreaded, lest he should look with an evil Eye upon those Houses, where those Wickednesses reign, that the holy Man always abhorred. Do we say over Rosaries and Salutations to the holy Virgin ? we should rather recount to her the Humiliation of our Pride, the repressing our Lusts, the forgiving of Injuries. The Mother of Christ takes more Delight in such Songs as these, and these are the Offices that oblige them both.

*But.* A Man that is sick is more ready to remember St. Rochus or Dionysius,<sup>29</sup> than Christ, the only Health of Mankind ; and more than that, they that from the Pulpit interpret the holy Scriptures, which none, without the Assistance of the Spirit, can rightly understand, or profitably teach ; they chuse rather to invoke the Aid of the Virgin Mary, than of Christ or his Spirit. And he's suspected for a Heretick, that dares to mutter against

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this Custom which they call laudable. But the Custom of the antient Fathers was much more laudable, such as Origen, Basil, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Ambrose, Jerom, and Austin used, who often invoked Christ's Spirit, but never implored the Aid of the Virgin : But they are not at all displeased at them, who have presumed to alter so holy a Custom, taken from the Doctrine of Christ and the Apostles, and the Examples of holy Fathers.

*Fish.* A great many Monks are guilty of such like Errors, who persuade themselves that St. Benedict is mightily attach'd to them, if they wear his Cowl and Cloke ; tho' I don't believe he ever wore one so full of Folds, and that cost so much Money ; and they are not afraid of his Anger, in that they do not imitate him in his Life at all.

*But.* He is a very good Son of St. Francis, who does not disdain to wear an Ash-colour'd Habit, and a Canvas Girdle ; but compare their Lives, and nothing can be more disagreeable : I speak of a great many, but not of all. And this may be carried thro' all Orders and Professions. A preposterous Confidence springs from an erroneous Judgment, and from them both, preposterous Scandals. Let but a Franciscan go out of Doors with a Leather Girdle, if he has chanc'd to lose his Rope ; or an Augustine with a Woollen one, or one that uses to wear a Girdle without one ; what an Abomination would it be accounted ? What Danger is there, that if some Women should see this, they would miscarry ! And from such Trifles as these, how is brotherly Charity broke in upon ! what bitter Envyings, how virulent Slandering ! The Lord exclaims against these in the Gospel, and so does Paul vehemently, and so ought Divines and Preachers to do.

*Fish.* Indeed they ought to do so ; but there are a great many among them, whose Interest it is to have People, Princes, and Bishops, such as they are themselves. And there are others again, that have no more Sense, as to these Things, than the People themselves ;

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or if they do know better, they dissemble it, consulting their own Bellies, rather than the Interest of Jesus Christ. And hence it comes to pass, that the People being every where corrupted with erroneous Judgments, are secure where there is Danger, and fearful where there is none; can sit down satisfied where they should proceed, and go forward when they should return. And if a Man attempt to bring any one off from these erroneous Principles, presently they cry out Sedition; as tho' it were Sedition for any one, with better Remedies, to endeavour to correct a vitious Habit of Body, which an ignorant Pretender to Physick has for a long Time nourished, and almost brought it to be natural. But 'tis Time to leave off these Complaints, for there is no End of them. And if the People should hear what Discourse we have, we are in Danger to have a new Proverb raised upon us, That a Salt-Fishmonger and a Butcher trouble their Heads about such Things.

*But.* If they did, I would return this Proverb upon them, *Sæpe etiam est olitor valde opportune loquutus.*<sup>30</sup> A little while ago I was talking of these Things at the Table, and, as ill Luck would have it, there sat a ragged, lousy, stern, old, wither'd, white-liver'd Fellow, he had scarce three Hairs on his Head, and whenever he open'd his Mouth, he shut his Eyes; they said he was a Divine, and he call'd me a Disciple of Antichrist, and a great many such like Things.

*Fish.* What did you do then? Did you say nothing?

*But.* I wish'd him a Dram of sound Judgment in his stinking Brain, if he had any.

*Fish.* I should be glad to hear the whole of that Story.

*But.* So you shall, if you will come and dine with me on Thursday next; you shall have a Veal-Pye for Dinner, so tender bak'd, that you may suck it thro' a Quill.

*Fish.* I'll promise you I will come; if you'll come and dine with me on Friday, I'll convince you, that we Fishmongers don't live merely on stinking Salt-Fish.

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## NOTES

### PHILETYMUS AND PSEUDOCHEUS

1. *Philetymus*. Lover of Truth.
2. *Pseudocheus*. Liar.
3. *Tax on Urine*. Suetonius (Vesp. 23) tells that Vespasian having laid a tax on urine, Titus expostulated with his father on his meanness. Vespasian's reply was that 'Gain has a good smell, no matter what it comes from.' He was the author of many 'good things.' Some readers will possibly be reminded of Mr. Robert Lowe's famous proposal to tax lucifer matches, and the neat motto he had ready '*E luce lucellum*': *From light a little profit*, for the stamp.
4. *My last Shift*. 'Last Anchor.' From the Greek. Sailors termed the largest and strongest anchor the sacred anchor, and in time of peril it was the last cast.
5. *Forgeries I make turn to a considerable Account*. 'I sell this kind of smoke for a long price,' in original. The figure is applied by Martial (iv. 5, 7) to those who make empty promises of interest at court, which come to nothing, like smoke.
6. *Who call a Fig a Fig, and a Spade a Spade*. From Aristophanes. The things mentioned are appropriate in the mouth of an honest Greek rustic.
7. *With Slight of Hand*. The original adds, 'Ulysses and Mercury' (as patrons of trickery and thieving) 'being at my right hand.'

### THE SHIPWRECK

1. *The worst Sign in the World to Sailors*. See Pliny, ii. c. 37.
  2. *Mole Hills*. Lit., 'Warts,' a still stronger hyperbole.
  3. *Cold Comfort*. Lit., 'a Scythian speech.' *Σκυθῶν ῥῆσις*, Lucian. A Greek saying for anything rude or harsh in the hearing.
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4. *Necessity a hard Portion.* Lit., 'a hard weapon.' 'Necessity, which is the last and greatest weapon.' Liv. iv. 28.

5. *The Italian Humour.* The old classical habit of railing at whatever was foreign as barbarous.

6. The transference of old Pagan associations of Venus with the protection of sailors to the Virgin Mary is another interesting example of the assimilation of the old mythology by the Roman system. One would imagine no stronger satire could have been written against the practice of supplication to many of the saints. Erasmus, however, in the apologetic piece at the end defends himself from so extreme a charge!

7. *St. Christopher.* There was a gigantic wooden statue of him in Notre Dame, removed in 1785. The legend of this saint affords a good example of the influence which language exercises on thought, so that some myths are simply 'diseases of language' (Max Muller). Christopher (Χριστοφόρος) means as a *name*, *Christ-bearer*. Hence the legend of his bearing the child Jesus across the stream, and being ready to sink beneath the growing weight of Him who bore the sins of the world; of his gigantic stature, etc. The historic individuality of the good man is quite obscure. Perhaps he was an unconscious invention throughout.

8. *For he being not unacquainted with the Distress, etc.* A quotation of Dido's words to Æneas: *Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.* Aen.

9. *To divine Help.* 'To the sacred anchor.' See above, p. 313.

10. *O Virago!* The noble sense of the word now lost in English use, equivalent to 'What a heroine!'

### DIVERSORIA

1. *Diversoria.* This is a corrupt form for *deversoria*, lodgings or inns (from *deversor*, to turn aside from the road).

2. *Jesting Women at Table.* The employment of women in this capacity appears at one time to have been more general than that of men. See Dr. Doran's article in *Chambers's Book of Days*, vol. i. 179.

3. *German Inns.* The whole of the following description is reproduced substantially in Sir W. Scott's *Annæ of Geierstein*, ch. xix. with characteristic details and colouring.

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4. *Stoves.* *Hypocaustum* is the word used in the original ; which was the room in a Roman bath heated by a furnace below ; sometimes used for the furnace itself. The use of *stove* as in the text for a room heated by a closed furnace is certainly not usual now-a-days ; but *stube* (Ger.) denotes room.

5. *Having all Things in Common.* 'A true coenobium,' in original. *κοινῶσιον*, lit., common life. Used by Jerome for convent, and *coenobite* for monk, as distinguished from the solitary *eremite* or *anchoret*. *ἐρημίτης*, a dweller in the desert ; *ἀναχωρητής*, one who has retired from the world.

6. *At Rome, Paris, or Venice, there's no Body thinks anything strange.* Or 'nobody wonders at anything.' A trait of good breeding which is perhaps as noticeable in those cities in the present day, in contrast to the *staring* habits of many of our fellow-islanders. Grace of manners is one of the truest monuments of an ancient civilisation, and is particularly striking in Italy generally.

7. *Not Damask ones.* 'Not Milesian,' in original. Miletus was famed for the softness and beauty of its cloths.

8. *Wine—how far from being tasteless.* 'How unsmoked!' in original. The Romans mellowed their wine in the *fumarium*, or smoke-chamber.

### THE POETICAL FEAST

1. *Bloody Iambics.* Alluding to the old story of Archilochus of Paros, who invented this measure ; and who in revenge for the refusal of his betrothed Neobule's hand by her father Lycambes, satirised them with such virulence that they both hanged themselves. See Horace, *Ep.* i. 19, 24 ; ad Pisones, 80.

2. *Blitea instead of Margarita.* The former word means *insipid*, from some herb called *βλίτρον*, *blitum*, strawberry-blite, etc. *Margarita*, a pearl.

3. *Whatsoever comes into his Head in his mad Mood.* 'Whatever his splendid Bile suggested to him,' in original. A quotation from Horace, *Ser.* ii. 3, 141 :—

'maledicit utrique, vocando  
Hanc Furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.'

*Splendida* means bright-coloured. The whole phrase is a metonymy for 'inflamed passion.'

4. *Φεύγετε, κ.τ.λ.* A verse said by Pliny to be used in magical remedies.

5. *Mercury's Mace.* His herald-wand, *caduceus* (κηρύκειον), symbolising his office as messenger of the gods, by which he gave or took away sleep, summoned souls from Hades, or sent them thither.

6. *He leers and sneers at me.* 'His nose and sardonic laugh,' in original. For *nose*, see vol. i. p. 292. There is some doubt as to the origin of 'Sardonic.' In Homer, Plato, etc., it is given Sardanic (as if from *σάλπω*, to grin, which is the probable derivation). Others derive it from *sardonion*, a plant of Sardinia, which puckers the face when eaten. The ancients spoke of other kinds of risibility: the Ionic, Megaric, Chian laughs, Ajax's laugh, etc.

7. *Thomas Linacre.* One of the minor names, like those of Grocyn and Latimer, to be mentioned with honour in connection with the revival of Greek learning, 1460-1524. He studied under Chalcondylas at Florence, and brought his Greek to Oxford. The 'stupid party' there called themselves 'Trojans,' as a mark of hostility to the new learning. He was also the means of founding the College of Physicians.

8. *Holding up our Fingers.* The old game of guessing how many fingers are held up before a blindfold person.

9. *No Scruple.* i.e. Difficulty, *Scrupulus* (Lat.) a pebble.

10. *The Ovation.* A punning allusion to *ova*, eggs, of which they were partaking. On *ovation* and *triumph*, see vol. i. p. 300.

11. *Stumbled at the very Threshold.* 'Struck (like a ship) in the very harbour'; another ancient form of the proverb.

12. *Such a kind of Judge as the Cuckoo and Nightingale once had.* This is, an *Ass*, according to the fable.

13. *I have begun.* Original, '*præsul agi*,' which may be paraphrased, 'I have led off the dance.' The allusion is to the *Salii*, or dancing priests of Mars, the leader of whom was called *præsul*. Like the modern, 'I have opened the ball.' It may be worth noticing that with the Romans dancing was essentially a religious performance, and was not respectable otherwise. There is certainly a close connection between religious enthusiasm and rhythmic movements of the body. Witness King David; Milton's dance of angels in *Paradise Lost*; Ranters and Shakers. Sterne (*Sentimental Journey*), watching a family dance at a French peasant's house, says: 'I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of



simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the dance !'

14. *Poets are always reflecting, etc.* The word is *blathero*, our *blather*, *blether*, Ger. *blattern*, etc.

## AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING FAITH

1. *Mischievous Deities.* '*Vejoves*' in original. *Veiovis* was an unpropitious, ill-omened deity who had a temple on the Capitoline Hill. Ovid (*Fast.* iii. 430) speaks of him as the youthful Jupiter. It seems more probable that the Roman etymology of the name was mistaken, and that this was a deity of Etruscan origin.

2. *Harmless Thunderbolts.* '*Bruta Fulminia.*' Pliny says, 'There are brute and idle thunder-bolts, such as come according to no rule of nature,' ii. 43. Hence the expression, *brutum fulmen*, has passed into a proverb for blind and senseless denunciations, such as those of the Pope !

3. *A Sort of Lightning that proceeds from a Glass, etc.* An old Greek saying ; whence our 'flash in the pan.'

4. *That you are not become blacker than a Coal before now.* From the effect of excommunicating curses.

5. *Ask me any Thing that you have a Mind to ask me.* 'Lit., 'Inquire from heaven even to earth.' A proverb, from Plautus.

6. *Symbolism is indeed a military Word.* Σύμβολον, symbolum, denotes a token, sign, or pledge. Among the many applications of this idea, is that to a military signal or watchword. Hence, in ecclesiastical usage, a creed or confession of faith was termed a watchword—a means of mutual recognition and bond of union among Christians. Analogous to this is the ecclesiastical use of *sacrament*. This was originally the military oath of allegiance, taken by the Roman soldier to his general. So, metaphorically, the Christian on his baptism took an oath of allegiance to Christ, the 'Ἀρχηγόν, or 'Chieftain of Salvation.' The 'Apostles' Creed,' so called, dates, as a composition, from the fifth century.

7. *I would not put my chief Confidence and Hope in him, etc.* Lit., 'I would not cast my sacred anchor in him, etc.' See above, p. 313.

8. *Lest any should imagine him to be a Creature.* Alluding to the Arian heresy which taught that Christ was a Creature of God, although the most perfect.

9. *I am not an Apuleius turned inside out.* Alluding to the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, a fable relating the adventures of a man who has been metamorphosed into the form of an ass. Various speculations have been mooted as to the inner purport of the allegory. The story ascribed to Lucian, of *Lucius or the Ass*, is similar. Both pieces are said to have been founded on a work of one Lucius of Patræ.

10. *Natural Rock.* Lit., 'living rock,' which meant natural, in the sense of being unwrought or unremoved. But the epithet seems to point back to the ancient belief in the *growth* of stones. It was probably a dim perception of the truths which geology has brought to light.

11. *That is beside our Creed (symbol).* There is a play on *symbol*, which denoted also the cheque or ticket given up by each guest at a common meal or pic-nic, to be presented for payment afterwards.

#### THE OLD MEN'S DIALOGUE

1. *The Old Men's Dialogue.* The names are characteristic: Eusebius, Pious; Pampirus, All-experienced; Polygamus, Much-married (not, however, exactly in the sense in which Artemus Ward gave this epithet to Brigham Young); Gluxion, Sweet-like.

2. *New Faces.* Lit., 'New birds.' Ironically for old acquaintances.

3. *What do you mean with your Glass Eyes, you Wizard?* Lit., 'you Fascinator?' Alluding to the superstition of the 'evil eye,' which still so strongly prevails, especially in Italy, suggested by the glare of Eusebius, through his spectacles.

4. *According to the Greek Proverb . . . talking not about a Waggon.* The translator has here missed the point. The phrase is *de plaustro loqui*, and means speaking *down from* a Waggon. The proverb is traceable to the rude beginning of Comedy, when the stage was a waggon, and the actors boors, their faces smeared with dregs; and when the 'play' consisted of gross ribaldry and abuse, seasoned with more or less rude wit, levelled at the passers by, at well-known characters, or even at the immortal inhabitants of Olympus themselves.

5. *Eu. Why thou'lt never be old.* Lit., 'Truly a Tithonus' old age, as they say!' Aurora (Eôs) obtained for him, her lover, the boon of immortality, but neglected to ask for eternal youth, so

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that he pined away in ever increasing decrepitude and begged that he might be changed into a cicada. Tennyson ('Tithonus') has wrought at the idea with his usual exquisite felicity of expression :

'I wither slowly in thine arms  
Here at the quiet limit of the world  
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
The ever silent spaces of the East  
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.'

Both Erasmus and the translator have mis-applied the saying about Tithonus. It is applicable to a decrepit, *not* to a fresh old age.

6. *You were as great a Maggot.* See vol. i. p. 306. Lit., 'There was no greater Trifler than you.'

7. *My own mother-Wit.* Lit., 'My own Mars': my own unaided exertions.

8. *An indifferent good one, and according to the Proverb, in a competent proportion to my own.* The proverb is quoted from Plutarch: *τὴν κατὰ σεαυτὸν ἔλα*, *Choose a wife of your own condition.*

9. *That which the Greeks call Freedom from the encumbrance of Business.* ἀρπαγή. Latin, *otium*. *Leisure* is the nearest equivalent in English.

10. *I act the part of Mitio in the Comedy.* The genial old bachelor-uncle of Terence's *Adelphi*, who is so well 'foiled' by his churlish brother Demea.

11. *Crates.* One of the Cynic school, a disciple of Diogenes and Antisthenes. One of their principles was that pleasure is pernicious; and a favourite saying is ascribed to Antisthenes: 'I would rather be mad than glad!' *Metrodorus* was the most important follower of Epicurus. He is said to have placed happiness in the possession of a well-constituted body; regarded the Belly as the great test and measure of bliss!

12. *εὐθυμία.* Literally, good-humour (or temper), cheerfulness. The Greeks had also *ῥαθυμία*, easiness of temper, generally shading off into the sense of indolence.

13. *If I feel any Disorder, &c.* Lit., 'lassitude.'

14. *Cackling gossip . . . my Pullet . . . French Woman, . . . French husband.* The old play once more on *Gallus*, *Gallina* in their different senses. See vol. i. p. 297.

15. *There had passed some Words between us, in the future Tense.* An allusion to the old legal and ecclesiastical doctrine

concerning the binding force of verbal contracts before marriage. Any contract made in words of the present tense (*per verba de præsenti*) 'I take you to wife'; and in case of cohabitation in words of the future tense (*per verba de futuro*),—'I will take you to wife,' was a valid marriage, and the parties might be compelled in the spiritual courts to celebrate it *in facie ecclesiæ*.

16. *I have brought a Noble to nine Pence.* 'Have given up horses for asses,' in the original. The noble is said to have been called so on account of the superior quality of the gold.

17. *Master of seven Arts.* In the Mediæval schools the division of studies was into the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*; the former comprising Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric; the latter, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy. 'All these studies were however referred to theology, and that in the narrowest manner; music, for example, being reduced to church chanting, and astronomy to the calculation of Easter,' (Hallam, *Middle Ages*.) The above is of course the origin of the Title 'Master of Arts.'

18. *Stock and Block.* Principal and interest.

19. *More dangerous Rocks than those of Scilly.* 'Than any Malea,' original. The proverbially dangerous promontory to the S. of Laconia. The play of words Malea, Alea, assists the play of thought around the image of a shipwreck.

20. *An Allowance always to be made to one that makes the first Essay.* Συγγνώμη πρωτοπειρῶ: 'Pardon the novice' (*proto-peirus*, him who makes his first attempt or trial). Play on Proto—and Pam-peirus.

21. *The Greek proverb, etc.* Of which our translator appears to miss the point. 'One must either eat tortoises or leave them alone,' is nearer to the sense. The notion was that if one ate a little of tortoise flesh, it gave one the 'gripes'; if more freely the pain was soothed. The saying about 'going the whole hog' is similar.

22. *A Man of Art will live anywhere.* More literally, 'Art is nourished in every land.' Also: Διμῆν ἀρυχλας ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις τέχνη, 'Art is a harbour of refuge to men.' Of course 'Art' is used not in the specific modern sense, but in the general one of practical skill, craft.

23. *Pope Julius the Second.* Erasmus appears to have had the most cordial dislike for the character of this filibustering Pope. He was at Bologna when Julius made an entry into that city after a siege; and keenly contrasted his martial imperious bearing and

pompous *entourage* with the meekness and humility of the Gospel. The dialogue, *Julius Exclusus*, or Julius shut out of heaven, is ascribed on internal evidence to Erasmus, although he never owned its authorship. He satirized the Pope also in the *Praise of Folly*: 'I can show you an old man, whose valour is equal to that of any youth; who to disturb law and religion, spares neither expense nor caution, and to whose folly his flatterers join the name of zeal, piety, and strength of mind.'

24. *This being my Lot, I make the best on't.* 'This Sparta which has fallen to my lot, I adorn,' in original.

25. *They were all asleep, and added a dead Weight to my Waggon.* That the body is lighter awake than sleeping is stated in Pliny, *H. N.*, vii. 17. Archbishop Trench, in his note on the miracle of Christ walking on the sea, speaks of it as a 'well-attested fact,' and concludes that 'the human consciousness, as an inner centre, works as an opposing force to the attraction of the earth, and the centripetal force of gravity.'

26. *Humming Ale.* According to the original, simply, 'remarkably good.' Some explain *humming* as corrupt for *spuming*, foaming; others from the *sound* good liquor is supposed to produce when drawn. This is wide of the mark. In Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Ben Jonson, *Hum* is named as a particular kind of strong liquor. 'Strong waters, *hum*, Meath and Obarni.' Humming ale was probably that in which there was an infusion of spirit.

## THE FRANCISCANS, OR RICH BEGGARS

1. *A Parson.* 'Pastor' in original. It is curious to note the stumbles that have been made over the derivation of this word. Thus Blackstone takes it to be equivalent to *persona*, the church being represented in the person of the minister. Others think it to be connected with the German *pfarrer*. The true explanation is, doubtless, that which connects it with *paracia*, *parochia*, *parish*; parson is contracted and corrupted from *paræcianus*, or *parochianus*, pastor of the parish.

2. *Wolves, Wench.* A *double entendre* on *lupa*, which may mean either a she-wolf, or a whore.

3. *Good Men!* A phrase said to have been current in popular speech in France for men whose wives were not all that wives should be.

4. *St. Anthony takes charge of the Hogs.* His patronage of swineherds originated in the story of his forest life.

5. *What he knows is what he has learned in private Confession, etc.* A joking way of describing his ignorance. 'He shakes his head, but there's nothing in it.'

6. *I should not say much perhaps, but I should cudgel her handsomely.* More spirited the original: 'I should not treat her to bad words, but to a good cudgel.'

7. *Accoutrements of a hectoring Soldier.* Lit., 'Distinctions of Thrasonic folly.' Thraso is the blustering soldier of Terence's *Eunuchus*. By some insensible transition of thought the name of Hector, the gentlest hero of the *Iliad*, has come unjustly to be associated with military swagger. Probably there is as little true connection between what the French term 'Chauvinisme' and the personal character of M. Chauvin.

8. *The Bishop of Rome and the Monks.* Gregory the Great (Pontiff 590-604), having been himself 'dragged from the cloister to the papal throne by the unanimous voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people,' was the great man who shed lustre on monachism and gave impetus to its progress in Europe.

9. *The very Pagan writers have taken notice of them that have wore Cloaths so thin, etc.* The allusion is apparently to Juvenal's second satire, where he satirizes one Creticus, a pleader, for appearing in a *multitium*, or soft transparent robe.

10. *Whatsoever is deeply rooted in the Minds of men . . . must be removed by degrees, as a Horse's Tail is pluck'd off by single Hairs.* The story is told of an ancient captain, that he set his soldiers to pull out a horse's tail, which they being unable to do, he shewed that it could be accomplished by removing it hair by hair: teaching the lesson that difficulties might be overcome in detail which were not to be overcome by one great exertion of force. Horace employs the allusion as illustrating the argument called *Sorites* :—

'Utor permissio, candæque pilos ut equinæ,  
Paullatim vello, et demo unum, demo et item unum,  
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi.'

*Ep.* ii. 1, 45 sq.

11. *The Mendicant Orders.* Their institution appears to have sprung from a reactionary movement against the worldliness of the established clergy and the ostentatious luxury of the ancient monastic orders. The Dominicans took their name from Dominic

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of Toulouse, and were established in 1216; the Franciscans from Francis of Assisi, in 1223. The Mendicants appear to have given a stricter application to the austere rule of Benedict, who founded an order in the sixth century. They were debarred by their foundation from acquiring possessions, and were to be maintained by alms only. The assumption of the peasant's dress of the period and locality was, of course, in keeping with those principles. See on this subject Lecky's *European Morals* and Hallam's *Middle Ages*. The latter points at the interesting analogy between the relation of the Mendicants to the Church of Rome in the thirteenth century and that of the Methodists to the Church of England in the eighteenth. See also Sir James Stephen's *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography*.

12. *Do us the Honour to preach to the People To-morrow.* Under the fostering policy of the popes, the Dominicans and Franciscans enjoyed exemption from episcopal authority, and could preach or hear confessions without permission of the ordinary. This policy rendered them the fastest friends of the popes and their supremacy. The unwisdom of the opposite policy of the rulers of the English Church has often been a subject of remark: the Methodists have passed into gradual estrangement from a communion from which they never formally separated.

#### THE ABBOT AND LEARNED WOMAN

1. *Antronius.* The name carries an allusion to an old Greek commonplace, 'Ἀντρώνιος ὄνος, an *Antronian ass*, for a person heavy in body, stupid in mind. At Antron, in Thessaly, there is said to have been a breed of big asses. Suidas.

2. *Lady's Apartment, Ladies.* *Heroïna, heroine*, is the word used in the original for courtly and fashionable women, as though they were a species of demi-goddesses.

3. *Decrees and Decretals.* Of the Popes. The spurious 'Decretals of Isidore,' which appeared in the eighth century, gave to the Bishop of Rome an appellant jurisdiction, and forbade national councils to be held without his consent, etc. Upon this imposture the fabric of Papal supremacy over the different national churches was gradually raised. Hallam's *Middle Ages*.

4. *As Panniers don't become an Ox, so neither does Learning become a Woman.* A Latin proverb: 'Bos clitellas' (portat), Cic. *Att.* v. 15. 'Optat ephippia bos niger, optat arare caballus,' Hor. *Ep.* i. 14, 43. Similar is our 'Putting the saddle on the wrong horse.'

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5. *What Books did she read?* *The canonical Hours.* For the Use of whom? Of the Order of Benedictines. The canonical hours, when sacred offices should be performed, are: *Matins*; *Prime*, 6 A.M.; *Tierce*, 8 A.M.; *Sext*, 11 A.M.; *Nones*, 2 P.M.; *Compline*, from *complementum*, that which fulfils the day. The usage was derived from Ps. cxix. 164: 'Seven times a day do I praise Thee.' In the text, 'Hours' is used in the transferred sense of devotional books for use at such times. 'For the Use of whom?' is a mistake of the translator. It should be: 'according to what (or whose) usage?' The reader will not miss the stupid abbot's anachronism in making the Virgin read a Benedictine book of Hours.

6. *Paula and Eustochium.* Two examples of learned female saints. The former is said to have been taught Latin by Jerome.

7. *Morites in England.* *Morice* in original. Probably refers to the ladies of Sir Thomas More's family.

#### THE EPITHALAMIUM OF PETRUS ÆGIDIUS

1. *Epithalamium.* As its etymology signifies (*ἐπι, θάλαμος*, against, a chamber), the *chorale* sung by girls and boys before the bridal chamber. The splendid song of Catullus on the nuptials of Julia and Manlius (61) will be recalled by the classical reader, with its refrain, *Io Hymen Hymenæe!*

2. *Petrus Ægidius.* He was employed by Francis I. to visit and describe the most celebrated places in Asia, Greece, and Africa; and published an account of his travels, besides other works.

3. *I can't see a bit of a Maid.* 'Muscæ puellam,' or 'fly of a maid,' in original.

4. *Scotus's Fountain . . . a Lake of Frogs.* There were two great Schoolmen who bore the name of Scotus, indicating their derivation from the northern part of our island: (1) Johannes Scotus Erigena, born c. 800, the earliest great name of the Scholastic period. (2) Johannes Duns Scotus, born c. 1274, the opponent of Thomas Aquinas' theological system; hence the party division of 'Thomists' and 'Scotists.' The stigma cast on Scholasticism in the expression 'a Lake of Frogs' is thoroughly characteristic of Erasmus. Like other great classical scholars, he appears to have had no relish for metaphysical studies; perhaps no understanding of their nature or value.

5. *How total a Darkness has seized your Eyes!* In the original,



τὸ σκότος (darkness) is used for the sake of forcing a pun on the name *Scotus*.

6. *You should come off as ill by seeing the Muses, as Actæon did by seeing Diana.* Possibly there may be 'English readers' who need to be informed what Actæon's fate was. He had the ill-luck, while hunting, to come upon Diana and her nymphs bathing, whereupon the goddess, 'ever chaste and fair,' turned him into a stag, and he was set upon and devoured by his own dogs.

7. *I hear somewhat, but I don't know what it is.* Lit., 'I hear, like a donkey listening to a lyre.' Among other *opprobria* cast upon this inoffensive brute, has been from ancient times the charge of insensibility to music; unlike the horse (witness the famous passage in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act v. sc. 1), birds, serpents, etc. Perhaps many an ass would have 'something to say for himself,' like Balaam's, if he could only speak.

8. *Are you going to Louvain to see the University?* This university was founded in 1426, later than the other great schools of Europe; in the midst, in fact, of their golden era. It became celebrated during the next century for its theological faculty, and in Lipsius's time, 1606, numbered 6000 students.

9. *One of our Priests.* 'Mystæ,' 'initiated ones,' in original. The derivation of both *muse* and *myst*, *mystie*, etc., from *mu*, the sound made with all-but-closed lips (Lat., *musso*, *mussito*, Eng., *mutter*, *murmur*),—indicating the notion of something secret, not to be uttered above one's breath—is interesting. The idea is intensely religious and, it may be added, Biblical. 'I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things kept secret from the foundation of the world.' Revelation, in the teaching of St. Paul, is constantly the open disclosure of an age-long *mystery*. Corresponding to this distinction of mysteries known to the few, and revelations for the many, is the Pythagorean division of teaching into the *esoteric* and *exoteric*: that behind and that outside the veil. Christianity likewise incorporates this distinction (Mark iv. 11).

10. *The Name of the Buslidians, etc.* According to the native spelling the name is Busleiden. Jerome, the friend of Erasmus and Sir T. More, who founded the college of the 'three languages' (Hebrew, Greek, and Latin) at Louvain, died in 1517.

11. *Conjugal Amenities: the husband has been call'd Blockhead, etc.* It may be worth while giving these elegancies of vituperation in their classic forms. The husband is called 'a fungus, a flask, a

sponge'; the lady is saluted with the epithets, '*scrofa* (breeding sow), *Acco* (tumour).' *Acco*, according to Hesychius, was an old woman who went mad on seeing her face in a mirror.

12. *Must the Matrimony be without Juno and Venus?* Juno was the great protectress of the female sex, and in this capacity received many and various appellations, *Cinxia*, *Domiduca*, *Interduca*, *Februa*, *Jugalis*, *Lucina*, *Natalis*, *Populonia*, *Pronuba*, *Virginalis*, *Matrona*, etc. Women sacrificed to her as *Natalis* on their birthday, as the men to their genius. The great festival of *Matronalia* was celebrated in her honour on the 1st of March by the women. Juno is specially the divine type of the married woman; hence her presidency over the marriage rites. For fuller information consult Smith's *Dictionaries* and Creuzer's *Symbolik*, sub voc. *Venus*, as *Genetrix*, favoured the pleasures of sexual love. The bride on her wedding day sacrificed a lock of her hair to *Venus*.

13. *That earthly drunken Venus, but another heavenly One, etc.* Alluding to Socrates teaching on the distinction between sensual and spiritual love. See the *Phædrus*.

14. *Gracchus and Cornelia.* See Plutarch's *Lives*: 'the Gracchi.'

15. *Admetus' Wife.* Admetus, for neglecting to sacrifice to *Artemis* on his wedding day, was doomed to die; but deliverance from death was promised him on condition of the substitution of his father, mother, or wife in his stead. *Alcæstis*, the wife, consented to the sacrifice, but was rescued from death by *Hercules*, who wrestled with him for her body. The story forms the plot of Euripides' beautiful drama *Alcæstis*, treated by Mr. Leighton in a picture exhibited in the Royal Academy a few years ago.

16. *Porcia and Brutus.* See Plutarch's *Lives*: 'Brutus.' To test her capacity to face the danger of her husband's enterprise against *Julius Cæsar*, and her right to share the secret which clouded his brow, she wounded herself severely in the thigh. On parting from *Brutus* on the fatal day, her eye fell on a picture of *Hector* taking leave of *Andromache*,—that scene of purest pathos in all *Homer*—and fainted: the only mark of weakness she ever showed. On *Brutus*' death, she put an end to her own life.

17. *Nasica, Paterculana.* The first *Scipio Nasica* was adjudged when a young man to be the purest citizen of the Republic, and was therefore sent with the Roman matrons to *Ostia* to receive a statue of *Cybele* which was being transported from *Pessinus* in *Asia Minor*, the chief seat of her worship, to *Rome*, in order to

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satisfy a Sibylline oracle. Sulpicia, the daughter of Paterculus, was in like manner selected from a hundred Roman matrons, in virtue of her modesty, to dedicate an image of Venus at Rome. Livy.

18. *What shall I say to the rest? I'll tell you in your Ear.* Probably that they are to hang themselves, or some such polite salutation.

## THE EXORCISM, OR APPARITION

1. *Exorcism.* The original meaning of this word (*ἐξορκισμός*) was the administration of an oath to another. In the early Christian era it came into corrupt use to denote the supposed act of expelling demons by the solemn appeal to sacred names. The correct word for this act is the Latin *adjuration*. On the prevalence of this superstition in the East Christian Church, see Lecky, *European Morals*, i. 401 ff; *Hist. of Rationalism*, i. 25; and in later times, *ib.* i. 125 ff. It reached its height in the fearful witchcraft-mania in the seventeenth century. Lecky points out that the Anglican clergy stand in this matter in favourable contrast to the Catholics on the one hand, and to the Puritans on the other.

2. *Such a Flam.* This word was formerly current in good English in the sense of a lie, fiction, or imposture. It is still in provincial use, but rather in the sense of *flattery*. Various derivations have been suggested, none of which appear satisfactory. *Flim-flam*, *flimsy*, *fleer*, *flout*, etc., appear to represent that instinctive motion of the lips and cheeks with the blowing forth of the breath, which expresses contempt, as for something lightly blown away.

3. *Faunus, a Priest* (of those which in Latin they call *Regulars*, but that is not enough unless they add the same in Greek too). The monastic clergy were termed *regulars* (Lat., *regula*, a rule) from their compliance with Benedict's famous rule of life, which separated them from the world, while the *secular* clergy remained in it. The Greek equivalent to *regulars* is *canonici* (*κανονικοί*); whence in short and corrupted form our *canon*, for a clergyman attached to a cathedral. The true explanation of this word is perhaps not to be found in the primary meaning of *canon* (*κανών*), a rule; but in a secondary meaning of a measure or ration of food and drink as supplied to soldiers; just as *prebendary* is he who enjoys the *prebend* or benefice (Lat. *præbendo*) attached to his stall.

4. *Menander's Phasma*. The title of one of Menander's comedies, in which a girl, under the feigned apparition (*phasma*) of a goddess to whom religious rites were being rendered, enjoys the society of her lover. See Donatus's introduction to Terence's *Eunuchus*.

5. *The Agnus Dei*. It consisted of a small cake of wax stamped with the image of the Lamb bearing the banner of the Cross.

6. *He would leave the most urgent Affair in the World, etc.* Lit., 'he would forfeit his recognisances, etc.': a proverbial Latin saying for putting aside the most serious business.

7. *This guardian Devil*. Lit., 'the pædagogus demon,' supposed to keep as close attendance on the spirit as the Roman slave upon his young master to and from school; for such was the duty of the Roman pædagogus (lit. *child-leader*.)

8. *The Master of the Show*. Lit., 'the Choragus of the Play.' The duty of the Choragus was to superintend and bring on the stage the chorus, which played so essential a part in the ancient drama.

9. *The Devil cries out . . . you are my own yourself*. This reminds us of the story in Tertullian (*De Spectaculis*, c. 26) concerning the lady who went to the theatre, and there became possessed with an evil spirit. When rebuked by the exorcist, the demon replied that it was a legitimate seizure, he had found her upon his own ground!

10. *That he should say the glorious 78th Psalm three times over*. In the original he was to say the Lord's Prayer three times; why the translator should have altered this is not clear.

11. *Imperial Heaven*. Translator's blunder for *empyrean* heaven. The Oriental notion—set forth in the Cabbala, or oral tradition of the Jews—was that of a series of heavens on an ascending scale of glory. Hence the Biblical expressions 'heaven of heavens—seventh heaven, etc.' But *empyrean* (*fiery*) is derived from Ptolemy's astronomy. He makes his fifth and last heaven to consist of pure elemental fire.

On the whole subject of the preceding colloquy the first chapter in Lecky's *History of Rationalism* may be read with advantage ('Magic and Witchcraft'). Although the sceptical movement to which Erasmus indirectly contributed, was beginning to set in with force during his time, this fearful superstition continued for nearly two centuries to dominate the mind even of educated Europe. It is not clear that Erasmus was himself free from it,

although he so unsparingly exposed the impostures to which it gave rise. Lecky and Buckle have amply illustrated the tenacity of the belief in Scotland. Most readers will recall the performances of the German adept Dousterswivel in Sir W. Scott's *Antiquary*. Writing in 1829, Sir Walter says in his introduction to the novel, that this portion of the story is 'founded on a fact of actual occurrence.'

### THE ALCHEMIST

1. *The Alchemist*. This long-prevailing mania was derived from the Arabs, the great 'Scientists' of the dark ages. The Arabic *al kimiaia* denotes 'the secret': the object of this pseudo-science being the discovery of the secret of the transmutation of metals into gold, and the discovery of the elixir of life. The last alchemist in England was James Price, of Guildford, a fellow of the Royal Society. On the failure of his experiments he committed suicide by drinking some laurel-water. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 602.

2. *Philecons* . . . *Lalus*. 'Fond of listening.' *Lalus*, 'Talkative.'

3. *Foibles*. Lit., 'He has so far a mole.' i.e. blemish.

4. *What's well begun is half done*. '*Dimidium facti qui caput, habet*,' Hor. *Ep.* i. 2, 42.

5. *Every Block will not make a Mercury*. A Greek proverb referring to the frequent use of wood for the statues of this god.

6. *The Virgin Mary, that you know is worshipped at Paris*. It should be: 'is worshipped by the *Paralii*, or dwellers on the coast.' Translator's mistake. An allusion to the famous shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, near the coast of Norfolk.

7. *The Matter was then debated*. Lit., 'ventilated.' A good word, calling up the mental picture of tossing into the air, and so winnowing.

8. *I admire Balbinus could not smook the Roguery*. Lit., 'that Balbinus had no nose for such a fellow.' The general explanation of this usage of *smoke* is by referring to the idea of discovering a hidden fire by the issuing smoke. Such a derivation is evidently contrary to all analogy; and it is surprising to see it given in standard works. To *smoke* in the sense of discovering a fraud, or a secret, etc., is radically the same word as the Anglo-Saxon *smaccan*, to smell or taste, Ger. *schmecken*. The active use of the organs of smell and taste is indicated. To smoke, like a fire,

etc.—the neuter verb—comes from Anglo-Saxon *smiccan*. The one word in our language represents two distinct ideas.

### THE HORSE-CHEAT

1. *Jockeys, who sell and let out horses.* The word had formerly this wider signification, although now generally limited to the professional riders in horse races. The account of the word commonly given is that it is a diminutive of Jock or Jack: another example of that hasty hap-hazard etymology which was common, before the principles of the science were rightly understood. Why should *Jockey* rather than *Jimmy* or *Billy* come into use in this sense? The word in all probability is derived from a Teutonic radical, which appears in all the English, German, and Norse dialects: jog, shog, shock; Anglo-Saxon, sceacan; Ger., schaukeln; Norse and Dan., jukka, jukke, etc. The word would thus be pictorial, pointing to the peculiar jogging, shaking movement of a rider on horseback.

2. *This was fighting a Man with his own Weapons.* Lit., 'You handsomely acted the Cretan towards a Cretan.' The ill-odour of the Cretans in the ancient Greek world is indicated in several similar proverbs. St. Paul quotes from 'a prophet of their own,' viz., the great seer Epimenides, a verse in support of the charges against their character: they were 'liars, evil beasts, idle bellies.' See also Plato, *Laws*, book i.; Callimachus, *Hymn to Jove*, 8, etc.

3. *Horse-courser.* For *locatore*, lender, letter-out. This application of the word is unusual, and appears to have passed away.

### THE BEGGARS' DIALOGUE

1. *Irides. i.e.* son of Irus. Irus is the public beggar introduced in the 18th book of the *Odyssey*. 'Misoponus': 'Labour-hating.'

2. *Apitius.* The name of three notorious belly-worshippers at Rome, one of whom lived in Sulla's time, the second under Augustus and Tiberius, the third under Trajan. One of them left a book on cookery.

3. *The Goddess Laverna.* She was the patroness of thieves, especially in the sense of *secret contrivers of fraud*, at Rome. Horace (*Ep.* i. 16, 60) introduces the picture of a hypocrite who after offering public sacrifice, and loudly calling on Janus and on

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Apollo,—gods of Light and Day,—mutter under his breath the following prayer: '*Fair Laverna, grant me grace to deceive, grace to appear a just and holy man; cast the veil of night over my sins, cover my frauds with a cloud!*' One is tempted to moralise upon the fact of so remarkable a worship having existed and been popular. Religion may be connected, in fact, be founded upon any and every human passion and instinct. Men idealize their desires, and then worship them. They may be devout in their evil. There are many modern worshippers at the altar of Laverna.

4. *An Artist will live anywhere.* More literally, 'Every land feeds art.' A Greek proverb. There is another to the like effect, 'Art is men's harbour in misfortune.' Of course the term *art* is used in the original sense of practical ability for particular work, skill, craft.

5. *Wherever I find a hungry Sea-cob, I throw him out a bait.* *Λάρος κεχηνός*, a Greek commonplace. What bird is exactly intended is not certain; probably either a cormorant or sea-gull. In the word sea-cob it is not easy to trace the appropriateness of the designation (*cob*, Anglo Saxon *koppe*, head or top) to a bird.

6. *The Touchstone.* This was a dark-coloured schist, called *lapis Lydius*, the Lydian stone, sometimes the Herculean stone, on which gold when rubbed left a mark. In Greek a touchstone was termed *βόσσανος*; and many proverbial sayings originated from the idea. Pliny xxxiii. 8; xxxvi. 20.

7. The latter part of this Colloquy hints at the fearful evil which mendicancy had become in the middle ages, and at the growing feeling that repressive measures would become necessary. The Catholic Church had taken beggars under her peculiar protection, and the faithful made a practice of lavishing thus upon them, not so much from the purer motives of charity, as from a desire to benefit their own souls. The recoil from this state of things was almost equally terrible; witness especially the penal legislation in England under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. See Lecky, *European Morals*, ii. 960 ff.

#### THE FABULOUS FEAST

1. *The Fabulous Feast.* For the benefit of the 'English reader' it may be pointed out that the names of the parties to this Colloquy are, as in several others, characteristically descriptive: *Polymythus*, 'Story-teller'; *Gelasinus*, 'Laughter'; *Eutrapelus*,

'A Wit'; *Astæus* (ἄστυ), corresponding to Latin *urbanus*, 'Town-bred,' lit., therefore 'Clever'; *Philythlus*, 'Nonsensical'; *Philogelos*, 'Laughter-loving'; *Euglottus*, 'Smooth-tongued'; *Lerochares*, 'Delighter in trifles'; *Adolesches*, 'Prater.'

2. *So neither ought a Feast to be without Orders and a President.* ἀναρχον καὶ ἀνομον, lit., 'rule-less and lawless.' The ancient custom was to have a *symposiarch* or ruler of the feast at wine-parties: in Latin *rex convivii* or *magister bibendi*.

3. *An usual Proverb, that has more Truth in't than good Latin, Novus Rex, nova lex.* This is good Latin as it stands, but in the original it runs '*Novus Rex, novus lex*': a specimen of popular or dog Latin.

4. *Provided Regard be had to Probability and Decency.* τὸ πιθανὸν καὶ πρέπον, original.

5. *May I have the liberty to speak three Words? Eut. What do you like the Feast to be an unlucky one?* This is an allusion to the Roman legal custom of holding certain days *nefasti*, or in a technical sense *unlawful*, on which there was a cessation of public business; and the *prætor*, or magistrate, was not allowed to pronounce the three words, *Do, Dico, Addico*. Hence the word *nefastus* passed into the sense of *unlucky*, as in the text. It would be better rendered, however, *unlawful* in this place, according to the context.

6. *Shot free.* *Escot, scot, and shot* seem to be three forms of the same word (Anglo-Saxon *sceat*), denoting the proportion of payment, legal or otherwise, which falls to each. Hence the legal expression, *scot and lot*. The radical idea is that of something cast down.

7. *Story of Agesilaus.* See Plutarch's *Lives* for further stories of his sobriety.

8. *The Marshal of the Hall.* The '*architriclinus*,' in original: the word used in the New Testament for 'ruler of the feast.' The word '*marshal*' has represented a variety of offices in the course of its history. Etymologically and originally it meant a *horse-boy* or *ostler*; and in course of time, officials employed in various charges in great households were designated by this name.

9. *John Botzemus, the Canon of Constance.* An esteemed friend of Erasmus.

10. *Drink and Blow.* See vol. i. p. 298.

11. *Boots and Shoes.* *Boot* appears to have changed its signifi-



cation. The root is found in Anglo-Saxon *botan*, to put something over another; hence *abotan*, *about*. The original meaning of boot was a wrapping for the leg: leggings, gaiters, greaves. So in text.

12. *The Statute of Rheims*. This city was under episcopal government from the time of Clovis down to the French Revolution; and to this government Guizot traces the origin of European civilisation.

13. *The Shadow of the Ass*. Alluding to Demosthenes' amusing story, in satire of foolish litigation, concerning the owner and the borrower of an ass, who went to the courts on the question whether the borrower was entitled to lie down in the *shadow* of the animal.

14. *The Fishmongers' Fair and the Butchers' Time to be starved*. A witty circumlocution for the Lenten season.

15. *Born under a lucky Planet*. Lit., 'under the favour of Mercury': as above, the patron of tricksters and thieves.

16. *Tale with an Epilogue . . . one with a Prologue*. Lit., 'with a *coronis* . . . with a *proem*.' The *coronis* was the curving flourish of the pen with which transcribers finished the copy of a poem. The *proem*, a musical term, like prelude, stands of course for preface.

17. *A Surplice, the chief Vestment us'd in performing Divine Service*. 'Summa vestis,' original, the *uppermost* vestment. *Pallium* is the word in original.

18. *Monstrous Rogues*. Lit., 'such *portents*!' Erasmus seems to have borrowed this sense of the word from Cicero, who describes P. Clodius as 'a fatal portent and prodigy of the State (*Pis.* iv.); and Gabinius and Piso as 'two portents and all but funerals to the State!' (*Prov. Cons.* 1.)

19. *Fool's Paradise*. *Limbus fatuorum*. According to the notions of the Schoolmen, there were *limbi*, or states intermediate between heaven and hell, reserved (1) for the patriarchs; (2) for unbaptized infants; (3) for fools and other irresponsibles.

20. *Coal instead of a Treasure*. See above.

21. *Lewis, who us'd to take a Pleasure in tricking Tricksters*. 'In deceiving gaping Crows,' according to original. Many readers will recall the striking manner in which Sir W. Scott has exhibited the traits of Louis's character in his *Quentin Durward*.

22. *The King . . . perceived he was no Blockhead*. Lit., 'That

he was not altogether of sinister disposition': sinister in the sense of left-handed, loutish, stupid.

23. *Letters patent*. In original, 'diplomata,' on which see vol. i. p. 291. Letters *patent* are of course opposed to those closed and sealed; they are on open sheets bearing the sovereign's seal and sign-manual. Their contents are to be *known to all*.

24. *The Ambassador*. The word is supposed to be of Teutonic origin; and both modes of spelling appear to have prevailed from the first. That with the A is the more correct. It is curious that at present the spelling of ambassador and embassy should remain diverse.

25. *When the Maid was gone out of the Way, he makes off with one of the Brass Pots*. This reminds one of the humorous incident of Caleb Balderston's Raid in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. In a note Sir Walter says that it was founded on facts related to him by a friend with circumstantiality—this, in reply to a charge against its extravagance. Erasmus's story is perhaps more extravagant, and may be equally true.

26. *The Pawnbroker*. 'Fœnerator,' original. Bailey renders the same word by *usurer* and *pawn-broker*; the callings seem formerly to have been identical. The history of pawn-broking, and the sign of the three golden balls from the arms of the Medici of Florence; and their association with *Lombard Street*, still the great haunt of money-lenders, is interesting.

27. *Where was you drag'd up, at Hog's Norton?* A bit of spice added by the translator. Lit., 'Where did you learn those manners of yours?' Hog's Norton is a village in Oxfordshire. The name appears to be corrupt for *Hoch* or High Norton, and of itself gave rise to the legend of the boorishness of the people.

28. *Talk of the Devil, and he'll appear*. Lit., 'The Wolf in the Fable,' see vol. i. p. 290.

29. *A Theological Dinner . . . a melancholy entertainment indeed*. Lit., 'You promise a Scythian banquet.' The epithet Scythian was proverbially applied by the Greeks to what was harsh, dull, and barbarous, as opposed to their own joyous and cultivated way of life. Erasmus might have alluded to the *Thracians*, when speaking of a theological feast; for they, according to Horace, *fought* over their cups! *Carm.* i. 27.

#### THE LYING-IN WOMAN

1. *The Knocker (called a Crow) tied up in a white Cloth*. The
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*corvus* or crow refers to the usual *shape* of the knocker. The custom of tying up the knocker (in a wedding glove) at the house of an *accouchée* has come down to our day.

2. *A Quandary*. A very amusing word in its origin. It is said to be an English corruption of the French *Qu'en dirai-je?*—'what shall I say about it'—an ejaculation of perplexity. It seems to have come into use in the seventeenth century; is found in Beaumont and Fletcher. It would be interesting to know if there is any anecdote or incident to account for its coming into use.

3. *Christiernus, King of Denmark, etc.* Christiern II. who has been called the Nero of the North: he was driven from the throne of Sweden by Gustavus Vasa, and afterwards from that of Denmark by his subjects, 1523. He died in prison, 1559. Francis I., after the battle of Pavia, 1525, was kept prisoner at Madrid by Charles V. He was set at liberty in 1526, on signing a treaty renouncing Naples, the Milanese, Genoa, Flanders, and Artois. Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., was crowned King of Hungary and Bohemia, 1527. He succeeded Charles in the Empire, 1558. These dates may refresh the memory of the historical reader, and call to mind the state of Europe at the time Erasmus was writing. Since the Turks had in 1453 taken Constantinople, they had become the anxiety and terror of Europe. The migration of distinguished Greek scholars, Chrysoloras and others to Italy, during this period, is an important and interesting fact in connection with the revival of Letters.

4. *Christ's seamless Coat is rent asunder on all Sides*. The 'seamless coat of Jesus' is a favourite metaphor with ecclesiastical writers for the unity of the church. Perhaps it may not be impertinent to remark that the metaphor appears to be neither Scriptural nor appropriate. The *Body* rather than the Coat of Christ—the body not a bone of which was broken—designates, in St. Paul, the unity of the church. The seamless coat however, better answers to the doctrine of so-called 'Catholic' unity,—or rather *uniformity*.

5. *Artists use to be most exquisite in their later Performances*. Lit., 'Are wont to surpass themselves, etc.' An anticipation of Burns's sentiment concerning Nature:—

'Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O!'

6. *Horace's Saying takes place here*. See *Ep.* i. 2, 69: 'A jar will long retain the odour of the liquid with which when new it was once impregnated.'

7. *The Body of an Ass, as it happened to Apuleius.* On the story of the man metamorphosed into an ass, retaining the thoughts and feelings of humanity, as told by Lucian and Apuleius, see above, p. 318.

8. *As much as Darnel does to a clear Eye-Sight.* For this ancient notion, see Plautus, *Mil.* ii. 3, 50; Ovid, *Fast.* i. 691, 'let the fields be free from darnel that spoils the eyes.'

9. *An Alembick.* An Arabic word. A still or chemical retort.

10. *Why does Coriander help the Memory? Why does Hellebore purge the Memory?* This very ancient notion of particular herbs being *specifics* against certain diseases appears to have been exploded by modern science. One of the chief uses of hellebore amongst the Greeks was as an antidote to madness. So Horace (*Ser.* ii. 3, 82) proposes to give the largest dose of it to *misers*: perhaps a whole Anticyra of it, alluding to the place of its noted growth.

11. *God and Angels are Spirits, but we feel the Spirit.* This as it stands is not clear. The meaning turns on the original sense of *spiritus*, Lat. (πνεῦμα), which is simply *wind, breath*. Fabulla means that a *breath* is something to be felt. Hence the disputed sense of Psalm civ. 4. 'He maketh his angels spirits,' or 'He maketh the winds his angels or messengers.'

12. *The Garment of Hercules informs us how much a Garment contributes to the Health of the Body.* Alluding to the vest sent to Hercules by the centaur Nessus, and which consumed his body.

13. *That Question, whether one and the same Soul is capable of wearing out many Bodies, it shall be left to Pythagoras.* Alluding to the famous Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls,

σῶμα as though it were σῆμα. σῆμα, a tomb. A poor play on words. (See p. 196 l. 2.)

14. *They whose Minds are not taken up with the love of corporeal Things, dwell in a tent, and are ready to come forth as soon as the Commander calls.* Something resembling this beautiful idea is ascribed to Pythagoras in Cicero, *De Senec.* xx. He forbade men to depart from their guard or station in life without the order of their Commander. Plato used similar dissuasives from suicide in the *Phædo*.

15. *There's no going out before the Landlord calls out.* 'Just as a landlord, who has not received his rent, pulls down the doors,

removes the rafters, and fills up the well, so I seem to be driven out of this little body, when Nature who has let it to me takes away one by one, eyes and ears, hands and feet. I will not therefore delay longer, but will cheerfully depart as from a banquet. Musonius in Stobæus. See also Seneca, *Ep.* lviii.

16. *If we can give any Credit to the Fables of Socrates, their Wings were broken by their falling from heaven.* See the Phædrus. The idea of Socrates is however rather that of the wings decaying and perishing, and so being lost to the soul during the present fallen and mortal state.

17. *The Soul is the Act of an Organical, Physical Body, having Life in Potentia.* See Aristotle, *De Anima* ii. 1. The English word *act* (for *actus* Lat.) inadequately represents the Greek ἐντελέχεια, the Entelechy, or *realisation* of what was previously only δύναμις, or *potentiality*. Fabulla's question, 'Why does he rather call it an *Act* than a *Journey* or *Way*?' alludes to a lawyer's distinction.

18. *College of Sages.* 'Sapientum centuriæ,' 'the centuries (in the Roman military sense), of wise men,' original.

19. *Sense in Timber-Trees, etc.* It would be interesting to have some verification of the fact mentioned—if indeed it be a fact of external nature, not an illusion of the imagination. The phenomena of climbing plants observed by Darwin certainly appear undistinguishable from those of intelligence. Science still appears unable to draw a sharp line of demarcation between the vegetable and animal world. The above is from Pliny, *Natural History*, xxiv. 1.

20. *You philosophise very bluntly.* 'Pingu Minerva,' 'rough mother-wit,' original. Hor. *Ser.* ii. 2, 3: 'Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.'

21. *Greek Etymology of Μήτηρ from μὴ τηρεῖν, i.e. from not looking after.* If this etymology was intended for a joke, it is a very poor one. It is possible that Erasmus intended it seriously, for in his day the science of the subject was not yet even in its infancy. Μήτηρ with the kindred words in various Indo-European dialects is probably derived from the Sanskrit mā, to *make*. Max Müller, *Oxford Essays*, 1856, p. 14, sq.

22. *She shall be saved in Child-bearing.* σωθήσεται δὲ διὰ τῆς τεκνογονίας, 1 Tim. ii. 15, 'through her child-bearing.'

Alford's sensible note is worth quoting: 'The construction of the sentence is precisely as in 1 Cor. iii. 15, 'but he *himself* shall be saved, yet so as through fire.' Just as that man should be saved through, as passing through fire which is his trial, his hindrance in his way, in spite of which he escapes,—so shall she be saved, through, as passing through her child-bearing, which is her trial, her curse (Gen. iii. 16) her (not means of salvation but) hindrance in the way of it.' Of course there has been a variety of forced explanations of *τεκνογονία*, from the Fathers downwards.

23. *I won't discharge you till you have finished the good Service that you have begun.* There is a pretty pleasantry here,—obliterated in the translation. Eutrapelus says, 'Consider me as your *mancipium*, or *bond-slave*.' 'Very well,' replies Fabulla, 'I shall not *manumit* you until, etc.' On the Roman ceremony of manumission, see Smith's *Dict. Ant.*

### THE RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE

1. *What strange Dress is this?* A description of the attire of the middle-age Pilgrim follows. The silver scallop-shells embroidered on the coat are said to point back to the use of these shells as drinking-cups in Palestine. The tin and lead images were mementoes of various shrines: Louis XI. is depicted by Scott wearing a number of them round his hat. The *rosary* (so-called because the string of beads given by the Virgin to Dominic scented of roses) was hung upon the right arm; called 'snakes' eggs' in text, because the latter cohere when laid, like a string of beads.

2. *A Visit to St. James at Compostella, and after that to the famous Virgin on the other Side of the Water in England.* The shrine of Compostella in Galicia owed its celebrity to the legend of the discovery of St. James's body there. The scallop-shell was peculiarly the emblem of pilgrims to this shrine.

'And how should I know your true love  
From many an other one?  
O by his scallop-shell and hat,  
And by his sandal shoon.'

*Friar of Orders Grey.*

There are other (fabulous) explanations of the associations of the shell. Its real origin is probably to be traced to its primitive usage as a cup. Pilgrims wear it as a badge in Japan at this day. The

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fact that seventeen English peers and eight baronets carry scallop-shells in their arms is a curious memorial of the fame of St. James of Compostella. The custom of 'Grotto' among the street-boys of London, observed on old St. James's day, August 5th, is still more interesting to antiquarian feeling.

3. *Fobbing the Saints off.* Lit., 'Smearing your face before the saints,' something like 'rubbing the face' (*os perfricare*) for impudence. *Fob*, or *fob off* (Ger. *foppen*, to jeer, rally) for making game of another, was formerly classical English.

4. *The Discharge sent to St. Ægidius.* The story is told of Charles the Great, that despairing of the pardon of his sins, St. Ægidius obtained a note from an angel containing this verse: *Ægidii merito Caroli peccata remitto.*

5. *Stones that are infamous for this, that they can't keep a Secret.* An allusion to the Lydian touchstone. See above, p. 331.

6. *Bubby.* Bub, bubbly, bubble, bobble, bubukle (Shakespeare) appear to be different forms of one word, denoting any wart-like swelling or excrescence.

7. *Go Snips with him.* To *snip*, to cut off short; cf. snap, knap, nip. Dutch *snippen*, German *schnippen*. Hence to go snips, to go shares with another.

'Pray, sir, let me go snips with you in this lye,  
And be not too covetous of honour!'

Dryden, *An Evening's Love*, Act v.

8. *The Virgin beyond Sea.* The shrine indicated is the far-famed one of our Lady of Walsingham, in Norfolk. By some strange mistake, its situation is described in text as 'at the extreme end of England, between the *West*' (instead of *East*) 'and *North*.' At the time of Erasmus' writing, this shrine was at the full height of its popularity.

9. *There is a clever neat Church, but the Virgin does not dwell in it herself; but upon Point of Honour has given it to her Son. . . . In that unfinish'd Church, that I spoke of, there is a little boarded Chapel, etc.* The Chapel was founded in 1061 by the widow of Ricoldie de Faverches. It was said to be an exact reproduction of the Santa Casa or home of Mary at Nazareth; from a passage further on, p. 12, it would appear that a legend grew up, representing it to be the actual house itself. Three hundred years later, a similar legend prevailed with regard to the chapel at Loretto,—said to have been carried by angels from

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Nazareth. The fine church referred to was built in 1420. The shrine was visited by several English kings: Henry VII., Edward I., and Edward II. made the pilgrimage. Henry VIII. walked thither barefoot to present a costly necklace to the Virgin. The emperor Charles V., when he desired to confer with Wolsey, made the pilgrimage a pretext for his visit. The shrine was broken up and despoiled by Henry in 1538.

10. *The holy Wells.* The belief in their medicinal virtue declined in course of time and they became converted into 'wishing-wells.' The votary knelt on a stone between the two wells, placed a hand in each, up to the wrist, drank as much of the water as he could collect, and breathed his wish. These wells are still shown. The reader will find an article on Walsingham in that excellent compilation, Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 174.

11. *As your Homer says, my Heart was e'en suuk into my Breeches.*

Παρὰ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός,

*Il.* xv. 280.

'Their spirit fell to their feet.'

12. *But are there Days in Purgatory?* Lit., 'Is there Day in the infernal regions?' A catch on the double sense of day as opposed to night, and as a portion of time.

13. *The Chapel-Officers.* Lit., 'The Mystagogues,' who in Greece initiated worshippers into the sacred mysteries.

14. *All the Gold in Tagus.* One of the legendary auriferous streams, like Pactolus; the notion being probably derived from the colour of the soil.

15. *St. Christopher at Paris.* On this famous colossal statue, see above, p. 314.

16. *Him of a Cart-load.* A common Greek figure of speech for anything excessively big.

17. *The toad-stone.* French, *crapaudine*. For the passage on stones and their resemblances to natural objects, compare Pliny *De Gemmis*. The grotesque and mimetic element in Nature, exhibited also in the forms of orchids, etc., is a subject worthy of more attention than it has yet received.

18. *Three Stone Statues of Men in Armour, etc.* Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Tracy, and Richard Brito or the Breton,



are named as having taken the most active part in the assassination of the archbishop. There was a fourth conspirator, Hugh de Moreville. The scene is described with characteristic picturesqueness in Dean Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*.

19. *William Warham the Archbishop*. Erasmus' best friend and patron. Wareham appointed him to the living of Aldington, in Kent, prevailing over the scholar's scruples against accepting the benefice (while unable to discharge parochial duties from ignorance of the language), by providing otherwise for the cure of souls, and charging it with an annual pension of 100 crowns to Erasmus. The archbishop was a man of humour and of most amiable social qualities, as well as industrious in his official duties; and appears to have conceived a very warm affection for Erasmus. He made him other large presents of money. In his letters, our scholar has done justice to the character of his friend. To Leo. x. he describes him as 'a person who for learning, piety, episcopal virtue, and desire to promote literature, was not equalled in England.' To the Abbot of St. Bertin: 'Of those who are kind to me, I place Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the first place. What genius! What copiousness! What vivacity! What facility in the most complicated discussions! What erudition! What politeness! What gentleness! From Warham none ever parted in sorrow. This conduct would do honour to a monarch. With all these qualities, how great is Warham's humility, how edifying his modesty! He alone is ignorant of his eminence; no one is more faithful or more constant in friendship.' Warham, on his part, said to Erasmus: 'I have received from you that immortality which emperors and kings cannot bestow.'

20. *The Scotch Divinity*. *Scotica Theologia*, or the theology of Scotus. Concerning the two great Schoolmen who bore this surname, see above, p. 324.

21. *The Parathalassian Virgin*. i.e. The Virgin beyond the sea, our Lady of Walsingham.

22. *Chaloupe*. 'Cymba,' original. A skiff or long boat, shallop.

23. *A Conventicle of poor Men*. A *conventicle* is a little convent. The term was originally applied to a faction of monks resisting the selection of a new abbot, etc. It is not difficult to trace the process of thought by which it came to designate dissenters'

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meeting-houses. There is an analogy here between *conventicle* and *chapel*.

24. *My Roman Stations.* The various churches and altars in Rome, the tour of which was one of the great achievements of the middle-age pilgrims. See a very interesting Tract published by the early English Tract Society, edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., 'The Stations of Rome (in verse from the Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., and in prose from the Porkington MS., No. 10, ab. 1460-70 A.D.) 1867.'

### ἸΧΘΥΟΦΑΓΙΑ

1. *Ἰχθυοφαγία, On the eating of Fish.* The object of the Colloquy is to distinguish between prescriptions of human authority and divine laws. To make a fishmonger and a butcher discuss such questions together may appear at first sight somewhat inappropriate. We must bear in mind, however, that the popular mind was thoroughly aroused at this stirring epoch, in the North of Europe especially, to the importance of these questions. Erasmus says in his defence of the utility of the Colloquies that they were being everywhere discussed by this sort of persons. He probably selected such for this colloquy for the sake of a broad and lively treatment of the subject. It is nevertheless very tedious to a modern reader: the opinions discussed having ceased to excite interest or occasion dispute amongst rational men. We suppose the coarsenesses of parts of this dialogue must be tolerated on some plea of artistic realism; but they are excessively disagreeable.

2. *A Dispensation of the College of Cardinals coming out.* According to original, 'an edict from the Roman Senate,' an illustration of the long prevalence of the names and forms of the Roman Republic—carried over into the Catholic Church—long after the reality had melted away.

3. *The Kettle calls the Pot Black-Arse.* A coarse paraphrase of the original: 'the blind man casts abuse at the one-eyed.'

4. *You are very smart upon me, but what you say is very silly.* Lit., you are thoroughly salt (*salsus*, sharp, facetious), although your speech is saltless (*insulsa*, unsalted, insipid.)

5. *The Falling Sickness.* Epilepsy, the sufferer from which is prone to fall suddenly to the ground.

'*Brutus.* He hath the falling sickness.

*Cassius.* No, Cæsar hath it not: but you and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.'

Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2.

6. *You don't believe that Dolphins carry Men on their Backs.* An allusion to the charming Greek myth of Arion, who on his way home to Corinth from Sicily, whence he was returning laden with prizes and presents from a musical contest, having excited the greed of the crew,—obtained permission to play once more upon his lyre. Dolphins were attracted round the prow; and when he plunged into the sea, one of them carried Arion on his back to Tænarus, whence he escaped to Corinth. The detection of the would-be murderers followed on their arrival.

7. *We dip Children . . . all over in cold Water.* The Catholic church recognises that the ancient mode of baptism was by immersion. Such is the radical meaning of the word. Affusion—pouring or sprinkling—appears to have been substituted from considerations of humanity and convenience. The rubric in the Book of Common Prayer directs the Priest 'to dip it in the water discreetly and warily': 'But if they certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it, etc.'

8. *Pope Clement.* This was Clement VII., who had just been elected, 1523. He was a natural son of Julian de Medici. He formed the 'Holy League' between Henry VIII. and Francis I.; and was himself besieged in the Castle St. Angelo by Charles v.'s troops. On the marriage of Henry with Ann Boleyn, Clement issued a bill of excommunication against him, which led to the separation of the English church from Rome.

9. *That mischievous Ate, etc.* In the earlier forms of the myth, Ate was especially the divinity of mischief, and was hurled from Olympus in punishment of her tricks. In the tragedians the idea passes into that of Guilt bringing sorrow and bane after it.

10. *Francis and Charles.* Erasmus is evidently anxious to speak well of both these great rivals, who vied with each other in their endeavours to patronise him. In 1517, Charles invited Erasmus to his court at Brussels, and settled on him a pension of 300 livres. In the same year, the great scholar Budæus was instructed to write to Erasmus on behalf of Francis, inviting him to Paris to assist in forming a college for the study of the three languages, similar to that recently established at Louvain. It appears that Erasmus loved his independence too dearly to permit him to accept the offer. His letter to Francis on the subject, in which he takes occasion to plead for peaceful counsels among princes, reflects great credit on his character; as does that which he wrote to Charles after the battle of Pavia (1525) interceding for

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his prisoner Francis,—a noble effusion ; and that again to Francis, congratulating him on the recovery of his liberty.

11. *Councils.* The Council of Basle, 1431-1443. The Council of Constance, 1414. The 'late Lateran Council' referred to was that held in 1517. These were all Œcumenical Councils, of which down to the present day, twelve Western, nine Eastern, have been held. Much of the freedom which Erasmus permits himself in discussing ecclesiastical matters is explained, when we recollect that he wrote in the period immediately preceding the great Council of Trent, 1545-1563, which stereotyped Catholic doctrine.

12. *Homer's Lies.* Alluding probably to the severe criticism which Socrates passes on Homer in Plato's *Republic*, for representing the immortal gods as subject to human passions, and thus degrading religious conceptions in the minds of youth.

13. *When a Divine Law can give way to Necessity, why does not this Human Law give way to it?* Lit., 'Why does this human law act the part of Terminus, deigning to yield to none?' The allusion is to the proud myth of the Romans, that when the temple of Jupiter was founded on the Capitol, all gave place to him and Juno, except Terminus ('Boundary') and Juventus ('Youth'): signifying that the power of Rome was never to cease from youth and growth. It is an interesting fact that Erasmus had, engraved on a seal-ring presented to him by his pupil, the young Archbishop of St. Andrew's, a figure of Terminus, with the motto, *Concedo nulli*, 'I give place to none!'

14. *As the Antients said, in lente unguentum.* 'An unguent with lentils,' a Greek proverb for incongruity, unseasonableness in the association of ideas.

15. *As Horace says, etc.* See *Od.* iii. 3, 1.

16. *Doli capax.* There is a play on this expression which has already been used by the preceding speaker, and rendered 'at Years of Discretion.' It also admits the meaning attached to it by the second speaker, 'easy to be imposed upon.' The expression was a Roman legal phrase, the word *dolus* (device, artifice, craft), having like other words become insensibly degraded in later times into a bad signification. See Festus, *sub voc.*

17. *The Herb Rocket.* Rocket seems to be a corruption of *eruca*, the Latin name for some species of colewort. Ovid has the

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notion of the text concerning its properties, '*salaces erucæ, bulbi*,' *Ar. Am.* 799. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xx. 13.

18. *That every Parish Priest every Year purchase, etc.* 'Twice a year,' according to original.

19. *Rabin Druin.* A middle-age designation of the devil—*Rabuino, rabouin*, from the Spanish *rabo*, a tail. From a confusion of this word with the Jewish title *Rabbin*, a notion sprang up that Jews were born into the world with tails!

20. *A pair of Sheers.* 'An axe of Tenedos,' according to original.

21. *Drunk as a Lord.* An embellishment of the translator's.

22. *Set the whole Town into an Uproar.* Lit., 'Stir up Tyrian seas': a somewhat out-of-the-way ancient proverb for raising tumults. Festus Pomp. explains it as alluding to the bold navigation of the Phœnicians, Tyre being one of their most famous cities.

23. *Seeing a Canon . . . without a Surplice under his Gown.* A strange blunder of translator. It should be, 'who had not his linen garment covered by a black cloak.'

24. *Status Qualitatis.* Where the act is defended as justifiable. '*Status Translationis.*' Where the guilt is admitted, but thrown upon another.

25. *Vine Leaves and Wands.* (Or *thyrsi*): the emblems of Bacchus' worship.

26. *To what Shifts should we be driven?* Lit., 'What need for a lemma!' In Logic, an assumption, Aristotle, *Top.* viii. 1, 8.

27. *Gerson.* John Gerson, the famous canon and chancellor of Paris (1363-1429). At the Council of Constance he distinguished himself by the eloquence with which he maintained the superiority of the synod over the Pope.

28. *Vinegar-College. That's a Name of Wisdom.* 'Ecquid habet aceti in pectore,' 'Has he vinegar in his bosom?' Plautus, *Ps.* ii. 4, 49. For sharp, shrewd wit. The allusion is *Montague College* at Paris, where Erasmus studied 1496. *Montague* or *Montacute* is from the Latin *mons acutus*, which was the heraldic device of the family. The pun on *acutus* and *acetum* is poor enough.

29. *A Man that is sick is more ready to remember St. Rochus or*  
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*Dionysius, etc.* St. Roche or Roque, a saint of the fourteenth century. He wrought miracles upon the plague-stricken at Placentia, while himself suffering from that disease; hence was regarded as the protector of such sufferers. St. Dionysius, or Denis, the patron saint of France (third century). The legend of his carrying his decapitated head appears to have grown out of a picture representing him, so that he might be recognised, with his head in his hands.

30. *I would return this Proverb upon them, Saepe etiam est olitor valde opportune loquutus.* 'Many a time has even a market-gardener spoken much to the purpose': from Aulus Gellius. A learned butcher indeed! Cicero: 'There is often wisdom beneath a dirty cloak.' 'A fool often speaks to the purpose.'